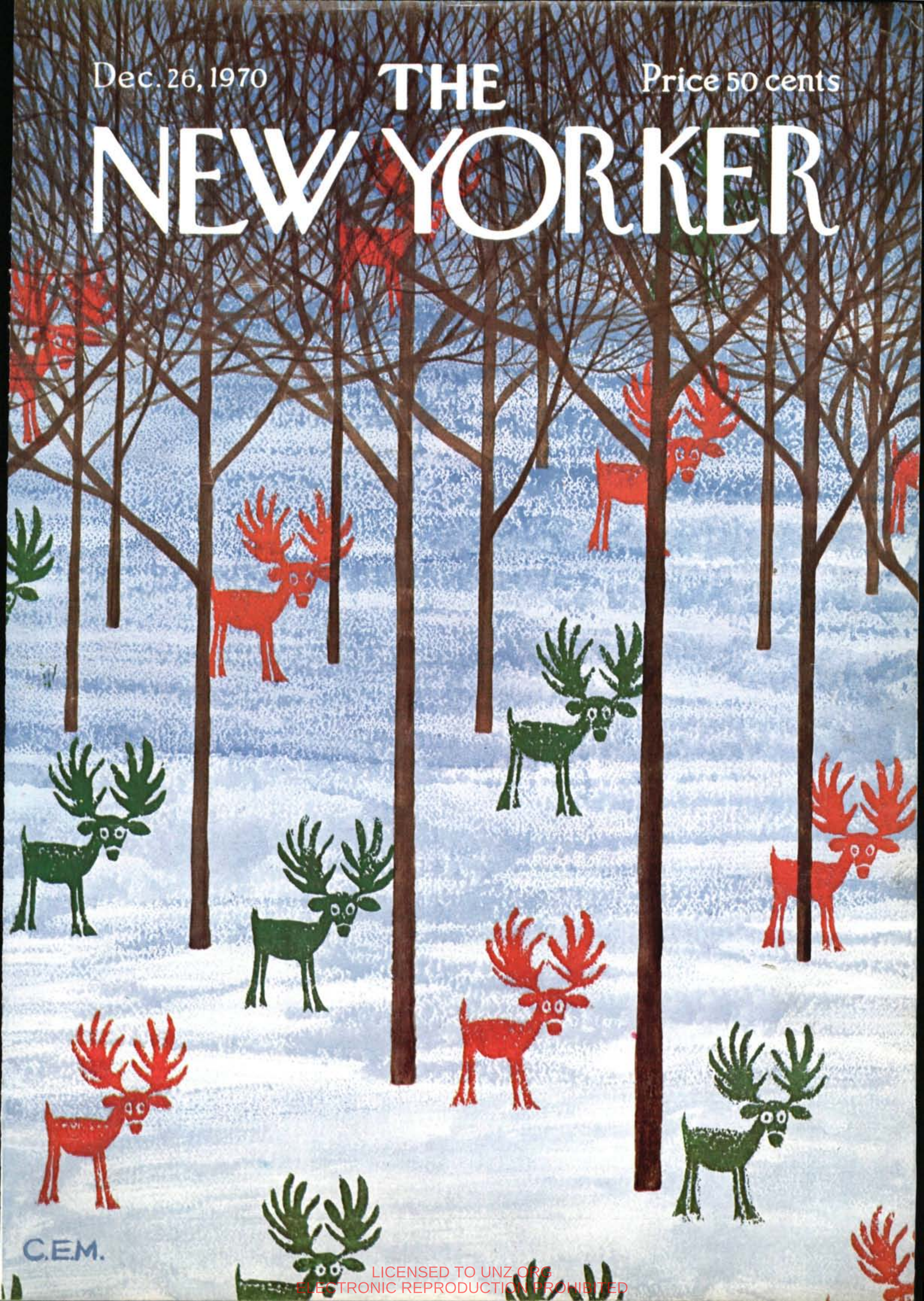
Dec. 26, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK
Jingle Bells
J&B Rare pours more pleasure.

Life is too short
and winter's too long
to go without
mink.
Scandinavian Mink Assn.
Coat by Ben Kahn
Warm, beautiful Saga Mink.
The finest mink from Scandinavia where winters are six months long.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ One of the major changes for the new year, as of Monday, Jan. 4, is that for all Broadway shows the evening curtain time will be at 7:30. And matinées will start at 2. . . . ¶ E. and W. *mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays, except Dec. 31-Jan. 3, at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A modest, homely, and beguiling evening in the company of two very bright men. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. Reopens Christmas night. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Carpenters—A play by Steven Tesich, with Vincent Gardenia and Alice Drummond. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Dastardly crimes are being committed by unknown parties in a crack regiment of the Indian Army sometime in the late nineteenth century. A delightful melodrama by Barry England, very well acted by a large company under the direction of Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:30; Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. No performance at 10:30 on New Year's Day.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foreplay—A sentimental and proselytizing homosexual drama, but with one good scene and two good actors, Sam Stoneburner and Alan Castner. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen are superlative in a play by Neil Simon that is funny and sad and a touch too earnest for its own good. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hamlet—Seven performances by the Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—A beautiful play by David Storey, acted to perfection by a cast that includes Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. Reopens Christmas night. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Place Without Doors—A three-character play by Marguerite Duras, translated from the French by Barbara Bray. With Mildred Dunnock, Richard A. Dysart, and Alvin Epstein. (Stairway, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Story Theatre—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day at 2:30, and no performances those evenings.)

Long Runs—**butterflies are free**: A comedy by

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 15
"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER—AND ALSO PRICIER" . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 21
"GREETINGS, FRIENDS!" (POEM) . . . . *Frank Sullivan* 23
A SET OF REBUSES . . . . *Saul Steinberg* 24
PROFILES (BOBBY SHORT) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 28
"IF THE PRESIDENT'S HALF-HOUR PRESS CONFERENCE HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO GO BEYOND HALF AN HOUR" . . . . . . *James Stevenson* 35
LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM . . . . *Steven Kelman* 36
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 50
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 55
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 57
BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 59
BRIEFLY NOTED 63

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Stan Hunt, Lee Lorenz, Charles Addams, J. B. Handelsman, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, William Steig, Ed Fisher, Al Ross, Charles Barsotti, Sam Gross, Robert Day*

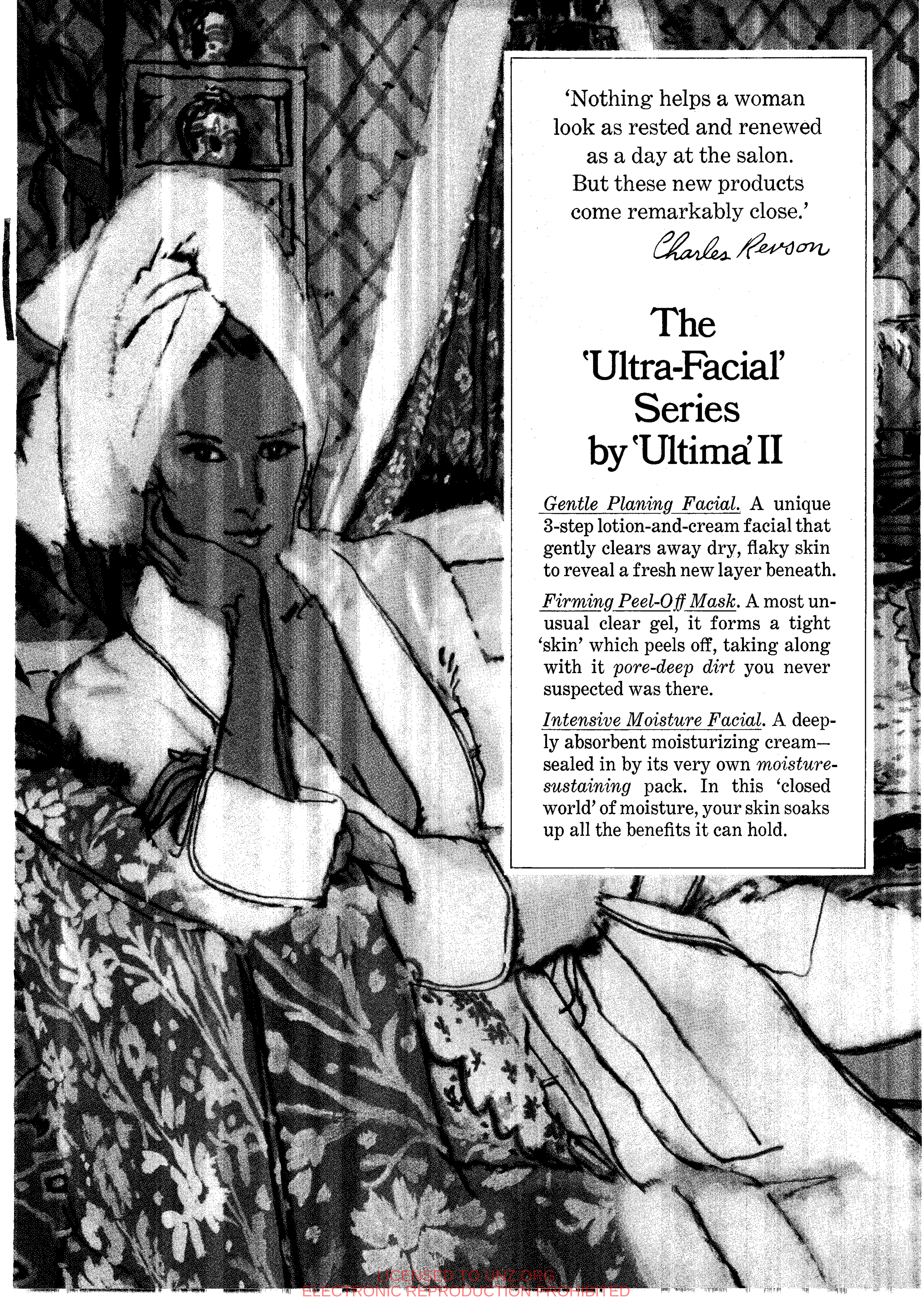
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 45, December 26, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



'Nothing helps a woman
look as rested and renewed
as a day at the salon.
But these new products
come remarkably close.'

Charles Revson

The 'Ultra-Facial' Series by 'Ultima' II

Gentle Planing Facial. A unique 3-step lotion-and-cream facial that gently clears away dry, flaky skin to reveal a fresh new layer beneath.

Firming Peel-Off Mask. A most unusual clear gel, it forms a tight 'skin' which peels off, taking along with it *pore-deep dirt* you never suspected was there.

Intensive Moisture Facial. A deeply absorbent moisturizing cream—sealed in by its very own *moisture-sustaining* pack. In this 'closed world' of moisture, your skin soaks up all the benefits it can hold.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays—except Dec. 23 and Dec. 30—through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day at 3.)

Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen—A musical with a book by John Patrick, based on his play "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Stan Freeman and Franklin Underwood wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Kenneth Nelson, Ron Husmann, David Burns, and Eleanor Calbes. Previews Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 28. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Ododo—A fierce, though ultimately ineffective, attempt to record the history of the American Negro in words by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe. The brand-new Negro Ensemble Company seems very promising indeed. "Ododo" is the Yoruba word for "truth." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Christmas.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —No, thank you, sir, the old woman said, slipping the ring of the milkcan on her forearm and about to go. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7:30; and New Year's Eve at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Haines said to her: —Have you your bill? We had better pay her, Mulligan, hadn't we? (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Stephen filled again the three cups. —Bill, sir! she said, haltingly. Well, it's seven mornings a pint at twopence is seven twos is a shilling and twopence over and these three mornings a quart at fourpence is three quarts is a shilling and one and two is two and two, sir. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2, Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27. Good-bye, Dolly.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. Reopens Christmas night. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Tony Roberts and Jenny O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Moves on Wednesday, Dec. 30, to the St. James, 44th St., W., 695-5858. Tuesdays—except Dec. 29—through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. Reopens Christmas night. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 10. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 6:15; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1:15 and 5:15; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 27, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 29-30, at 1:15 and 5:15; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8:15; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 5; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1:30 and 7:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Moor's Pavane," "The River," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "A Rose for Miss Emily" (première), and "Gaîeté Parisienne."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Miss Julie," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 8: "At Midnight," "Schubertiade" (première), "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The River."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:30: "Les Patineurs," "The River," and "Gaîeté Parisienne."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Brahms Quintet," "A Rose for Miss Emily," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and "Gaîeté Parisienne." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company—Thirty-nine dancers and musicians in a two-week engagement. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Monday, Dec. 28, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of forty-four dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a three-week engagement. Preview Saturday matinée, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Saturday evening, Dec. 26, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus on Ice—This one-ring refrigerated circus has fifty-seven performers, including a troupe of monocyclists and eleven skating bears who play musical instruments and even hockey. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30; Christmas at 8; Saturdays at 10:30, 2, and 8; Sundays at 2 and 6; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, at 10:30, 2, and 7:30; and New Year's Day at 2 and 8. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Monday, Dec. 28, Ten Wheel Drive, a large pop group that makes good use of brass, will be onstage. On Wednesday, Dec. 30, the six members of the Fairport Convention—carefully embroidered folk sounds—will arrive, together with folk singers Fraser and Debolt. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Through Thursday, Dec. 31, Jan Hammer will be on electric piano and Gene Perla on electric bass. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The return of a native, Mary Lou Williams, to her rightful world of the pianoforte is celebrated, with both meat and drink, from eight to one every night but Sunday. Michael Fleming is her bassist.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Guitarist Kenny Burrell and bassist Larry Ridley make a satisfying combination Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, whose melodious tenor sax has been upholding a vigorously inventive jazz tradition for years, leads a quartet that includes Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles. Starting Tuesday, Dec. 29, the quartet will be augmented by Al Cohn's tenor sax. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in, and on New Year's Eve, singer Maxine Sullivan and Rushing will both be here. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays, Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Through Monday, Dec. 28, Joel Shulman is responsible for the piano. Eddie Thompson, who knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, returns Wednesday, Dec. 30. The piano is solo Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Tuesdays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—The Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band plays credible, if unspectacular, Dixieland here Sundays from six to nine. The rest of the time this nostalgic re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Jazz most nights from nine until closing by McCoy Tyner's active quintet. On Tuesday, Dec. 29, Yusef Lateef, who does a lot of meditative things on reeds, will come in with his quartet. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Junior Mance quartet plays some funky, blues-oriented jazz, except Mondays, when the quartet is off and new talent is auditioned. New Year's Eve, from nine-thirty, a rock group called Children of God will alternate with Mance. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, where rock and jazz both can be heard, people may dance. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, Dreams and Randall's Island; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 25-27, Dreams and Jo Mama; starting Tuesday, Dec. 29, Dreams and the Miles Davis quintet. On Mondays, Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed man with few peers, is leading his fast-moving sextet beginning, in theory, at nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 27, from five to nine, the Roswell Rudd sextet will do a one-shot session. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being played here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. Sunday, Dec. 27, trombonists Eddie Hubble and Vic Dickenson will sit in with the regulars, who are Red Balaban, Marquis Foster, Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, and Ed Polcer. The remainder of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish room, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

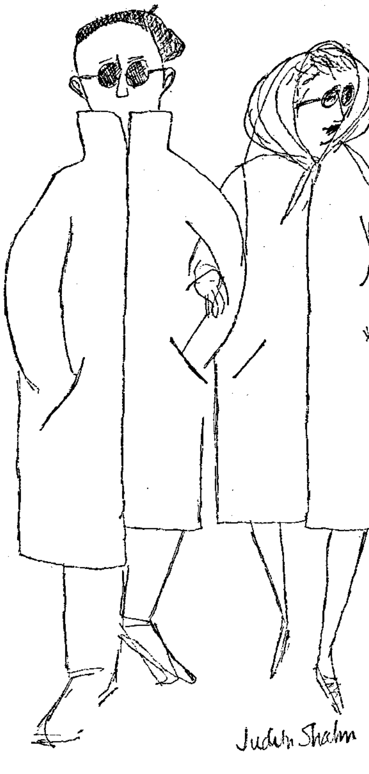
(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are elaborate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, a bunch called the Glass Bottle does some fairly strong pop until Monday, Dec. 28, when the Victorians take over. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays and Christmas. New Year's Eve, there will be only one show, at twelve-thirty.



Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted, gleaming new playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Discs alternate with the live sounds of Sarojopi. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. No such activities on Sundays, Mondays, Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Gathering a young but ingenious troupe of Latins under the wings of his toreador cape, José Greco puts forth a ballet recital of such burgeoning grace and vigor that it should be billed as "Andalusian Spring." In the course of it, he introduces a remarkable new ballerina, Nana Lorca. Twice a night, and every night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing Latin lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, nine to four, and a fine idea.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The famous old aerodrome, which once offered hourly flights to Miami and Las Vegas, now devotes itself to more local flights of fancy, such as Friends of Distinction, who met in a recording studio, and who sing, sing, sing every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back such music acts as the Dunhills.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The Third Rail (at last the perfect name for an applied-electronics crew) blows its rock top, but never its fuse, from dinner until early morning except on Sundays. Dancing, and not very memorable dining.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—A Greening of Manhattan has taken place in the just-born **FORÊT**, an enchanted forest indeed, where the woodland, woodwind sound of Phil Wayne's quintet lures everyone to the dance floor. The addition, after the theatre, of the subdued rock created by Joe Bill Loudermilk & Grits does not break the spell. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. . . . ¶ There is dancing every night in the **CAFÉ**, as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The next sign of life in the Persian Room will be given on Wednesday, Dec. 30, the night Lana Cantrell arrives, at ten-fifteen, for her one song recital of the evening. She'll show up even later, well past midnight, the following evening, before getting into the standard dinner-and-supper pattern. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will be the musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—"Dames at Sea," the young musical onstage here, is not the greatest show on earth, but it's nearly the greatest show *under* earth, nestled in this admirable cellar. The parody of those song-and-dance Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movies is without fault. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller wrote it to the hilt, and a cast led by Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Peterson play it to the hilt. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own right. In general, at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, at four and seven-thirty Sundays, but at eight and eleven New Year's Eve, and at eight-thirty New Year's Day. Got it? . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty, except Sundays, but there'll be dancing, ten to two, New Year's Eve. . . . ¶ Dancing between the same hours on the same Eve in the Palm Court, which otherwise is a model of sedentary propriety—fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every day.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The newest bird in this gilded cage is Eloise Laws, who works out easily enough with (as background) the Dick Cavett Show Band, probably because at one time or another they worked together somewhere on the air. Closed Sundays.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—Sy Oliver, player-coach of a fine body of men (Leonard Gaskin and Benny Morton among them), has taught them a bunch of old, old tricks that sound good indeed on a bandstand, and his easy singing (this in the company of Buddy Smith and Candy Ross) further improves the shining hours between six and two, Mondays through Saturdays. The other musicians, and the dining, are of no particular importance.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette sounds more like its old self now that Quintero's Latinos are again on the bandstand, and ballroom dancing has thereby been restored to its proper position as an art form. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, has reverted to its sentimental gentlemen—Jules Kuti, pianist, and Ernest Schoen, violinist, who are on hand from dinnertime until after the theatre. No dancing, just relaxing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren run a generous course—seven or eight to one or two is their schedule—in the restaurant every evening but Sunday and Monday. Dancing. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speech-making begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. The best of that pop is done by Ron Eliran, who skips Tuesdays, though. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. Closes at eight Christmas Eve, and stays shut Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Never a dull, or a dark, night, except Christmas. Dancing. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. The current schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 29-31. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Of all the postprandial speakers who enter into entangling alliances with their own words, Irwin Corey is still the best, and the one conscious humorist of the lot. At ten and twelve, though not on Sundays or Christmas. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, bushboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. Christmas is the only night off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally nonhierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A part of the seacoast known only to the natives, never to tourists. The life is quiet, the music is the piano of Wayne Sanders, a musician who makes nostalgia a not at all broody occasion. Closed Mondays and Christmas Eve. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas. Dining. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (not before ten-thirty) on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. Marty Napoleon's trio lends other notes of gaiety, and Sunday evenings the triad led by Daphne Hellman's angelic harp also takes part. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Some are likely to close early on Thursday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES

John Button—Scenes of America and abroad in gouache; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Larry Calcagno—Sectional abstractions based on nature; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by this turn-of-the-century artist whose reputation has been growing; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alan Cote—Patterned bands of iridescent color; through Jan. 5. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cronbach—Abstract sculptures in bronze, plus a series in painted wood; through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Collages done in the twenties by this pioneer American Abstractionist; through Jan. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Jan. 2.)

Fred Eversley—His first one-man show in New York of Lucite sculptures in simple forms; through Saturday, Dec. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Drawings in color; through Jan. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Levine—Caricatures by an artist known for his magazine illustrations; through Thursday, Dec. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Ethel Magafan—Paintings based on studies made in the Far West; through Jan. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Larry Rivers—Constructions and multiples done since 1965; through Jan. 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Jan. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Dianne Nelson Tullis—Collages representing still-lifes and Western highway landscapes by an Arizona artist having her first one-man show in New York; through Jan. 9. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961) **and Robert Crowl**—Monotypes painted over in oils by the former and figure studies in pencil by the latter; through Jan. 9. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs, plus two sculptures; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)... **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **egan**, 41 E. 57th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) ... **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper—acrylics, drawings, watercolors—by, among others, Avedesian, Agnes Martin, Norris Embry, and Robyn Denny; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 26.)... **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian Mexican and Peruvian objects in gold, silver, wood, ceramic, and textiles; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) ... **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Morris Louis, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Jan. 8.... **gallery of israeli art**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 15. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists; through Saturday, Jan. 2.... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Sixty examples of American naïve, primitive, and folk art from the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **myers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Walter Darby Bannard, Robert Goodnough, and Red Grooms; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) ... **zabriskie**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Sculptures in wood by leading practitioners in this medium, among them Hague, Mary Frank, Sugarman, Nevelson, Kohn, Hokanson, and Cunningham; through Jan. 16. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3.... ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14.... ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, who has been celebrated for his boxes; through Jan. 24.... ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1.... ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8.... ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21.... ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's outstanding photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Closes Thursday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development), of Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American Abstractionist; through Jan. 31.... ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Feb. 7.... ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7. ... ¶ Eleven panel paintings based on patterns of sound waves by Lee Lozano, a young New York artist; through Jan. 3.... ¶ About forty-five works by women artists, taken from the Museum's permanent collection; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Closes Thursday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, a Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17.... ¶ Works by Julia Pearl—paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers; through Jan. 17.... ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25-26, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This year's special Christmas exhibit, "Visions of Sugar Plums," presents toys and decorations from private collections, including costumed dolls and a doll's Christmas tree with ornaments dating back to 1870; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 10.... ¶ Serigraphs in modernist modes by seven Muscovite artists; through Jan. 17. ... ¶ Eighty color photographs of the Sistine Chapel ceiling; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 23: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 24: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Ruza Baldani, Lilian Sukis, Colette Boky, and Mary Ellen Pracht.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 25: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 26: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 26: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 28: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 29: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 30: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Colette Boky, and Mary Ellen Pracht. ... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 31: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Friday

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

evening, Jan. 1: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Ruza Baldani, James McCracken, Frank Guarrera, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 2: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Frank Guarrera, and Nico Castel. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amahl and the Night Visitors and **Help! Help! the Globolinks!**—Opening performances of a three-week engagement of a double bill by Gian Carlo Menotti that will run through Saturday, Jan. 9. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 1:15; Christmas at 7:15; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:15 and 7:15; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, at 1:15; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, when Daniel Barenboim will conduct, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 1, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 4, at 7:30.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Thursday, Dec. 24, at midnight: With Maureen Forrester, contralto, and others.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8:30: With Itzhak Perlman, Jaime Laredo, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; and Nobuko Imai, viola.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 3: With Miss Forrester and others.

United Nations Singers—Donald Read directing the last in a series of concerts of Christmas carols. (General Assembly Building Lobby, First Ave. at 45th St. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 12:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Christian Harrer directing a Christmas program. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 27-28, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, all at 2; New Year's Day at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2.)

Janus Chorale—Robert Hickok directing a Christmas concert. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 80th St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

New York Chamber Soloists—A performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" performed by Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Jean Hakes, soprano; and Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Laura Nyro and Jackson Browne—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 23-24, at 8.

Voices of East Harlem—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.

Mountain, Mylon, and David Rea—Fillmore East. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 8 and 11:30; Sunday, Dec. 27, and Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8; and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8 and 11:30. Mr. Rea will not appear on New Year's Eve.

Roberta Flack—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 26 at 8:30.

Modern Jazz Quartet—With the New York Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:30.)

Tom Rush and Happy & Artie Traum—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.

Sea Train—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.

Ian and Sylvia and Kris Kristofferson—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 25, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Buffalo.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 1:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: Knicks vs. Atlanta.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 27, at 7:05: Rangers vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Oakland.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Authority Bus Terminal between 9:15 and 9:45.)... **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 2.

Tennis—Rod Laver vs. Ken Rosewall, in the opening match of the 1971 Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 1; preliminary match at noon.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—At the **ANTA THEATRE**: "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and "Help! Help! the Globolinks!," two one-act operas by Gian Carlo Menotti. Opening performances of a three-week engagement. (245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 1:15; Christmas at 7:15; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 1:15 and 7:15; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, at 1:15; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 1:15 and 7:15.)... **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1:30 and 5.)... **NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER**: "Babes in Toyland." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 26; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31; and Saturday, Jan. 2, all at 1 and 3.)... **VIENNA CHOIR BOYS**: Uwe Christian Harrer directing a Christmas program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 27-28, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, all at 2; New Year's Day at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, at 2.)

Recital—Tom Glazer, folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 27, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30, and Saturday, Dec. 26, through Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1 and 3:30.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Dec. 27, and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Hot Feet," Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 1 and 3.... ¶ "Dandelion," Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, all at 1 and 3. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "The Thief of Bagdad," Saturday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 1, and Sunday, Dec. 27, at 1.... ¶ "Cinderella at the Christmas Ball," Monday through Thursday, Dec. 28-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2, all at 11 and 1. (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "The Emperor's New Clothes," Monday, Dec. 28, at 1.... ¶ "Aladdin," Tuesday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 1.... ¶ "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1.... ¶ "Greensleeves," Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

EN
WI
MANUEL
Christmas Greetings

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 3:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4; Saturday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 27, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 28-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every weekday, starting on Thursday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Thursday, Dec. 24; Christmas; and New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Thursday, Dec. 24; Christmas; and New Year's Day.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Sergeant York" (1941), with Gary Cooper.... ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Becket" (1964), with Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole.... ¶ Dec. 26 at 11:30: A program of four short films.... ¶ Dec. 26 at 3 and 5:30: "September Affair" (1950), with Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine.... ¶ Dec. 27 at 2 and 5:30 and Dec. 28 at 1:30: "Rope of Sand" (1949), with Burt Lancaster and Paul Henreid.... ¶ Dec. 28 at 6 and Dec. 29 at 2: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), with Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin.... ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30: "September Affair" (1950).... ¶ Dec. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), with James Cagney and Joan Leslie.... ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "The Sons of Katie Elder" (1965), with John Wayne and Dean Martin. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 23-24: "Holiday Inn" (1942), with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire.... ¶ Dec. 26-27 and 30: Three programs of films made by the American Museum of Natural History.... ¶ Dec. 31: Three films based on Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. All very serious.... ¶ More serious stuff at the **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), where a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24; closed Christmas.

Yonder Peasant Who Is He?—Question can be answered on Sundays, from 2 to 5:30, when Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets is open solely to the light of foot.

The Seymours just gave birth to a nine-year-old.

It was an extraordinary act of love. It sprang from the hearts of a 72-year-old man and his 60-year-old wife. It reached across hundreds of miles—from a New York City apartment to a town in the hills of Tennessee. And it will give new life to a red-haired, sad-eyed little girl named Linda.

John and Abby Seymour know the joy of raising a family. "We should," John explains. "We've got seven grandchildren. But we want to do more."

More means Save the Children Federation. An answer to Linda's cry for help. And help for Linda's family and the 70 other families in her Appalachian town.

Help is a $15.00 monthly check from the Seymours. Not a hand out, mind you, but a boost up so that families like Linda's can start to help themselves.

Now Linda can look forward to finishing grade school. Public education is free, but you've got to have clothes to wear to take advantage of it. A winter coat, shoes, and books cost money. Money Linda's parents don't have. Linda's father can't find a job. Her mother works as a seamstress and barely earns enough to feed her family. Now, Linda will have the things she needs. And more.

Like a new community center built by Linda's neighbors with a self-help loan from Save the Children. A place where a doctor and a dentist can have a clinic for the first time. And swings and slides. And a day care center where Linda can play safely. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation.

And for the Seymours, it's warm letters, exciting progress reports and wonderful photos from a little girl away from home.

The Seymours know there's more than one way to save a child. How about you?

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in
☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ India
☐ American Indian
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Where the need is greatest
☐ Appalachia
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment
☐ $15.00 monthly
☐ $45.00 quarterly
☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $180.00 annually
☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $________.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________State__________Zip______

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852 NY 12/26/0

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fantasia."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 24: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Medium Cool."
From Dec. 25: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 29: "The Passion of Anna" and "King of Hearts."
From Dec. 30: "The Baby Maker" and "The Boys in the Band."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Detective Belli."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Act of the Heart."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 24: "The Pizza Triangle."
From Dec. 25: "There Was a Crooked Man."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brewster McCloud."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alex in Wonderland."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 26: "This Man Must Die."
From Dec. 27: "Fools."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

Juliet 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
From Dec. 25: "The Aristocats."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 24: "The Mind of Mr. Soames" and "Take a Girl Like You."
From Dec. 25: "I Never Sang for My Father."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 29: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Dec. 30: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"There's a Girl in My Soup."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Where's Poppa?"

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Dec. 30: "Performance" and "Barbarella."
From Dec. 31: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 24: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Women in Love."
From Dec. 25: "I Never Sang for My Father."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Tristana."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Catch-22."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 24 (showings at 8:30 only): A series of programs by the Film-Makers Cinematèque.
Dec. 25-31: "Jules and Jim" and "Shoot the Piano Player."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 24: "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Dec. 25: "The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Scrooge."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 24: "I Never Sang for My Father."
From Dec. 25: "The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 26: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Dec. 27: "Fools."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Man with Connections."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Twelve Chairs."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Love My Wife."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 24: "Elvis: That's the Way It Is."
From Dec. 25: "The Aristocats."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Tristana."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 24: "Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came" and "Too Late the Hero."
From Dec. 25: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Take the Money and Run."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 23: "Of Stars and Men," plus five shorts by John Hubley.
Dec. 24-30: "The Big Sleep" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre."
From Dec. 31: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "Lola Montès."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 29: "The McKenzie Break" and "The Angel Levine."
From Dec. 30: "West Side Story" and "Around the World in 80 Days."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 24: "The Band Wagon" and "An American in Paris."
From Dec. 25: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 24: "The Seducers."
From Dec. 25: "The Pizza Triangle."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—The big-eyed child-woman heroine (Geneviève Bujold) sings the solo with the church choir; she suffers while singing in a night club; she even—God help us—makes love with an Augustinian monk at the front of the altar. Paul Almond directed. (Murray Hill.)

Alex in Wonderland—With Donald Sutherland, directed by Paul Mazursky. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away on the piano. (Thalia; through Dec. 24.)

The Angel Levine—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor who is too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel (Harry Belafonte). Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Symphony; through Dec. 29.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. (Juliet 1, Juliet 2, Guild, and Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 25.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. (Symphony; starting Dec. 30.)

The Baby Maker—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Charles; starting Dec. 30.)

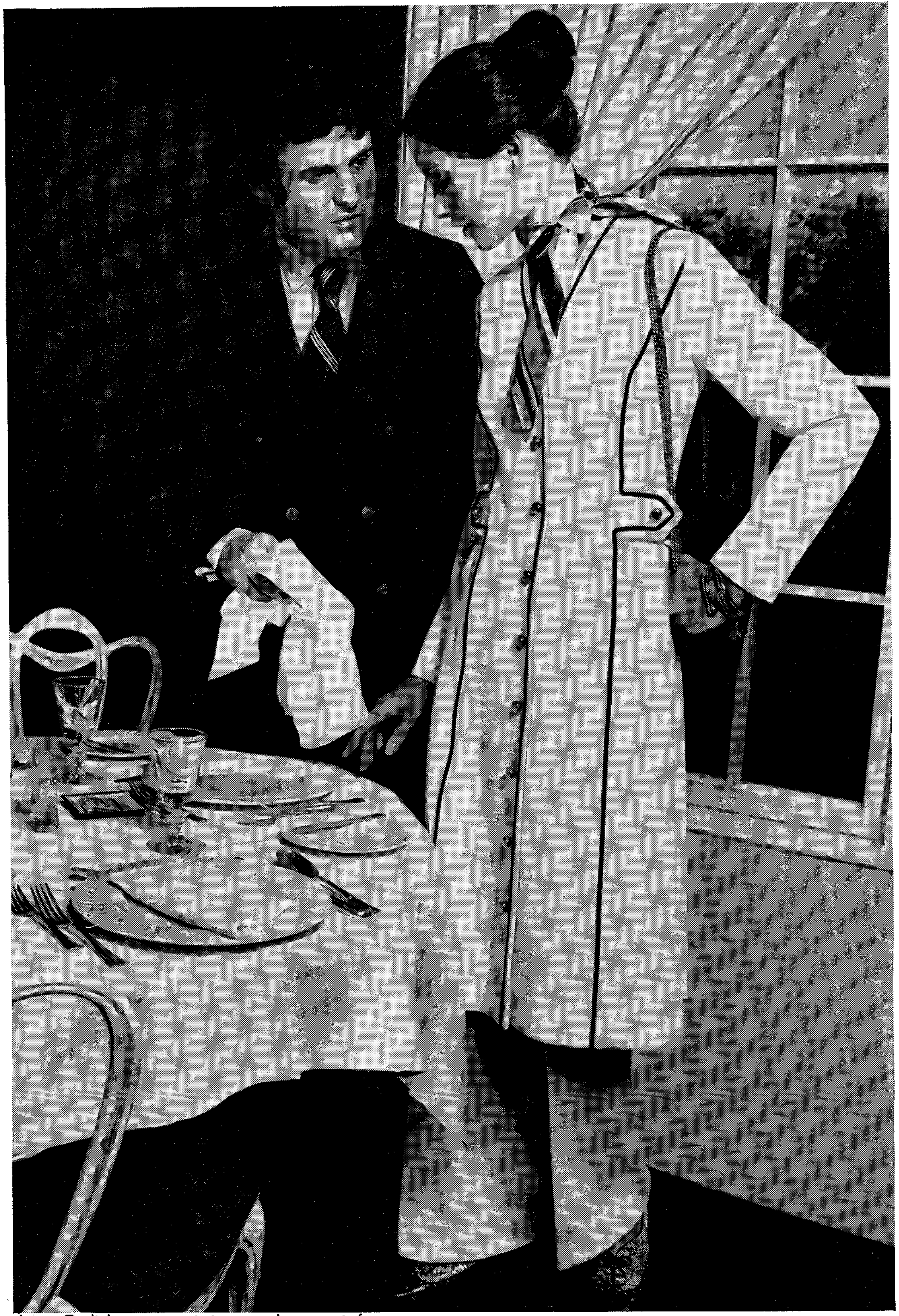
The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men—Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Thalia; through Dec. 24.)

Barbarella (1968)—Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip stumbles along. The décor and effects are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 24.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is

Dinner suit about town in Fortrel by Smith & Jones



Joey G dishes up a piping cool pantsuit for Smith & Jones. Crisp and refreshing in a crepe doubleknit from Lebanon Mills of 100% Fortrel polyester. In white/navy or navy/white. 6-16. About $75. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Magnin, Calif. & Nevada; Lillie Rubin, Miami; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
A fashion fiber in tested fabrics

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (New Yorker; Dec. 24-30.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Charles; starting Dec. 30.)

Brewster McCloud—With Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman, directed by Robert Altman. (Coronet.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the girl he misunderstands and treats like a whore. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors get in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Thalia; starting Dec. 25.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Greenwich.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's exact, step-by-step demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance, and Simone Signoret, too, gives a performance instead of the star turn she's been doing recently. In French. (Beekman.)

Cromwell—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Fine Arts.)

Detective Belli—Corrupt cop, drugs, murders, plus fashions and the rock scene. With Franco Nero and Florinda Bolkan. An Italian film, directed by Romolo Guerrieri, spoken in English. (Kips Bay.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema.)

Elvis: That's the Way It Is—Elvis in Las Vegas. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 24.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art.)

Fellini Satyricon—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Waverly; through Dec. 24.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Dec. 29.)

Fools—With Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. (68th St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting Dec. 27.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Goin' Down the Road—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Husbands—With Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and John Cassavetes. Directed and written by Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

I Love My Wife—With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Festival; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St. and Waverly; starting Dec. 25.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—Gian Maria Volonte, in a film directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 25-31.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Charles; through Dec. 29.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—With Samantha Eggar and Oliver Reed, directed by Anatole Litvak. (Festival; starting Dec. 25.)

Little Big Man—The Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman and Faye Dunaway. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Guild; through Dec. 24. . . . ¶ Cinema Village and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 25.)

Love Story—For those who like to cry so much they don't care how wretched a movie is, just so long as it's maudlin. (Tower East.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Thalia; starting Dec. 25.)

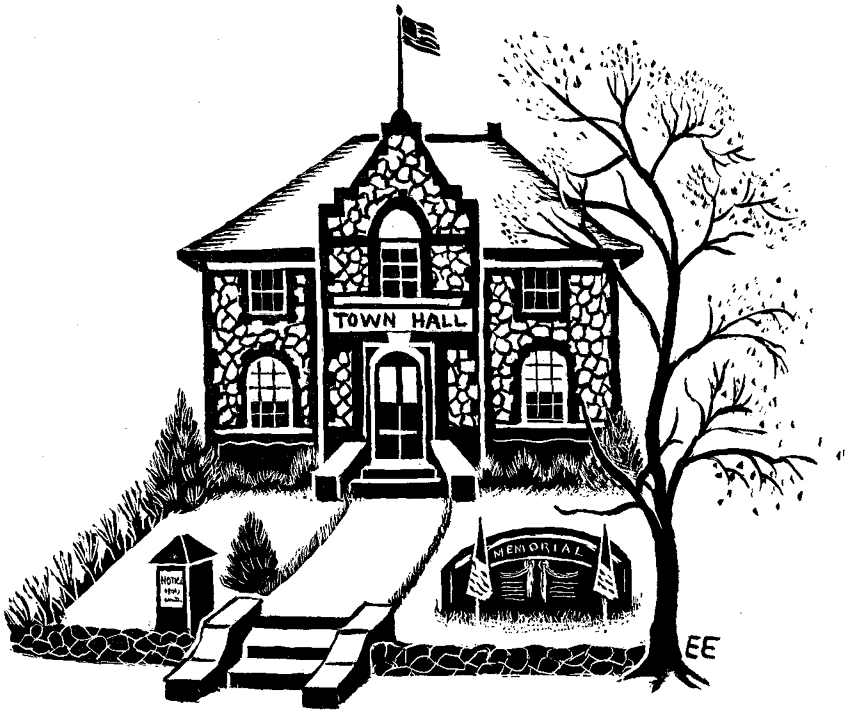
The Man with Connections—A semi-autobiographical film by Claude Berri, including his adventures as a conscript in the French Army. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

The McKenzie Break—Brian Keith in an entertaining adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Symphony; through Dec. 29.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero, about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 24.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 24.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol,



Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov, and Oscar Werner. In French. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 31.)

Of Stars and Men (1964)—An animated feature by John Hubley, adapted from an essay on astronomy by Harlow Shapley, with sections on space, time, matter, energy, and life. Also five shorts by Hubley. (New Yorker; Dec. 23.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Passion of Anna—A wonderful piece of work by Ingmar Bergman that does without his familiar apparatus of symbols and occultism. Its powerful theology is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Charles; through Dec. 29.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Performance—A soaringly humorless thriller, set in Mod London as no Londoner would recognize it, with Mick Jagger and James Fox in the middle of a plot that offers hallucinogenic mushrooms, face-slashing, transvestism. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 30.)

The Pizza Triangle—An extroverted romantic satire, inventive and full of sight gags. You need a bit of tolerance for some of it, but Marcello Mastroianni's performance as a crank Communist holds it all together, and Monica Vitti, with her supple, humor-filled face, does a charming parody of generations of comic waifs. Ettore Scola directed. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East; through Dec 24. . . . ¶ Midtown; starting Dec. 25.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 31.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away while you're hearing it. Ronald Neame directed. (Music Hall.)

The Seducers—A mother invites guests aboard her yacht to seduce her son. The locale is different but the simulated sex is as usual. With Ewa Aulin. Directed by Ottavio Alessi. Made in Italy, dubbed into English. (Midtown; through Dec. 24.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 25-31.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. He should be hired immediately to do the musical version of "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Cinerama. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8:30; and Friday through Thursday, Dec. 25-31, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came—Lightweight, peacetime service comedy, with Brian Keith, Tony Curtis, Bradford Dillman, and Don Ameche. Hy Averback directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 24.)

Take a Girl Like You—With Hayley Mills and Oliver Reed, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 24.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 25.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, thrashes about, and soon sinks; Peter Sellers struggles uncomfortably. From Terence Frisby's worthless play, mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Orpheum.)

There Was a Crooked Man—With Kirk Douglas and Henry Fonda, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 25.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 26.)

Too Late the Hero—Robert Aldrich directed this Second World War action film set in the New Hebrides on an island partly held by the Japanese, partly by the British. Michael Caine and Cliff Robertson are the leads. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 24.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion. Wednesday, Dec. 23, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting Christmas, continuous showings.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (New Yorker; Dec. 24-30.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse and Regency.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Lincoln Art.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Symphony; starting Dec. 30.)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, though some of the skits are clumsily freaky. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary—his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual)—isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (86th St. East.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Waverly; through Dec. 24.)

Announcing America's newest body shop.

The Spa at PALM-AIRE

Your entire being yearns for the quiet renaissance of The Spa at Palm-Aire.

It's a languid world of swirling baths, calm pools, sauna, massage... the most soul-soothing techniques man has developed, combined with medically-supervised diet and exercise to gently free you from tension.

Palm-Aire Country Club surrounds you with 3 private golf courses and 6 championship tennis courts. A private beach, race tracks, jai alai and night life are within easy reach. There's never been anything like The Spa at Palm-Aire. Use the coupon to find out more.

A creative living project of
FPA Corporation.

Mail to: The Spa at Palm-Aire
2551 Palm-Aire Drive, Suite SNYR71
Pompano Beach, Florida 33060
Or call (800) 327-4960 toll-free.

Please send me more information about the quiet pleasures of The Spa at Palm-Aire.

Name____________________

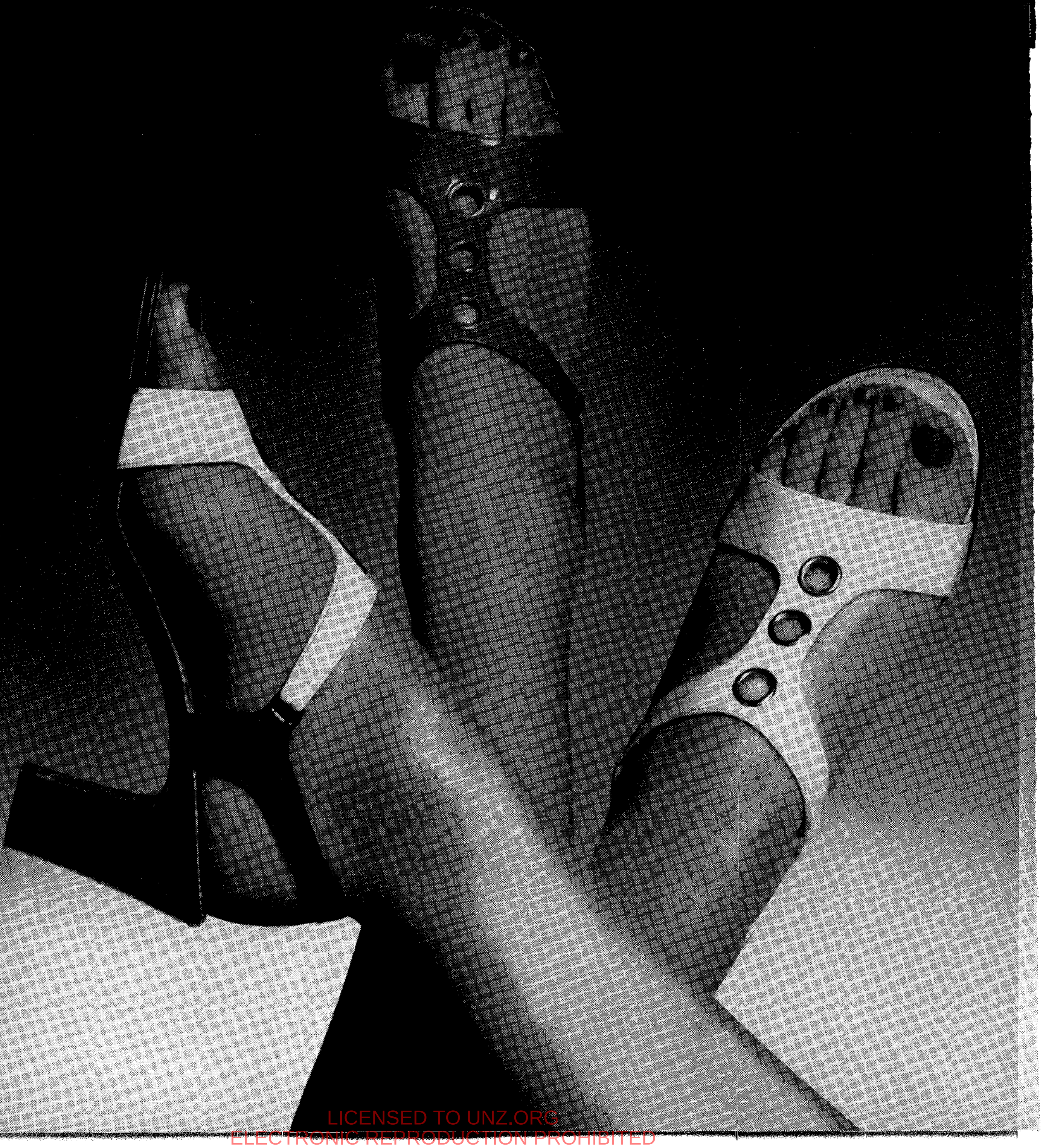
Address__________________

City_____________________

State____________________

Zip #____________________

Catch the sun in the porthole sandal. Fresh-as-all-outdoors from **Evins Boutique** designed by the one, the only **David Evins.** White, bone, lilac and black patent leather. Or brick and rust suede 35.00



I. MAGNIN

CALIFORNIA·SEATTLE·PORTLAND·PHOENIX

JACK COWLEY

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WALTER LIPPMANN, who has been trying to help us out of Vietnam from the very start, suggests in a recent issue of *Newsweek* that if our leaders, who cannot bear the sound of the word "defeat," would start thinking in terms of "failure" and "mistake," they might find the extrication process more manageable. To leave Vietnam without achieving our aims, Lippmann says, would not be defeat, "for defeat is what happened to Nazi Germany and to Japan: to surrender, to have the armed forces lay down their arms, to have the country occupied and governed by the enemy." What has happened to us in Vietnam, he goes on to say, has been "a great failure owing to a great mistake"—the mistake being in the policy, the failure in the implementation. He reminds us—and one suspects that he is really addressing the President—that "to err is human."

Few things would be more gratifying than to turn on the television one evening and hear the President announce the withdrawal of the American presence, explaining that this country hadn't been defeated in Vietnam but had only failed there, and declaring that the honor of the Republic was intact, because, after all, everyone makes mistakes. At the same time, we think posterity would be badly served if historians accepted this view. Lippmann's definition of defeat fits some past wars but by no means all. More important, though, it seems to us that the words that should be called up by the American experience in Vietnam are words like "outrage," "tragedy," "disaster," "catastrophe"—and even these seem inadequate. Of course to err is human, but to err ceaselessly over the better part of a decade at the cost of one country, Vietnam, ravaged physically and another, the United States, ravaged psychically, socially, and politically, and of forty-four thousand American and God knows how many Vietnamese lives lost, seems something far more dreadful than anything implied by such morally weightless nouns as "failure" and "mistake." One cannot respond to such events with "Sorry about that" or "Somebody goofed." To put such inhumanity down to the mere human capacity for error is to pave the road to some future hell with apologies and explanations of miscalculation. Let Presidents say what they will, but let those who can bring themselves to do so look upon Vietnam as a true defeat of the spirit, for which many of us bear responsibility in varying degrees.

New General Manager

GOERAN GENTELE, the new general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, is a well-tailored fifty-three-year-old Swede who has a sensitive, sharp-featured face, a high forehead, a ruddy complexion, and an abundant supply of Nordic calm. We observed these characteristics at a press conference during which Mr. Gentele—who had just flown in from Stockholm, where he directs the Royal Opera—fielded a number of sticky questions concerning the Metropolitan's future. Toward the end of the session, a reporter asked why he had decided to swap the peace and quiet of Stockholm for the strife-torn Metropolitan. Mr. Gentele blinked in the glare of the television lights and replied in lilting English that nearly every opera house he'd ever had anything to do with existed in a state of semi-permanent crisis. "I rather like fighting," he added blandly. "I have been in the theatre a long time, and I don't enjoy a life of peace."

"Don't worry!" Rudolf Bing, the present general manager, called from the back of the room. "You won't have it!"

Our next encounter with Mr. Gentele took place at the Swedish Consulate, where he and his handsome blond wife, Marit, were staying during their visit to New York. Mr. Gentele came down the main staircase at a fast lope, greeted us with a friendly smile that had a hint of steel in it, and explained that there were certain aspects of his new job he could not discuss at the moment. "I wasn't approached seriously until three weeks ago, so I really must postpone any public commitments," he said. "Naturally, I'm aware of the major problems of the house, but I don't think they're terribly different from those we face in Stockholm. The Metropolitan is like a very big ship. You can't turn it around quickly. You must take time to chart a course, time to find out what your cargo is, so you don't throw overboard things that could be very precious. Since I have a five-year contract, I don't have to rush into anything. Let's just say that I will be delighted to live in New York. Artistically speaking, I think this city is the pulse of the world. And, of course, to work in music, surrounded by music, to have your hobby as your job—what more could anyone ask?"

We asked Mr. Gentele, who will take over at the Met in June of 1972, for a brief autobiography, and learned that he comes from a military family and has an M.A. in political science from Stockholm University and studied art history at the Sorbonne. "I must add that I was also taught to play the violin and the piano as a child, so my musical education was not entirely neglected," he said. "My parents wanted me to become a diplomat, but I was always interested in the theatre. After three years of military service, I joined the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm as an actor, because if you want to produce and direct, that is the only way to get the proper experience."

Mr. Gentele directed more than forty plays at the Royal Dramatic Theatre before moving to the Royal Opera, in 1950, as a staff producer. There, one of his first successes was a memorable "Salome," starring Birgit Nilsson, who was then a relatively unknown local soprano. During the fifties, he also collaborated with his wife on several films. "We specialize in satiric comedies," he said. "I direct and produce; she writes the scripts. Our films do well in Sweden, but they don't export—possibly because everybody outside the country seems to think that a Swedish film must be terribly gloomy or terribly sexy."

Although Mr. Gentele suspended his filmmaking in 1963, when he was appointed director of the Royal Opera, he has continued to produce at least two operas a year. "For me, it is essential to work directly with actors or singers, because it keeps me thinking practically about artistic problems," he said. "This fall, I did a modern opera based on the Calderón classic 'The House with Double Doors.' Next March, I'm producing a new 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' with a metallic set, which will emphasize a kind of symbolism in the opera that is similar to the symbolism of Strindberg."

We asked Mr. Gentele if he could give us a preview of his Metropolitan regime, and he replied that one of his first moves would be to appoint a musical director. "I have always worked closely with musicians—Sixten Ehrling and Silvio Varviso in Stockholm," he said. "I will continue this pattern here. Then, I should like to bring in directors who have not yet worked in the house: Ingmar Bergman, an old friend and colleague; Jerry Robbins, who produced the ballet 'Les Noces' for us in Stockholm; and Giorgio Strehler, of Milan, a theatrical genius. The Metropolitan must continue to be the greatest house for singing, but, with my background, I'm obviously not going to be satisfied with lousy theatre. We must also encourage talented American artists, because we can't ask the American people to support a company that does not provide opportunities for its own citizens. Finally, I would like to think about collaboration between the various Lincoln Center institutions. If there is a fine conductor across the plaza at Philharmonic Hall, why not ask him to do—at the same time—a production for the Metropolitan? And I would like to try out experimental opera in smaller theatres. You don't necessarily have to play new operas at the Met, but you do have to find out what young people can do with a human voice, a simple set, and some light. Above all, we mustn't be isolated. We must try to make people feel that opera is something to have fun with, to enjoy, that it is a natural and important part of their daily lives."

Mr. Gentele glanced at his watch and asked if we would like to ride across the Park with him for a look at a rehearsal of "Fidelio" at the Metropolitan. When we arrived at the Opera House, he leaped out of the car and then paused in mid-stride, looking down at a key that he had pulled from his pocket. "This opens the door to Mr. Bing's private office," he said. "But I don't know exactly where it is." We hailed a passing guard, who guided Mr. Gentele to a small, unmarked door in the south lobby of the building. The key worked on the third attempt, and the new general manager handed his coat to a smiling secretary and plunged down through a maze of corridors to the darkened auditorium, where his predecessor was waiting to greet him.

As the two men shook hands, Mr. Bing murmured that he had arranged to take Mr. Gentele backstage during a break in the rehearsal to discuss the 1972-73 schedule with Dr. Karl Böhm, the conductor of "Fidelio."

"Well, well, that's splendid," said Mr. Gentele. "I look forward to it very much."

Mr. Gentele sank into a red plush orchestra seat and became totally absorbed in the great Beethoven drama that was unfolding onstage beneath the expert hands of Dr. Böhm.

We walked over to Mr. Bing, who was pacing up and down the aisle, and asked how he felt now that the question of his successor had been settled.

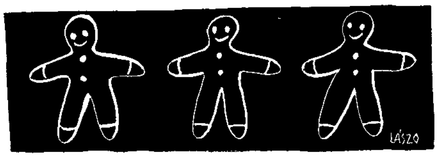
"Relieved," said Mr. Bing. "Enormously relieved. It has been long enough, if not too long. And I'm eight years overdue on the book I'm writing."

Nap

WE have this from an early-morning commuter on the Long Island Railroad: "A girl with long, long hair came down the aisle, took a seat across from me, made herself comfortable, drew her hair across her face as if she were closing a pair of curtains, and went to sleep."

The Fight

A FEW days after the Muhammad Ali-Oscar Bonavena fight here, we had a drink in a bar near the old Garden with a friend of ours, a fight fan named Sam. Sam is normally taciturn, but he finds his voice during a fight and usually keeps it for some days thereafter. When we got to the bar, Sam was arguing loudly with another fight fan, a friend of his named Rocky, who is a Joe Frazier partisan. Sam stands by Ali.



"Now, let me ask you," Rocky was saying as we came in. "What is Frazier?"

"I assume that that was a rhetorical question, so you better tell me," said Sam.

"He's a union man," Rocky said. "He has a job to do, and his job is to kill people. They open the cage, he comes out, and in a couple of minutes it's *in nomine Patris et Filii*. Ali does not have the speed anymore to escape the union man."

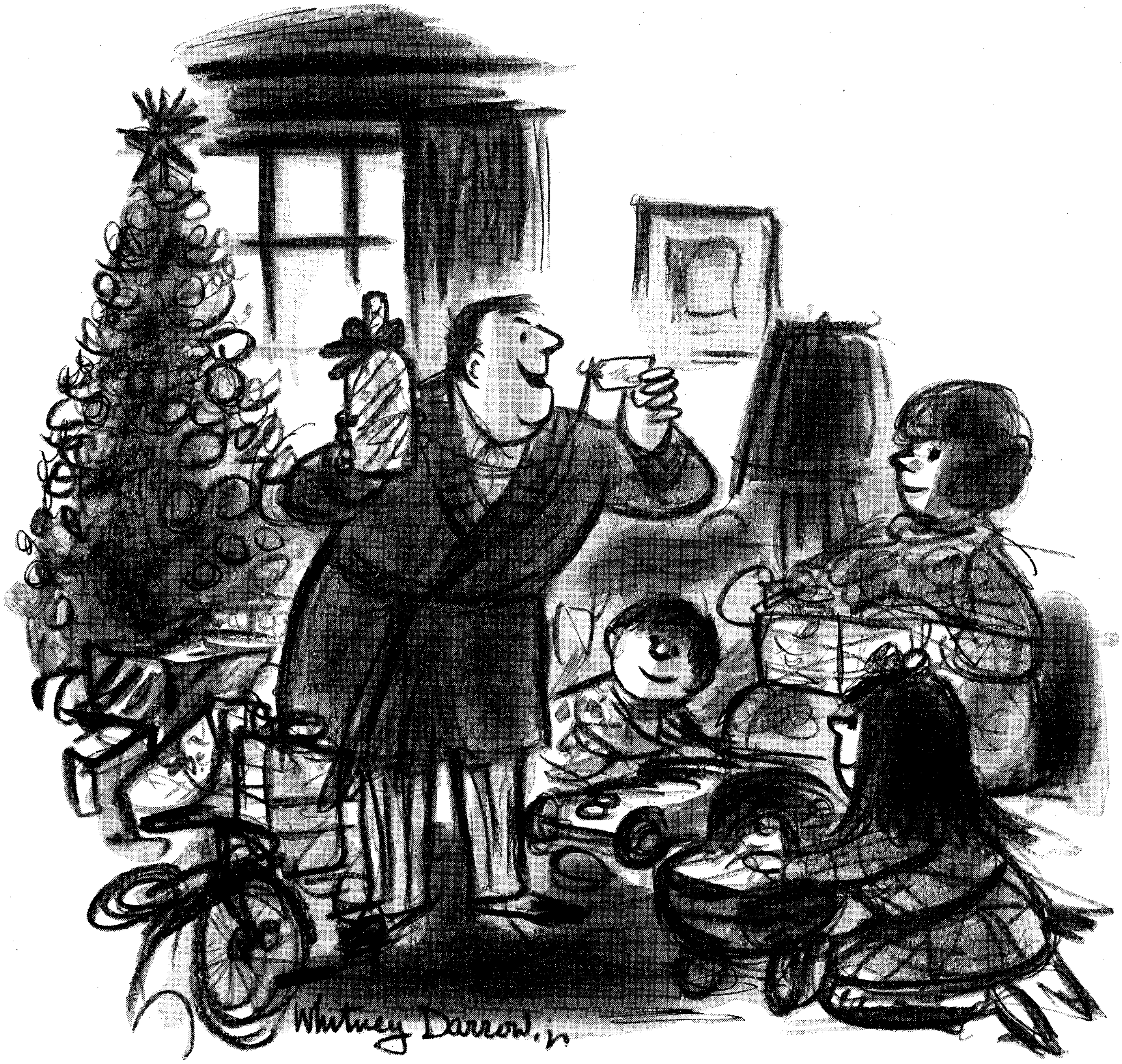
"Well, that's true," Sam said, reflectively. "But he has more punch."

"Look, Sam, he was very lucky," said Rocky. "Who ever got to his face except the slow, lumbering Bonavena? Who ever had him through the ropes? When I heard on the radio that Ali was actually losing hemoglobin, I knew he was not the same fighter."

Sam said, "Oh, bosh!"

Rocky said, "You're just the kind of guy to run around saying 'bosh.' You look terrific saying 'bosh.' Look, let's face one thing. I read all the papers the day after the fight—the *News*, the *Times*, and the *Post*—and they all said the same thing. He's not the same fighter, say what you like. Well, I got to head on home."

Rocky left, and Sam noticed us. "That Rocky is a loudmouth," he told us. "Of course Ali is not the same fighter. No man can be out of the ring for three years and be the same. If Bobby Fischer stopped playing chess for three years, he wouldn't be in shape for international competition. Ali is not a better fighter than he used to be, but he's a smarter fighter. He learned a lot about himself as a fighter the other night. He learned that some of his speed is gone but that his strength and his ring savvy have both increased sharply. When you talk about Ali, you have to talk about his three years away from the ring. When he left, he was a machine that was practically untouchable in the ring, because he was so superior to any other heavyweight. His taunts and challenges, which were especially directed against white folk, turned a lot of people off. But now they find that he's a blood-and-human fighter, who can get bruised lips and puffy eyes. I think he has increased his constituency. He has



"Well, well—what do you know? Here's one from me to me!"

• •

gained the average fight fan. One more thing. Ali fights with his mouth just as well as he does with his hands. That's what caused him the hassle with the Louisville draft board. By the way, how many professionals, in baseball, basketball, or football, do you know who have been drafted? The only ones I can recall who might fill the bill are Butch Beard and Charlie Paulk, both basketball players, and Ali. And, of course, all three are black. What would have happened if he had been white? I don't think anyone could possibly have the slant on that. Sure, I think he was suckered by the Honorable Elijah Muhammad and the Muslims. But what of it? He's still one hell of a fighter. Of the fights between Ali and Bonavena, and Frazier and Bonavena, you'd have to say Ali has the edge. But I respect Frazier. His only cause is money, but that's a damned good cause when you get right down to it. I'd rate it a good sixty-sixty fight, either way."

•

THOSE who order the La Paree Special for breakfast at the Holiday Inn in Charlottesville, Virginia, are served a Western omelette and hominy grits.

Cathedral

ON May 25, 1979, St. Patrick's Cathedral will celebrate its hundredth anniversary—an event that will be marked by religious ceremonies, civic proclamations, and the culmination of a long-term modernization program that began, without fanfare, a few months ago. The man in charge of putting this venerable Gothic landmark in shape for the great day is Monsignor James F. Rigney, the newly appointed Administrator of the Cathedral. His nine-year master plan includes the physical rehabilitation of the building and also a number of cultural innovations—public concerts, taped tours, and a mixed choir—that were inspired by the *aggiornamento* atmosphere of Vatican II. We telephoned Monsignor Rigney the other day to check on these activities and discovered that the first rehearsal for the first concert—a program of organ and orchestral music conducted by Leopold Stokowski—was scheduled for the following afternoon. "The musicians, who are members of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, will be seated in the sanctuary, with the great organ two hundred feet west of them, over the Fifth Avenue entrance," said Monsignor Rigney. "So we have no idea how everything will blend. Fortunately, Maestro Stokowski is both an acoustical expert and an organist. I'm sure he will come up with a satisfactory solution. Why don't you come along and watch?"

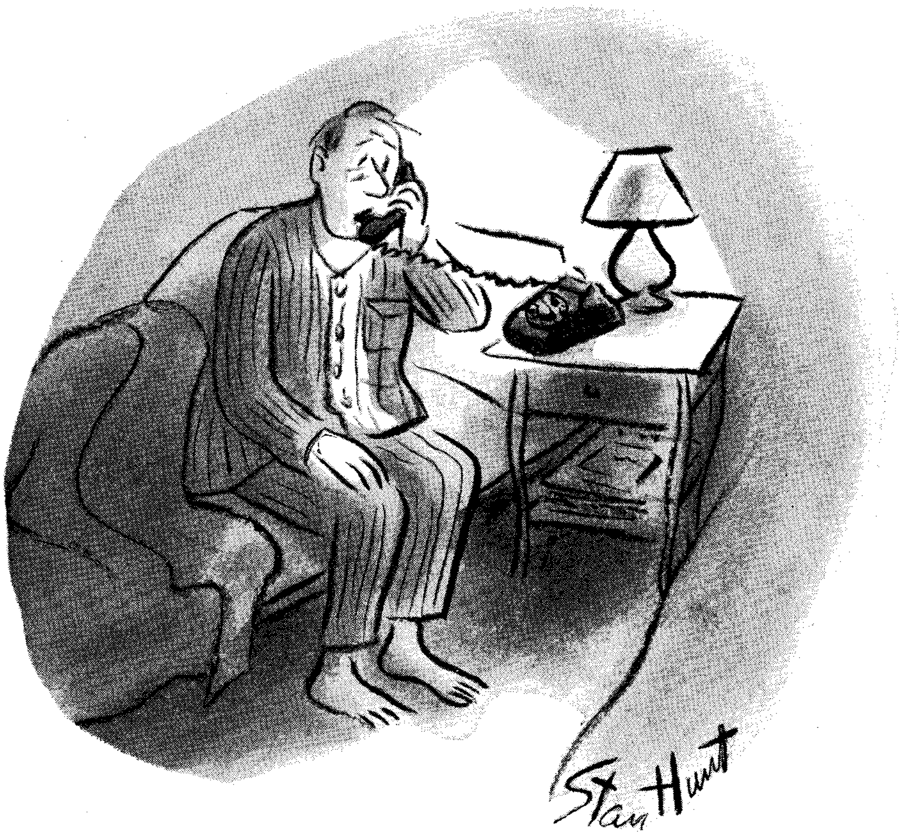
We prepared for our visit by consulting a history of the Cathedral written by John Cardinal Farley, who consecrated the building, in 1910. (A Catholic church is opened as soon as it can be used for religious services, but it is not officially consecrated until all the important bills are paid.) Cardinal Farley noted with pride that St. Patrick's was the eleventh-largest church in the world—ranking just below Notre Dame and just above Pisa—and that it occupied a site that had housed, successively, a Jesuit college (the New York Literary Institution), a Trappist orphanage, a cemetery, and a previous church (St. John the Evangelist, which was destroyed by fire in the eighteen-fifties). In 1853, Archbishop John Hughes, of New York, and the trustees of Old St. Patrick's, on Mulberry Street—a church that is still standing—commissioned James Renwick, a prominent New York architect, to design a monumental Gothic cathedral on upper Fifth Avenue. Five years later, the Archbishop accepted Renwick's plans and signed an eight-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar construction contract, which included a provision prohibiting the consumption of "spiritous liquors" on the job. Construction came to a halt during the Civil War, and it was further delayed by the Archbishop's death, in 1864. When his successor, John Cardinal McCloskey, completed the Cathedral seventeen years later—two years after it was formally opened—building costs had tripled. Subsequent additions (the Fifth Avenue spires, which were topped off in 1888, and the Lady Chapel, which was erected behind the high altar in 1906) brought the total cost to six million dollars—astronomical in those years.

We recalled these facts the following afternoon as we sank into a sanctuary pew and waited for Maestro Stokowski to give the downbeat for the first orchestral concert ever heard in the Cathedral. Beyond the musicians and the fragile, white-haired conductor—whose podium was just inside the Communion rail—startled-looking visitors came crowding up the aisles. Mr. Stokowski glanced around the great Gothic interior with an inscrutable expression and launched the orchestra into a full-bodied Bach cantata. After a few minutes, he paused and remarked that the sound balance didn't seem quite right. A young man dashed forward from the nave and whispered a few words in his ear. Turning to the musicians, Mr. Stokowski informed them that the organ and the trumpets could be heard all the way to Fifth Avenue but the strings were almost inaudible. "Let's try it again," the Maestro said, cupping his hands around his mouth to make sure he could be heard. "Organ, could you please keep the brilliance in the right hand but reduce the manuals? Keep the pedals—they sounded well." On his next attempt, Mr. Stokowski produced a cleaner, more transparent texture, and he kept the orchestra going to the end of the cantata. We tiptoed out the back of the sanctuary and headed for the Fifth Avenue end of the building, where we had arranged to talk with Monsignor Rigney about the centennial preparations. (As Cathedral Administrator, Monsignor Rigney, with a staff of ten priests and thirty maintenance men, handles the day-to-day operation of the church. Terence Cardinal Cooke is, of course, pastor of St. Patrick's and head of an archdiocese that includes Manhattan, Richmond, the Bronx, and seven upstate counties.)

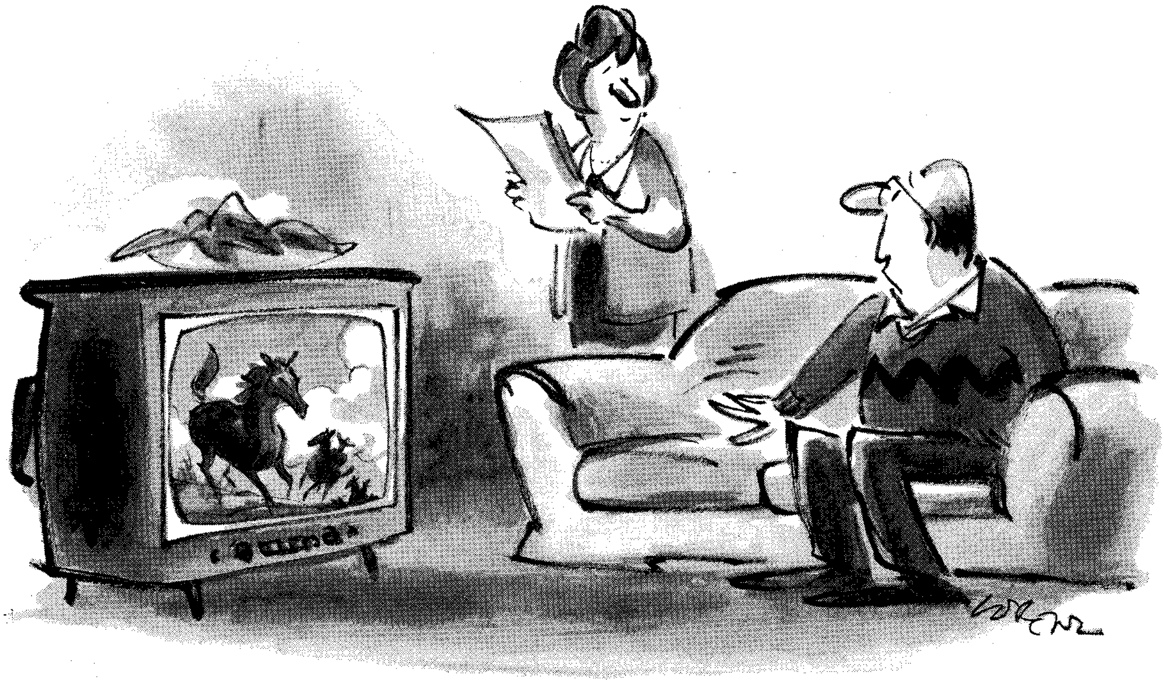
Waves of Bach resounded from the massive stone walls as Monsignor Rigney, an ebullient, ruddy-faced Irishman, who previously served as secretary to Cardinals Spellman and Cooke, explained that this winter's non-denominational cultural events will include three concerts. "St. Patrick's is both a Catholic cathedral and a national institution, and I hope to make it look better, sound better, and be a warmer place for visitors of all faiths," he said, cheerfully. "Since Vatican II encouraged participation in music, we are also going to present an organ recital every Sunday afternoon."

A second Rigney innovation is the Acoustaguide, a newly installed taped tour of the Cathedral, which can be picked up from the bookrack just inside the Fifth Avenue entrance. "We give you a thirty-five-minute lecture on the building, a blessing by Cardinal Cooke, and a little home-grown organ music," Monsignor Rigney said, handing us a cassette player with a plan of St. Patrick's laminated to its lid. "The Cathedral bells ring to tell you when to move from one place to another."

We inquired about building repairs, and Monsignor Rigney told us that the complete overhaul he hoped for would depend on matters economical rather than ecumenical. "At the moment, I'm thinking in terms of an increased tempo of maintenance," he said. "The



"Sorry to bother you at this hour, Doc, but what do you do when the night isn't filled with music, and the cares that infest the day won't fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away?"



“*Come sit beside me, sweetheart. It’s our last trip to Marlboro country.*”

sound system has new Band-Aids in the form of amplifiers installed in the triforium, the closed gallery above the nave. The down lighting will be new—you used to be able to see the top and bottom of the church but not much in between—and the air-conditioning plant, which was put in last summer, has reduced dirt and noise.”

Conducting us back up the center aisle, Monsignor Rigney added that the major visible changes had taken place in the sanctuary. He pointed past the orchestra to the high altar—a rectangular block of beige marble with a bas-relief of St. Peter guiding the church in the form of a ship—and explained that it had been moved forward under its bronze baldachin, or canopy, to permit the priest to face the congregation during Mass. “The old altar had a screen behind it and was planned for Mass said with the celebrant’s back to the people,” he said. “We removed the screen, shrank the altar from twelve to nine feet, and brought in Stewart-Dean, a local firm that specializes in metal restoration, to clean and refinish the baldachin. Last summer, that canopy melted into the walls, because it had turned green with age. Now look at it.”

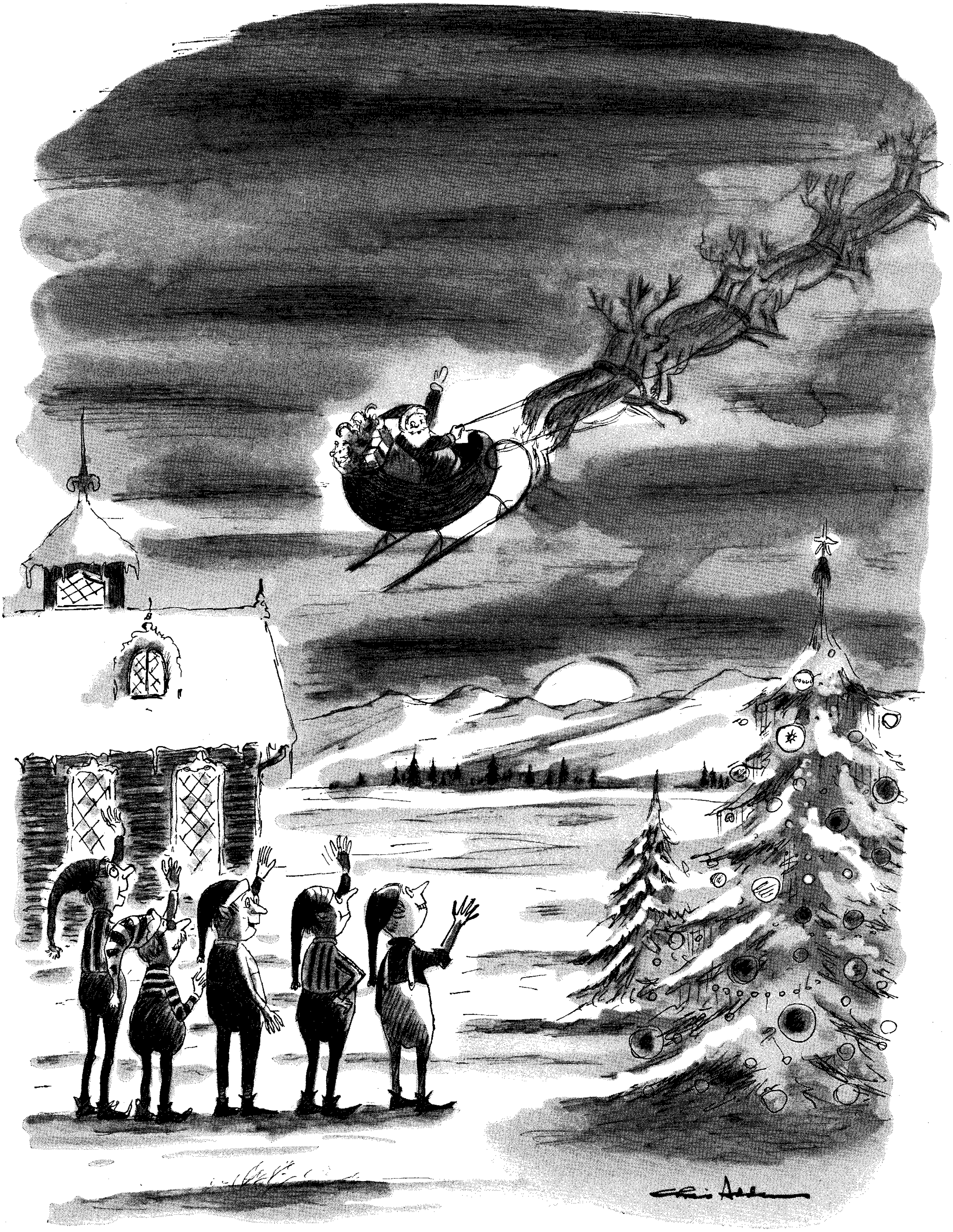
We gazed up at the baldachin—a glittering Gothic pavilion, seventy feet tall, that bristled with statues of saints, angels, and Old Testament patriarchs—and agreed that it was indeed a splendid sight.

When we inquired about future renovations, Monsignor Rigney told us that he hoped to rearrange the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. “I would like to make the chapel identifiable without putting up big green arrows, so I’m thinking of placing the tabernacle that contains the Eucharist on top of a single Gothic pillar, with a wooden baldachin hanging over it,” he said. “We just happen to have a spare baldachin in the basement—it was removed from the Archbishop’s chair a few years ago, when Rome suggested that the total picture was too ornate. Then, I want to locate the original cornerstone, which Archbishop Hughes laid down in 1858. The *Times* reported that a hundred thousand people attended the ceremony, but nobody seems to have the slightest idea where the ground-breaking took place.”

Christmas Consultant

WE have had a letter from a man who has long made a practice of travelling to the remoter parts of pagan lands during the Christmas season in order to avoid our local celebration of the holiday. This year, he informs us, he is staying around. “I mean to go into business as a Christmas consultant, and show them how to do it right,” he writes. “It happens that they’re doing it wrong. Take *Harper’s Bazaar*, for instance. They put out this list of ‘100 Great Gifts for Guys.’ They really ought to consult me, because what they’ve come up with is, in some instances, appalling. Take No. 68—‘A myna bird trained to say “You’re wonderful, Fred,” or “Joe,” or “Pierpont.” ’ Now, there’s a gift I wouldn’t want. I can imagine nothing more painful than coming in rather late of an evening, after, say, losing a bundle at chemin de fer or fan-tan (a not altogether infrequent state of affairs in my case), and having some impudent myna bird extol the virtues of Fred, or Joe, or Pierpont. But lest you think I have chosen unfairly, let me give you No. 17—‘A portable pepper mill in its own case.’ Let me give it to you because I won’t take it if you give it to me. Or No. 22—‘A giant round sponge with finger holes like a bowling ball to fill with liquid soap.’ *My* list of Great Gifts for Guys would be of a rather different order—shorter, more to the point. *My* list would include *useful* gifts, like a matched, color-coördinated, full-fashioned set of pre-written thank-you letters. Such a *pleasant* gift, and so easy to use. Upon receiving a gift—let’s say a myna bird trained to say ‘You’re wonderful, Fred,’ or ‘Joe,’ or ‘Pierpont’—one would merely use the efficient index system provided and come up with a pre-written note that said something like ‘I can’t begin to describe to you the emotion which welled up inside of me when I first heard Precious Myna chirp out, “You’re wonderful, Fred,” or “Joe,” or “Pierpont.” ’ There is, you see, a crying need for a pre-written note in such circumstances, since no self-respecting fellow, however practiced in hypocrisy, could possibly bang one out for himself.

“But it’s not just in the gift area that the holiday season needs help. There is also, for instance, the problem of year-end lists and year-beginning predictions, all bungled now in the most tiresome way. People quibble about the ten best films and speculate on Senator Muskie’s campaign plans. All dreary and wrong. *My* lists would be different. I would list the year’s ten best strikes, the ten best examples of political cowardice, the ten most interesting symptoms of social disintegration. Predictions would be more interesting, too. Right now, I’m working on a list of ten nice things that are likely to disappear altogether in the coming year. The holiday season would be so different if I were consulted.”


Chas Addams

"How wonderful for him—to be a legend in his own time!"

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER—AND ALSO PRICIER

LOOK, I'm a bluff and hearty, straightforward sort, and I shan't beat about the bush. The whole affair would never have happened except for this damnable kink in my nature. Generosity is kind of a fetish with me. I'd give you the shirt off my back, anything I owned, if you took a fancy to it. You know those Arab chieftains which they're constantly pressing their white stallions on people who admire them? (The stallions, that is. The chieftains are odious.) Well, that's me, only I carry it to extremes—I mean, I really do. I daresay I'd have cabbage galore in the bank if I were a bit more mean-fisted, but one can't alter his nature, can one? I mean to say, I'm that way and I've got to live with it. It's my besetting sin. I mean, I'm besotted with it.

Well, anyhow, the thing actually began over a year ago in London, just before Christmas. An unbearably chintzy advertisement I came upon in the *Times* portrayed a hand holding a gold fountain pen, its clasp surmounted by a diamond the size of your pinkie. Underneath was the endearing caption "The one-thousand-guinea Sheaffer. Golden elegance from Sheaffer—perfected with a diamond. For the discriminating and very wealthy at 1,000 guineas ($2,520). This is one of a wide range of the finest pens, pencils, and ballpoints. . . . All are specially packed and ready for giving. See them at your nearest Sheaffer stockist."

Now, at that juncture two factors militated against my visiting my Sheaffer stockist—first, the few friends in Britain who rated so sumptuous a gift already had fountain pens, and, second, if I'd added up all the lolly I could muster it would have come to just under $140. So, thought I to myself, I'll just throw 'em a sop—an egg timer or a pair of panty hose; a stopgap, as it were—and next Christmas, by George, I'll knock their eye out with a thousand-guinea Sheaffer. Well, sir, a few months later, while awaiting my turn in the laundromat at the Connaught Hotel, I fell into conversation with an amiable chap who proved to be a Sheaffer executive, and when I chatted him up about his product he gave me the scam on the pen. Apparently, some oil-rich sheikh in Trucial Oman had conceived the idea of a solid-gold stylus garnished with a seven-carat rock and had ordered a dozen as gifts. Shortly afterward, a Parisian belly dancer revealed in a press interview that she had received such a pen for unspecified services. (Is it all clear thus far, or am I going too fast for you? Well, *nil desperandum*, because now comes the riveting part. Take a firm grip on the sides of the roller coaster.)

It seems that Harrods, London's well-known department store, chose to put one of the thousand-guinea pens on display in an elaborate Perspex case, brilliantly floodlit and securely locked. It was marvelled at, yearned for, and salivated over, and one day shortly a rather grotty individual, manifestly a hippie, accosted the clerk in charge. Was it at all possible, he inquired, to supply the pen with a platinum barrel instead of a gold one? Coming from a manifest schlep, the query was a trifle suspicious, but inquiries were put forward and the putative client was informed that the price would be approximately four times that of the sample. A knot of other folk had meanwhile clustered around the exhibit. The young man reflected for a bit and, announcing that he would mull over the matter, departed. An hour or so thence, an elderly lady with a string bag—the role usually played by Margaret Rutherford—approached the case. She peered into it, and then squeaked tremulously to the clerk, "But it's gone!"

"What's gone, Madam?" he said, giving her the amused-eyebrow routine warranted to pulverize the customer.

"Why, the p-pen," she said. "It was there when I first looked, but it's gone now."

The clerk majestically unfurled his arms and strolled over to the display. An instant later, and white with anguish, he was frantically summoning the store's security police. Their interrogation of the old party disclosed that some time earlier she had observed an ill-favored type fussing about the rear of the case. Too terrified to inform on him for fear that if he overheard he might wreak vengeance on her, she had retired for a cup of tea before revisiting the display.

"Great Scott!" the clerk burst out to the chief shamus. "That hippie—I knew in my bones the man was dishonest!"

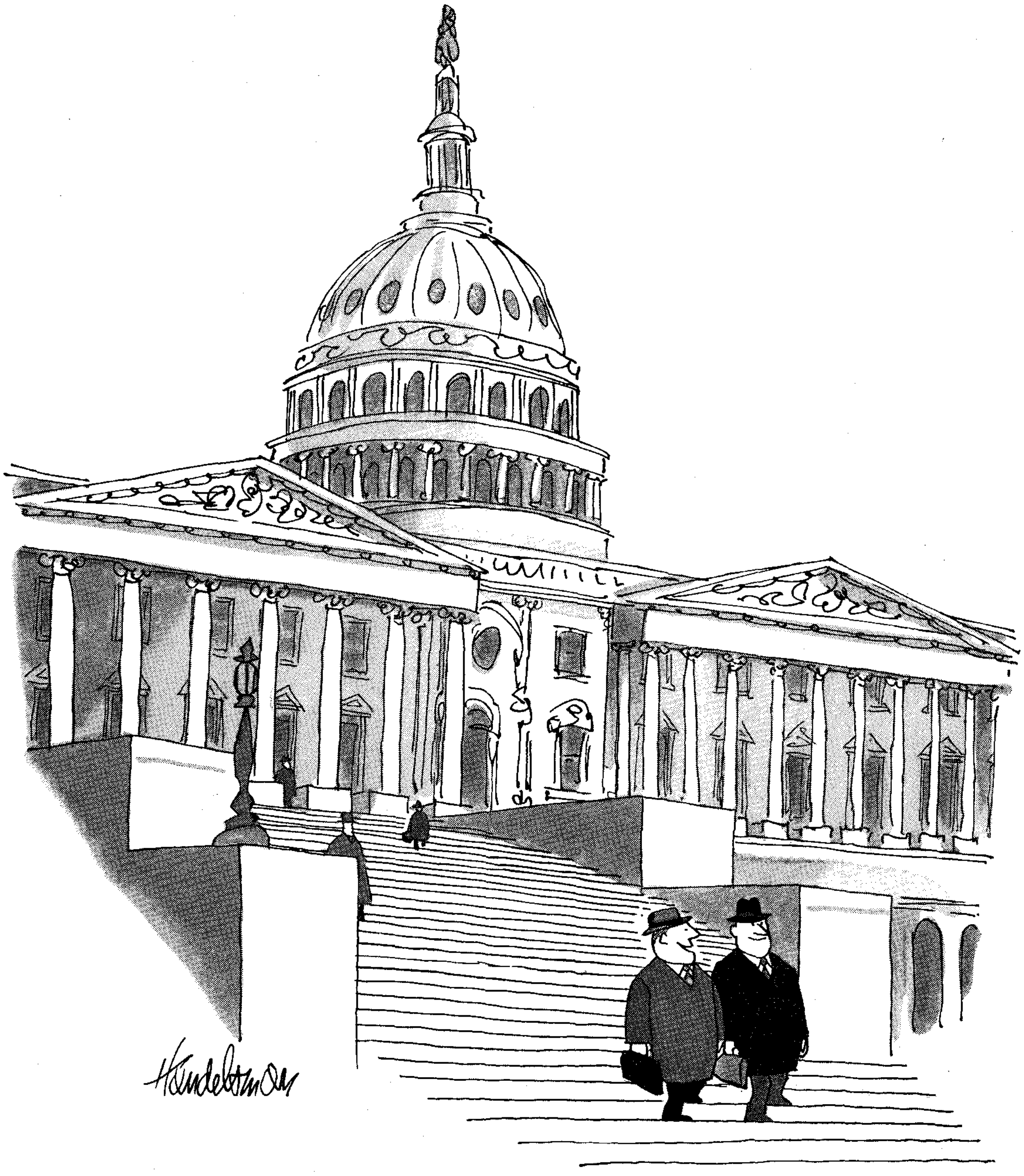
Judith Shahn

A description was immediately broadcast, and within hours the suspect had been picked up and the darbies clapped on him. There was, however, one hitch: he was a reigning pop star in Glasgow, and his interest in the pen had been altogether legitimate. The air instantly grew sulphurous with allegations of false arrest, humiliation, and damaged charisma, but grovelling apologies from the management restored his *amour-propre*, and all became serene. The actual thief, though, was never apprehended, and after a long-drawn-out insurance wrangle Harrods and Sheaffer were forced to absorb the loss in equal shares.

I steadied myself with an armagnac. "And how many of these—ah—doodads have actually been sold?" I asked my informant.

"In all, fourteen around the world," he replied, drying his wetwash with a goblet of V.S.O.P. "It's an O.K. pen, but if you intend to get one I'd reserve it for dress wear. The diamond rather diminishes the sobriety of your morning coat and bowler."

Well, to get on with it, the stars in their courses revolved, deep summer gave way to the harvest, and ere long the present holiday loomed up before me. How was I going to repay certain people who had been extraordinarily gracious—in particular, one lady who had wined and dined me to repletion, entertained me repeatedly at her country house over the years? Foraging up and down Bond Street, the Burlington Arcade, the hushed precincts of Mount Street, where cat-footed salesmen, obsequiously washing their hands, strove to palm off rare netsuke and fertility symbols from Luristan, I became gloomier by the moment. She *owned* all this jazz. Her dwelling was filled with objets d'art; Gainsboroughs elbowed each other off the walls—she was *boiserie*-poor. And then, like a thunderclap, came the memory of that pen of pens—the thousand-guinea Sheaffer. But, of *course*—here was the gift supreme, the ultimate *bonne bouche*. I pictured Lady Francesca's long, tapering fingers, so soft and yet powerful as a strangler's, curled around the golden barrel, the diamond flashing like the Hens-and-Chickens lightship off Boston Harbor as she dashed off letters to me more graceful than the Marquise du Deffand's, instinct with wit and scholarship and ever the promise of dalliance in her cabinet. Yep, this was it, Charlie. No time for halfhearted gestures, for measly little flacons of Joy or scarves by Yves Saint-Laurent. "Back



"I was packaged by Candidates Limited. Who packaged you?"

• •

to the days of the Regency, when a man could ruin himself for a woman!" I cried, leaping into a cab and bidding the driver make haste for Lozenge's, the haughtiest stationer's on Bond Street.

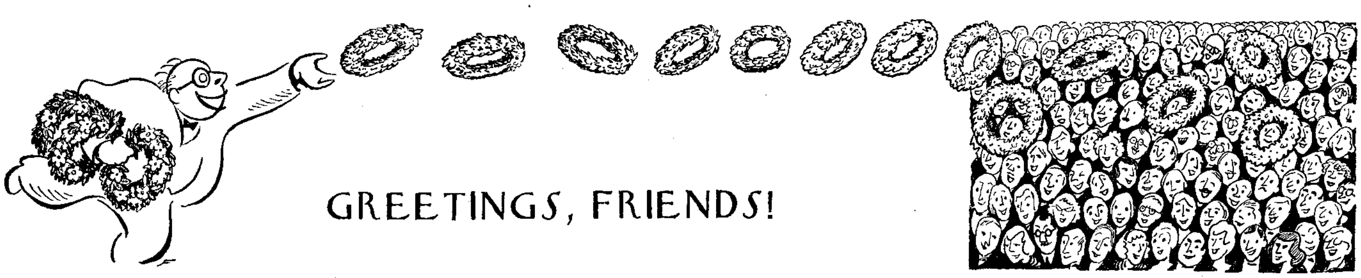
Midafternoon of the ensuing Friday, I was seated in the 4:09 express to Wolverton, bound for the Christmas jollities at Hopscotch, Lady Francesca's seat in Northamptonshire. Chained to my wrist was a pouch like a diplomatic courier's; within it my offering nestled in a blue velvet jewel case. By now, the rigors attending its purchase had dimmed—the skepticism about my solvency, the microscopic examination of passport and work permit, the endless phone calls to bank managers, embassy, and tailors, the notes of hand whereby I undertook to pay the balance of nine hundred guineas over the next three years. What mattered aught, save that I was speeding toward Francesca with a present I was confident would dazzle her. A strange and dizzying sense that I was Edward VII on his way to the Countess of Warwick overcame me. Suddenly regal, I lay back in my carriage and stroked a nonexistent beard. And yet, before the train had whizzed past Watford Junction, I was assailed by doubts. Was the gift perhaps too pretentious?

Francesca, of course, would never possibly intimate it, patrician that she was. But might not some of her other guests, betraying their scorn by no more than the flicker of an eyebrow like the clerk's, decide that I was a coarse-grained parvenu seeking to ape his betters and put me in Coventry? My hands grew clammy at the prospect, and I stared unseeingly at Hemel Hempstead, Leighton Buzzard, and Bletchley as the express roared past them.

Fortunately, nobody showed up to meet me at Wolverton, so that I forgot my agitation in lugging the suitcase and pouch half a dozen blocks to the nearest taxi. During the thirteen-mile ride to Hopscotch, I evolved a shrewd plan for avoiding any charge of ostentation. I would subtly lead the table talk at dinner around to the subject of writing—the first faltering efforts of cavemen, the evolution of alphabets, the growth of Chinese calligraphy, and the like—and later mingle the thousand-guinea pen with the pile of ballpoints, pencils, and crayons on Lady Francesca's buhl desk in her study. The instant she sat down next morning to indite one of her matchless notes, her eye, keen as a Brahmany kite's, would pick out the golden maverick, and then I, the donor and in future ever-welcome guest, would step forward with a polished little speech beginning, "Francesca, my dear, what gift could anyone bestow one half so precious as that beauty the gods have lavished on you, darling?"

Ah, well, it didn't turn out quite that way, curse it. During the night, some thieving s.o.b. walked off with the pen, or maybe I had a glass of port too many and mislaid it. Anyhow, the wretched thing disappeared without a trace, and of course I lost my head and started a big shauri about everybody being searched, and then a fat little person in tweeds named Miss Marple came in (played by Margaret Rutherford—my God, how that woman gets around), and she found it in the gun room, where the clumber spaniel had chewed it to bits. So of course, wouldn't you know, Lady Francesca's taken against me for creating such a row, and if I ever get invited back to Hopscotch, that'll be the day. And I have to go on paying for that bloody pen for the next three years. I wish I'd never seen that advert in the *Times*.

—S. J. PERELMAN

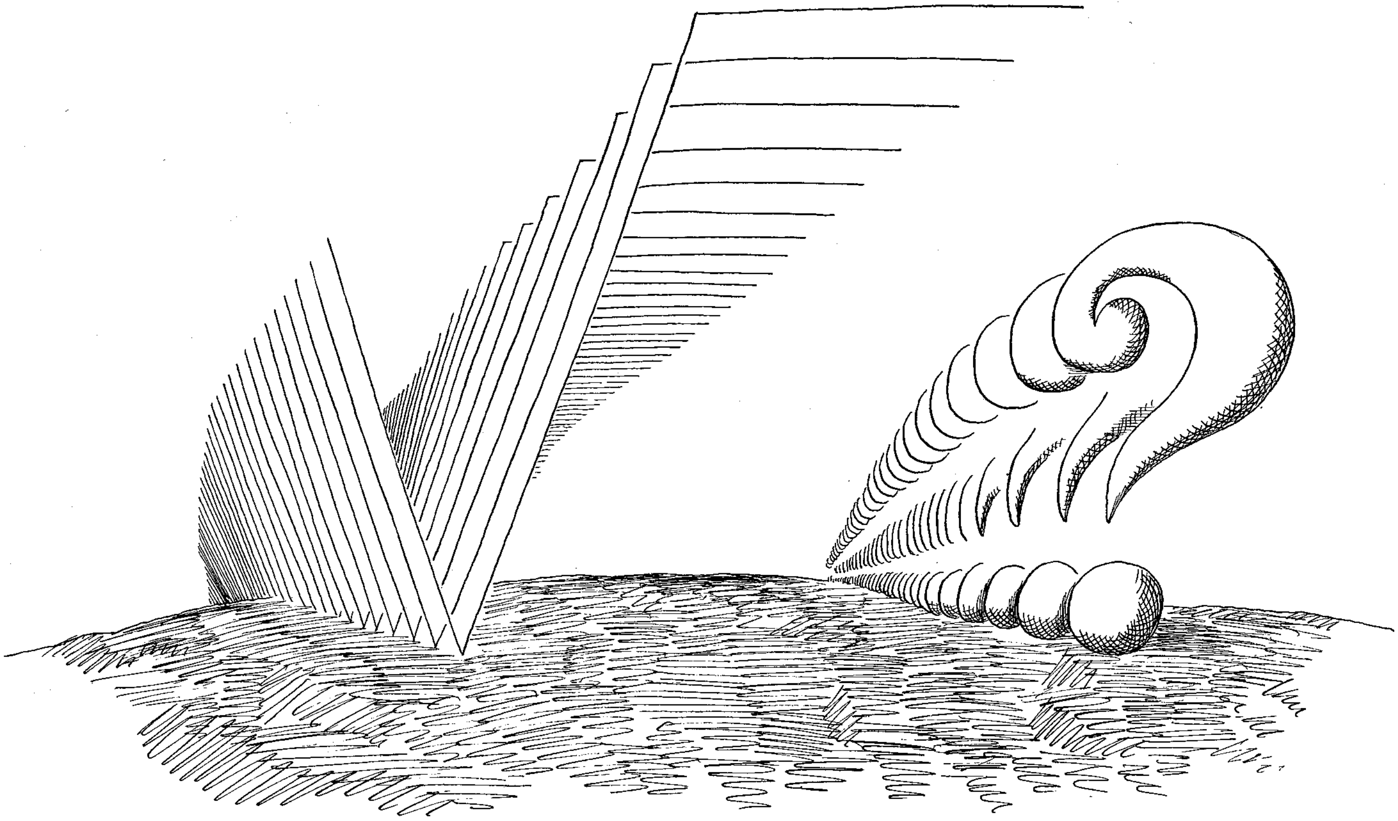


GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

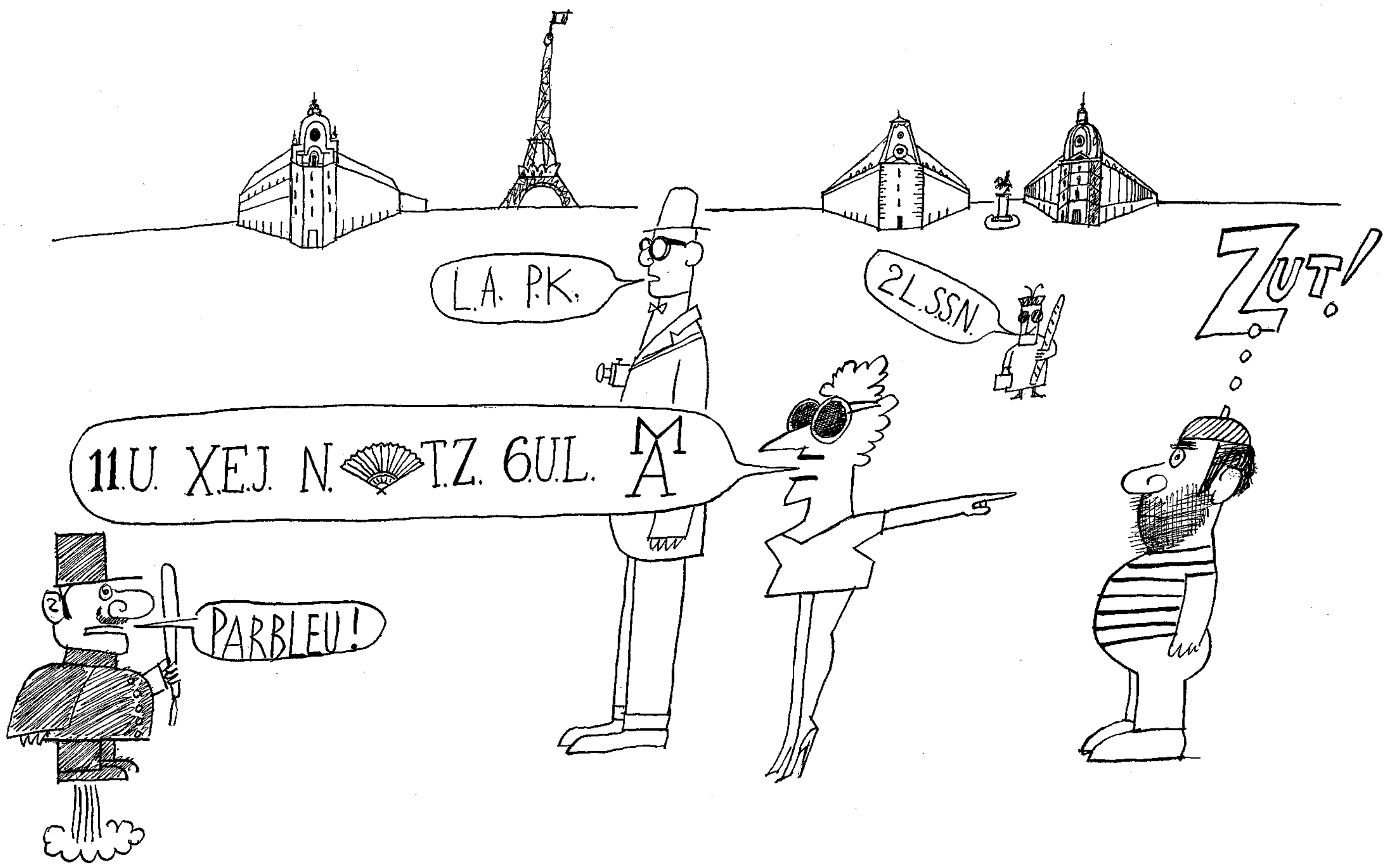
Greetings, friends! On this hallowed day
Let as little as possible you dismay.
Though life seem one long sonic boom,
Though smog may deepen December's gloom,
Though the ecology's shot to hell,
Let's manage another brave Noël.
Come, follow the lead of your ancient bard
And address a jocund Christmas card
To Senator Muskie, Rollo May,
Igor Stravinsky, Bob and Ray,
Alfred Vanderbilt, Harold Pinter,
Celia Summer, and Johnny Winter!
Now all together! A rousing cheer
For Israel's premier, Golda Meir!
Three more cheers and a Lionel Tiger
For Gloria Steinem and Rod Steiger!
Come, think up a revel to divert
Kingman Brewster and Larry Kert;
Act out cheerful Yuletide plays
For Sam Brown and Helen Hayes;
Fetch costly gifts for Una Merkel,
And Christmas crackers for Studs Terkel—
And scuba gear as a Yule *cadeau*
Might be just the thing for Jacques Cousteau.
Ave out there, Sir Alec Guinness,
Please see that Jeremy Menuhin is
Asked to attend our New Year spree
With Jerome Kretchmer and Ruby Dee;
Also cajole Teresa Berganza
To come to our damp extravaganza,
And Flip Wilson, will you act as greeter
To welcome ev'ry Sesame Streeter?
Now let the rebecs twang a chord
To tingle the ear of Nancy Ford,
Let viols sound in dulcet notes
The praises of Joyce Carol Oates,
And ask the flautist toot his flute
To honor Joy and Marchette Chute,
While we chant in friendly caterwaul
A serenade to Lauren Bacall.
Come to the feast! Bring your appetite!
We'll gather in *Gemütlichkeit*,
As in a bowl of punch we quench
Preprandial thirst with Johnny Bench.
Michael York, could you wield a fork
On this helping of roast suckling pork?
Now a slice of this roast goose—it's tender—
Might perk up the palate of Marylin Bender;
Here's rare roast beef in a bold attempt on
The fancy of lovely Sally Kempton,
And here's turkey 'n' fixin's to tickle
The interior of ex-Sec. Hickel.
May the Players' prexy, Alfred Drake,
Relish this savory Twelfth Night Cake,
And we'll see that the same rich dessert is
Served with a flourish to Charlotte Curtis.
On this convivial occasion,
We rise to toast Miss Lili Chookasian,
And lift a brimming mug of grog
To Bill Moyers and Oscar Ogg;
Then pass the port with David Lean,
Wilson Riles, and Christopher Keene,
And Costa-Gavras, Frank Stella,
Willis Reed, and Frank Langella.
Warm holiday greetings to the Mayor
And Brooks Robinson, the ace ballplayer.
Slainte! Prosit! and also *Skaal!*
To each and every Oriole,
And to Kenneth Koch, Henry Mancini,
And our young cousin Maureen Sweeney.
Ross Macdonald, Dick Francis—
Join us in our Christmas dances!
We'll trip the light fantastic with
Old pals like Burgess Meredith,
Goeran Gentele, Rita Moreno,
Father Hesburgh, and Lee Trevino,
Bernadette Devlin, Fred Astaire,
And the Tibet road company of "Hair"!
Peace to Wes and Eleanor Gilson,
Elizabeth Ames, and Angus Wilson,
And benisons on Beverly Sills,
Gunnar Jarring, and Garry Wills.
We're pleased that Adlai Stevenson
Was among the candidates who won;
We're glad the political skies were sunny
For young Bob Taft and John V. Tunney,
And unhappy about what befell
The estimable Charles Goodell.
Now, Dasher! Take this holly wreath
To Downing Street for Edward Heath,
And this laurel garland, Donder and Blitzen,
Goes to Alexander Solzhenitsyn.
Carrie Snodgress, Enzo Stuarti!
Come to our annual office party:
We'll hold high jinks with Freya Stark,
Dandy Nichols, and Ramsey Clark,
And, having spiked the water cooler,
Quaff Lily cups with Gunther Schuller,
And others to whom we're partial,
Like Grace Slick and Justice Marshall!
Loudly we'll toast *l'année nouvelle*
With Jeanne Moreau and Claiborne Pell,
And then shed a tear, with Albert Finney,
For absent friends and the *passé* mini!

Readers, the hope of this canticle
Is that we may grow less frantical—
May Christmas grow more comely and muted,
And the world a fraction depolluted.
Let's start, at this season of rebirth,
To renew the neighborhood of Earth;
Let's keep a mien of gentle cheer
And fashion a cleaner atmosphere,
So if the Star shine, we may observe it,
And peace come at last, we may deserve it.

—FRANK SULLIVAN



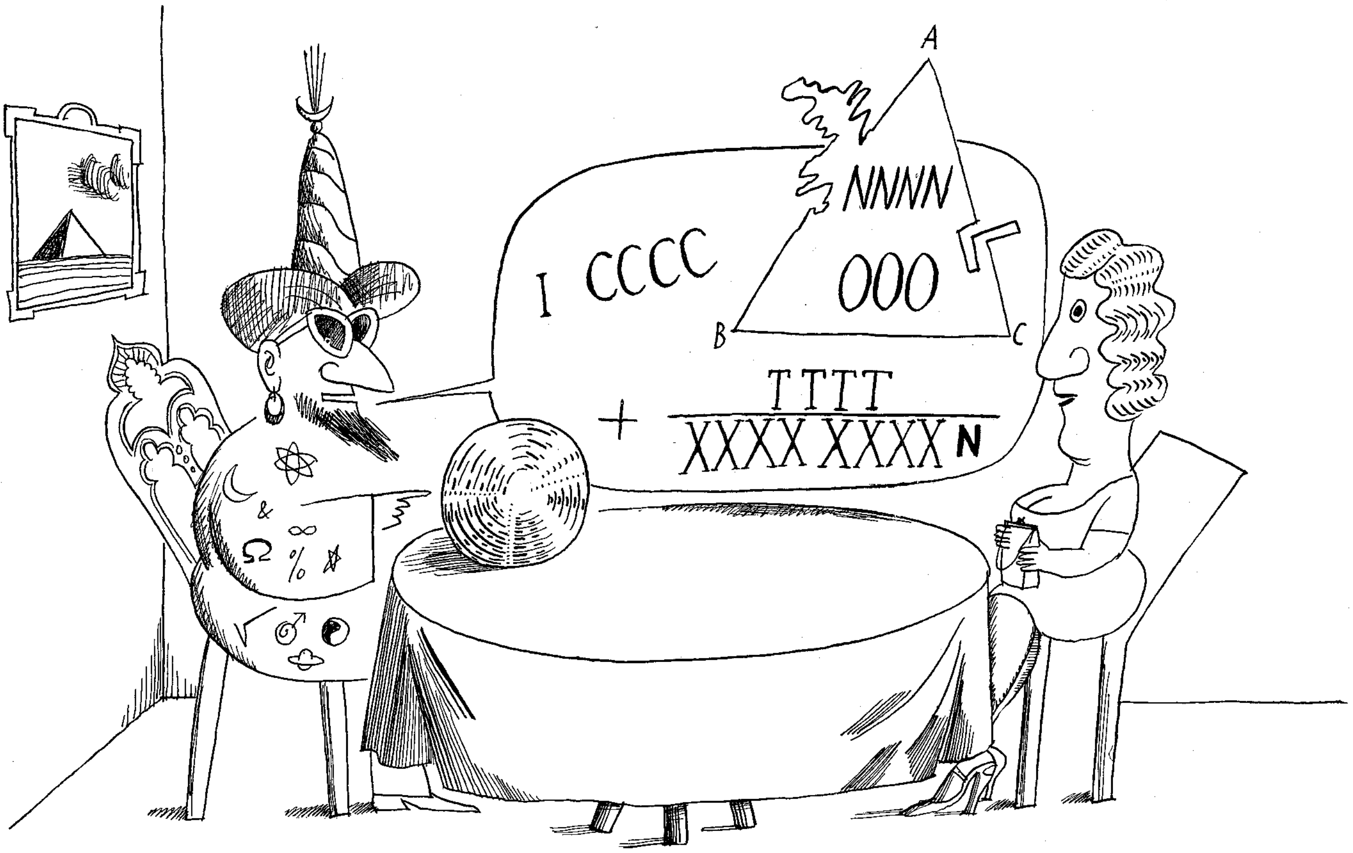
Radicals question Marx.


L.A. P.K.
2L.SSN.
ZUT!
11.U. XE.J. N. T.Z. 6.U.L. MA
PARBLEU!

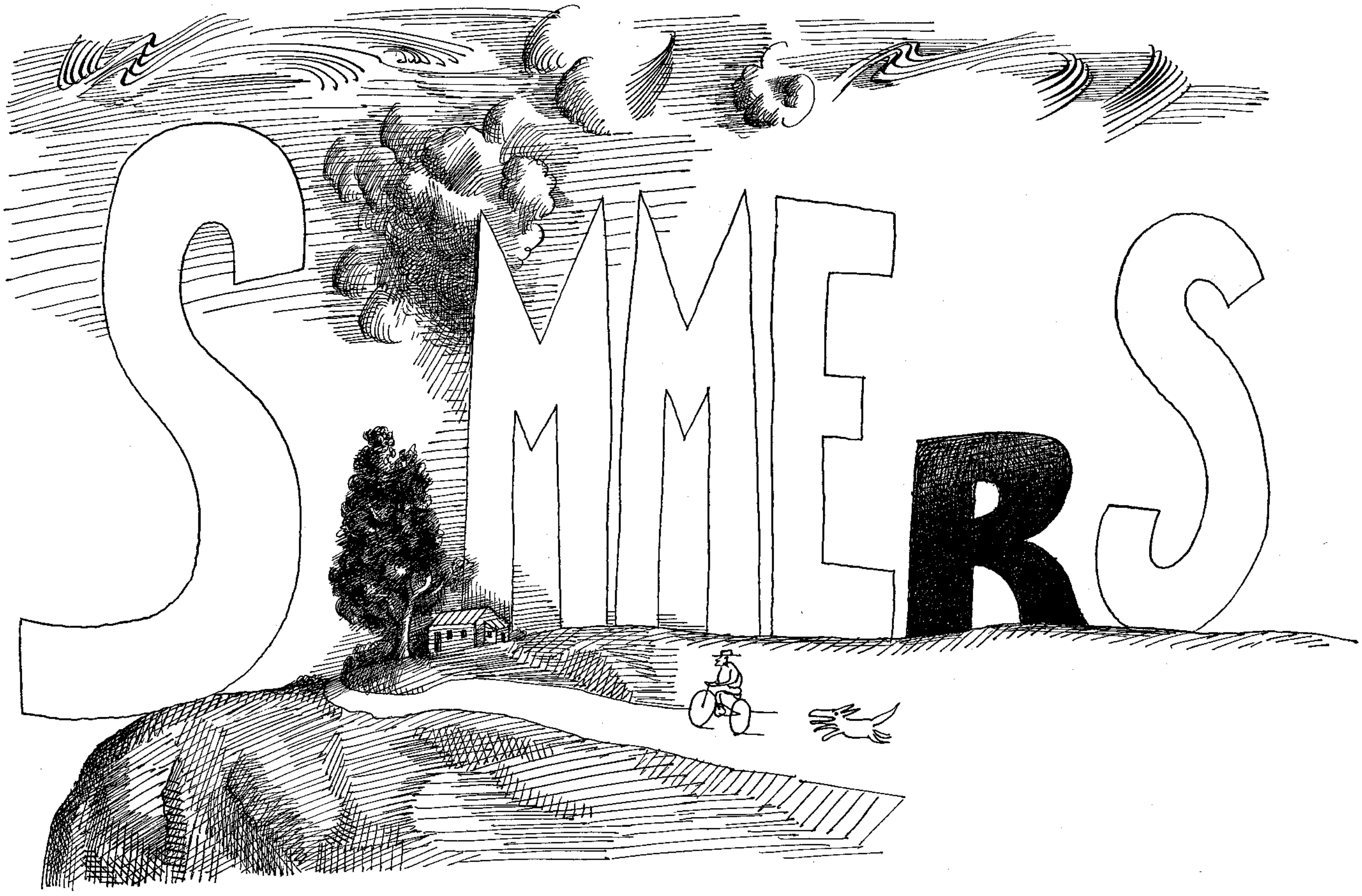
Il est venu exiger une fantaisie sexuelle et monnaie.

Tuez l'assassin.

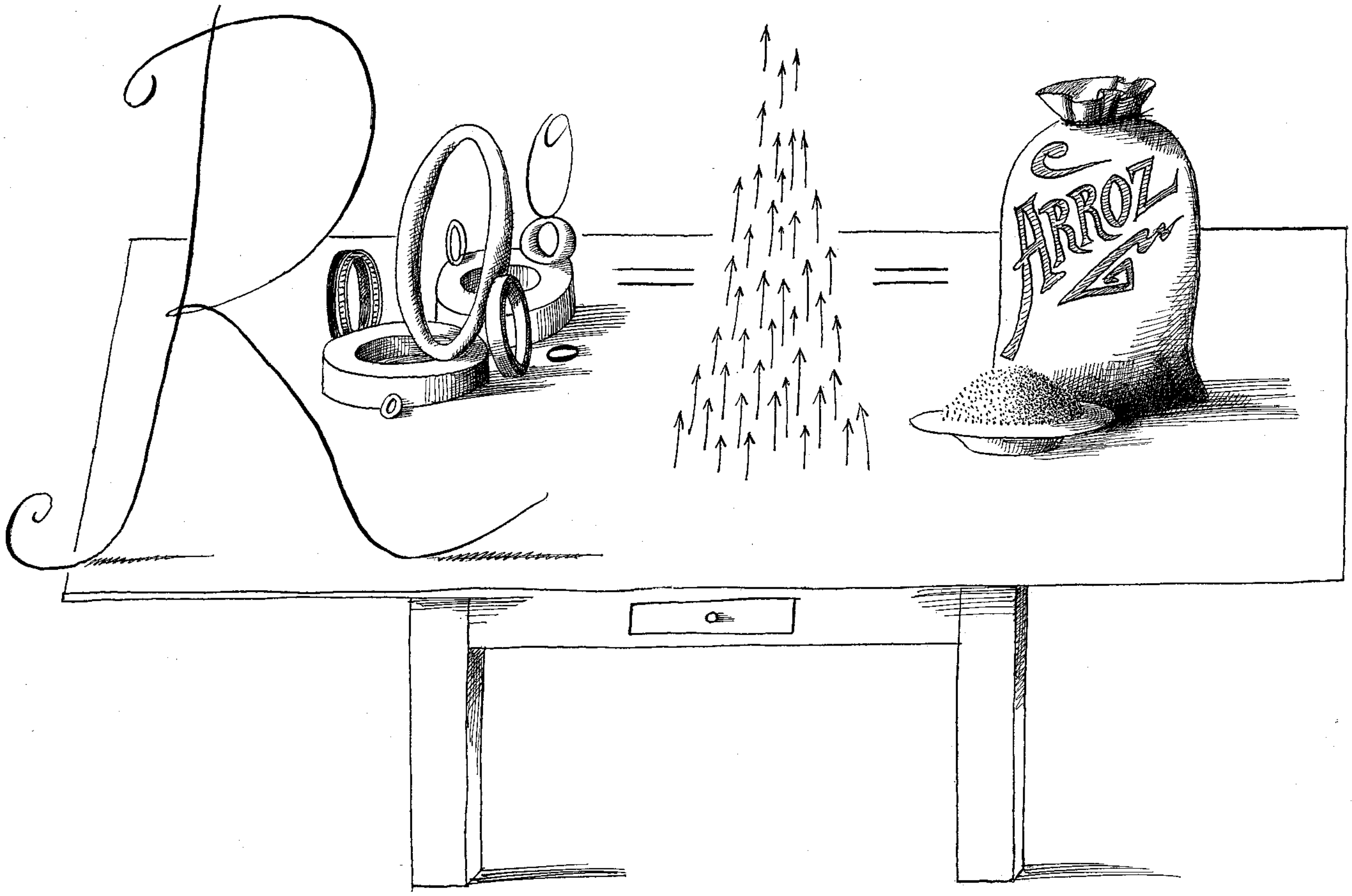
Elle est piquée.


A
B
C
I CCCC
NNNN
000
+ TTTT / XXXX XXXX N

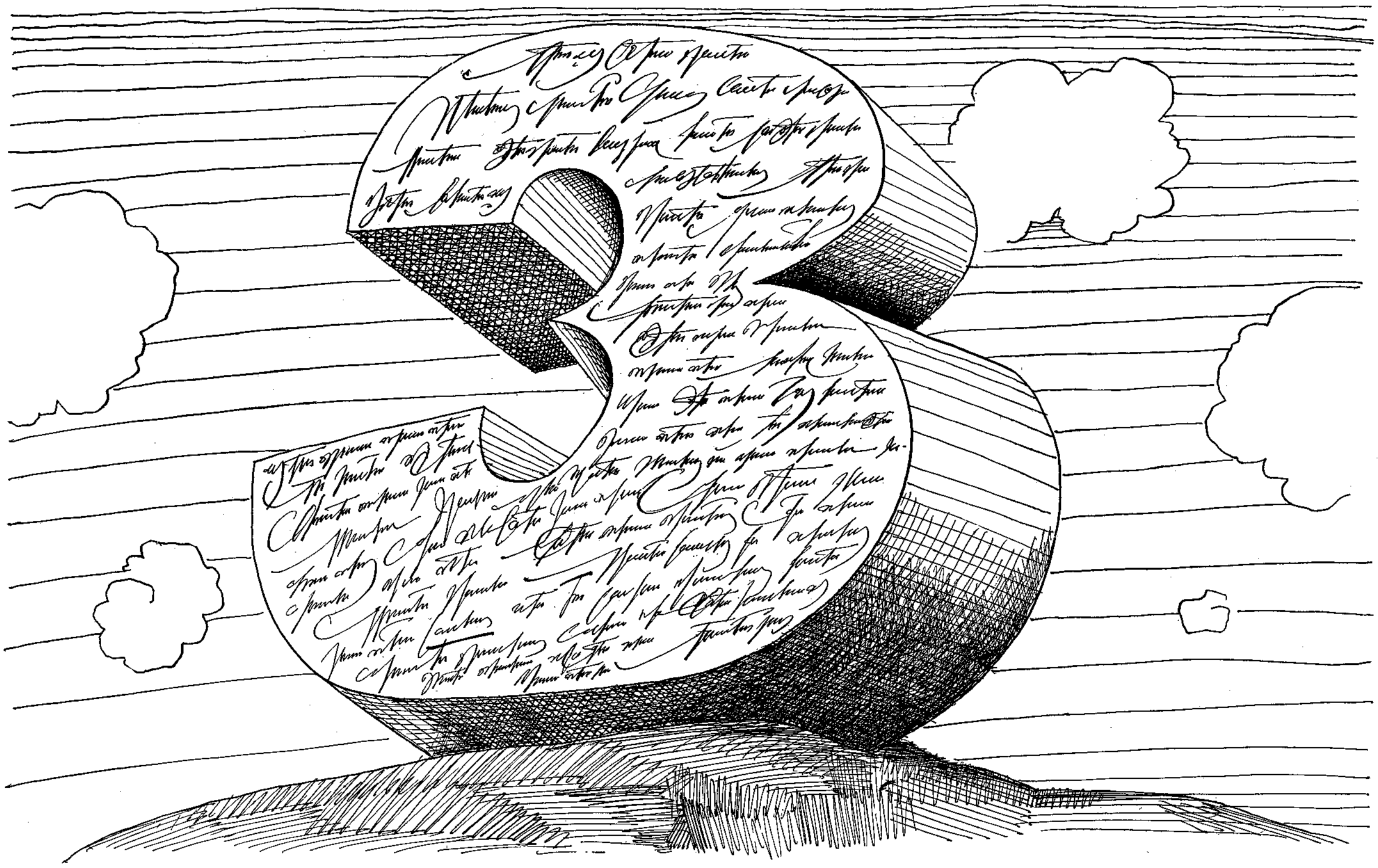
I foresee an interesting triangle with a foreign trio and a Texan under forty.



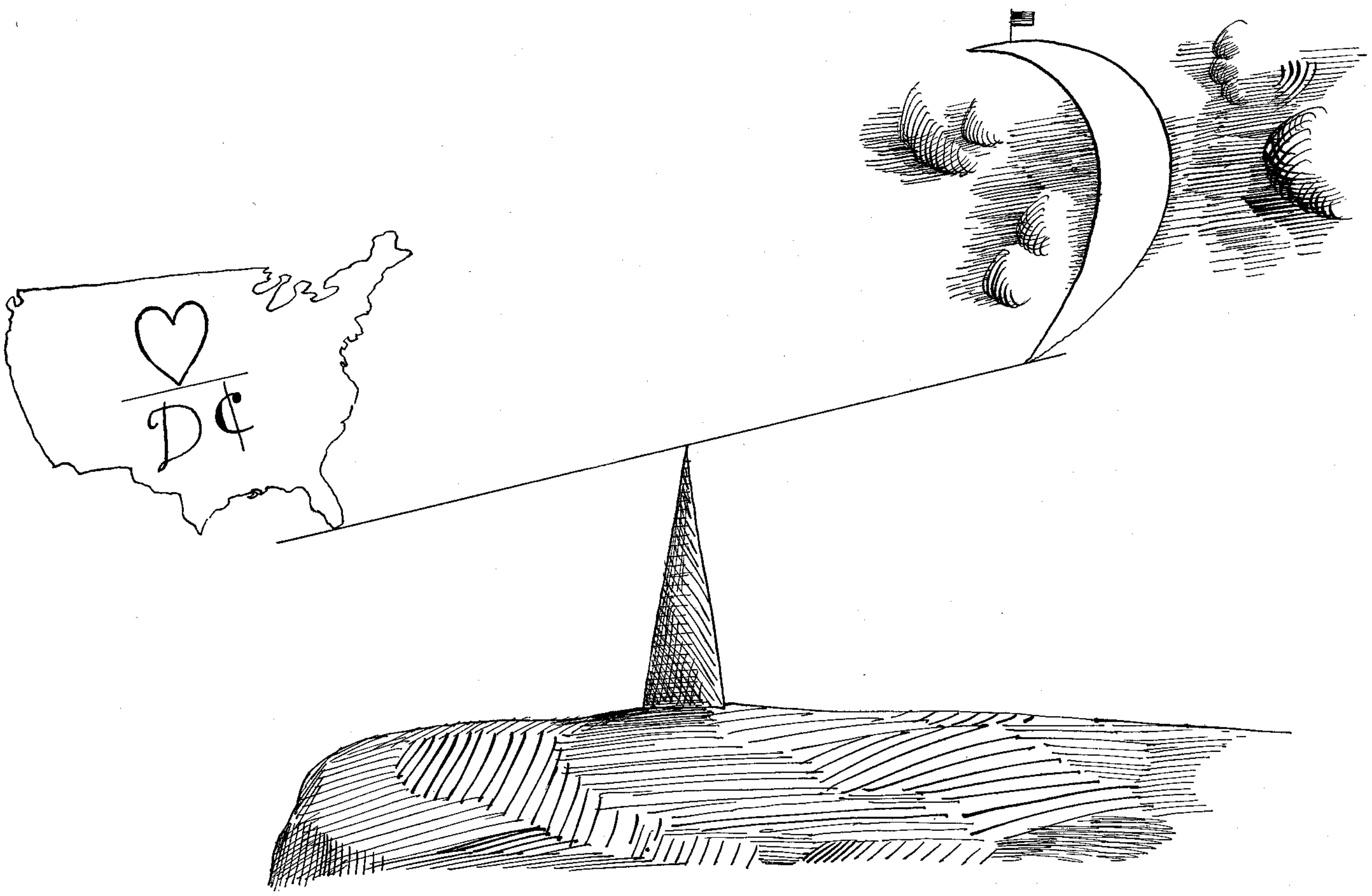
Summers without you are short and dark.



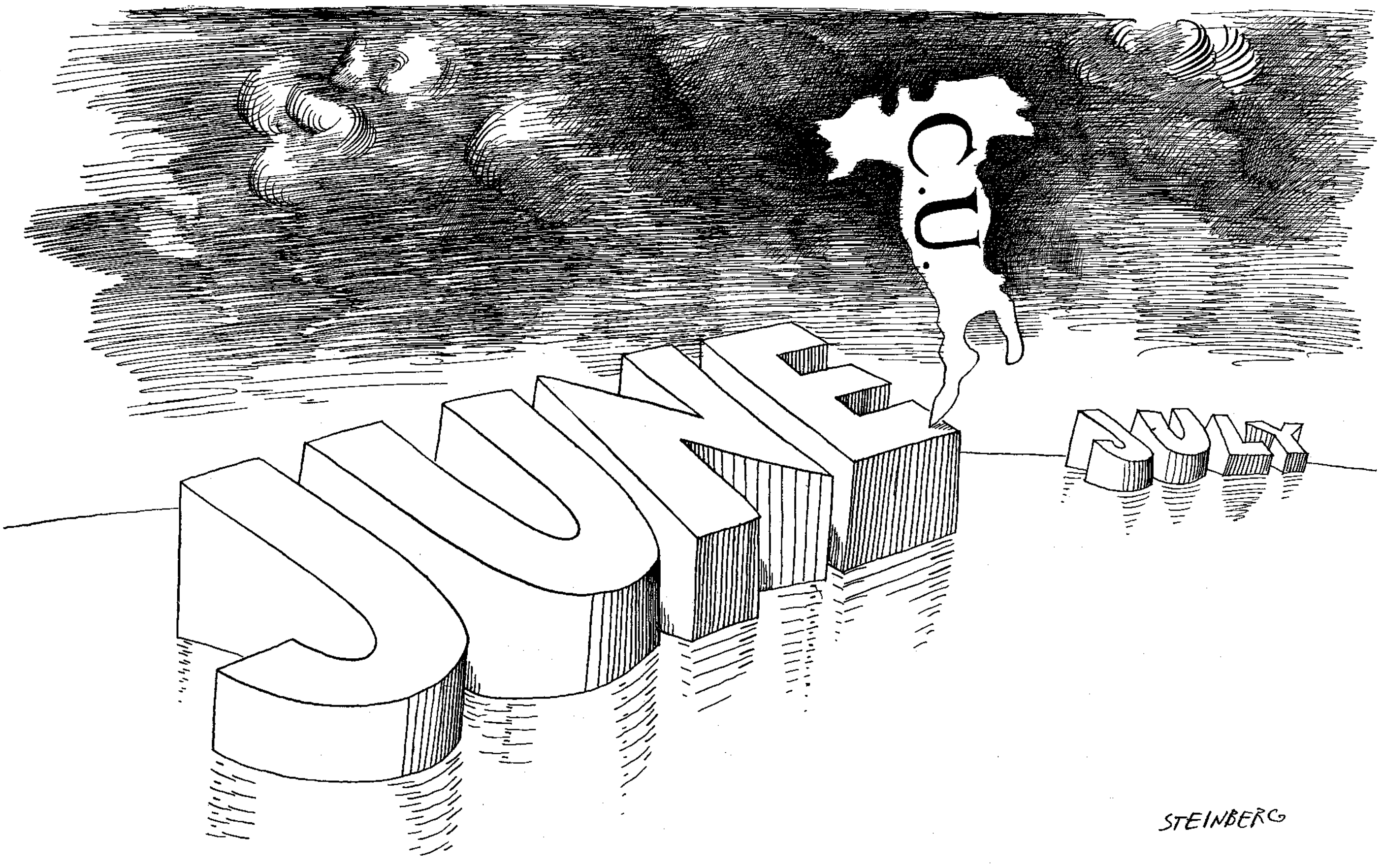
A rose is a rose is a rose.



A three-dimensional figure of speech.



The heart of America divided by dissent is heavier than the moon.

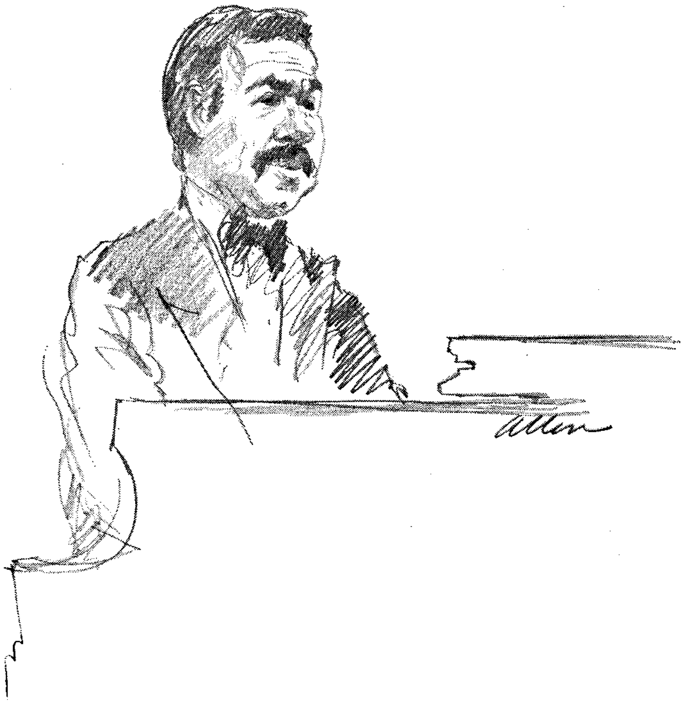

C.U.
JUNE
JULY
STEINBERG

See you in Italy at the end of June.

PROFILES

THE HUMAN SOUND

IT is quite possible that when the century is over, live entertainment—real people singing, acting, dancing, playing, reciting, and clowning in front of real people—will have disappeared in this country or become an anachronism. (The very existence of the phrase "live entertainment" is ominous; the term would have struck the Victorians as a puzzling redundancy.) Concert halls and opera houses are no longer full. The theatre appears static beside the fluid drive of film. (At that, even movie houses, which have always *seemed* like arenas of live entertainment, are rarely sold out.) The circus and rodeo are obsolescent, night clubs are dwindling, and such diversions as band concerts and the straw-hat circuit are almost at an end. When this decline is complete, something essential will have gone out of human experience. In-the-flesh entertainment at its best is one of the most complex, delightful, and inventive forms of communication. It is a mutually beneficial intercourse between the performer, who plays a god, and the audience, which allows this pretension, knowing delightedly all the while that the performer, beneath the skin of his skills, is human, too. Simply by doing what he is doing where he is doing it, the performer demonstrates great courage, and the audience experiences this courage vicariously. The performer is flattered by the attention of the audience, and the audience congratulates itself for having the intelligence and sensitivity to admire the performer. But electronics is closing off this invaluable two-way street. The performer can no longer play his changes on an audience, gauging his abilities in the mirror of its faces, and the audience can no longer manipulate the performer with its cheers and tears. Yet decline and flowering often occur simultaneously; the form dies and its final moments are phoenix-brilliant. I have in mind the brave excellence of Bobby Short, the forty-six-year-old singer and pianist, who, one of the last examples (and indubitably the best) of the café singer or the supper-club singer or "troubadour," as the late Vernon Duke called him, practices what is probably the most intimate and delicate form of live entertainment extant. It is the art of singing (and often accompanying oneself on the piano) witty or ironic or sad but never sentimental songs in a small room to a small group of people, and in such a way that the performer and his audience, generally only a few feet away, become almost one. (Mabel Mercer, the great *doyenne* of the form, often sits at her listeners' table and sings to them, and she remembers long ago carrying this attention to its ultimate in a noisy Parisian *boîte* by singing into her customers' ears through a small megaphone.) Every member of the audience comes to believe that a song is being sung to *him*, and the performer, who can look directly into his listeners' eyes, feels that he is singing only to the listener he happens to look at. The songs are as important as their delivery. They are, as often as not, out-of-the-way tunes by the likes of Cy Coleman or Ivor Novello or Noël Coward or Cole Porter or Rodgers and Hart. They may have a small but steady currency, they may have long since been forgotten, they may never have been known at all because of having been dropped from a movie or Broadway show before it opened, or they may have been written only for the performer who is singing them. They must be sung immaculately, in an offhand, transparent way, so that the singer, his diction clean glass, lights up his materials with meanings their composers may never have thought of. Café singing, or at any rate Bobby Short's way of singing, is unencumbered by the theatrics of opera or rock, by the quaintness of folk singing, by the confinements of jazz singing, and by the meanliness of old-style pop singing. It is singing stripped to its essentials—words lifted and carried by the curves of melody.



Bobby Short

Short's achievements as a performer are all the more remarkable when one considers his equipment. He has a baritone that is frequently plagued by laryngitis. He has a rapid, almost querulous vibrato, and he sometimes slides past or stops short of the note he is after. His piano playing is so unfettered it is usually accelerando—a tendency that is beautifully disguised by his accompanists, Beverly Peer (bass) and Dick Sheridan (drums), who invariably keep in perfect rhythmic step. But everything in Short's style miraculously balances out. His free sense of time gives his numbers a surprised, bounding quality, his vibrato makes his phrase endings ripple like flags, his laryngitis lends his voice a searching, down sound, and his uncertain notes enhance the cheerfulness and abandon he projects. His appearance is deceptive as well. He is slight—five feet nine, with a thirty-inch waist and small, demure feet. He has an oval face, a button nose, and vaguely apprehensive eyes, all of which do battle with an engulfing mustache. But three attributes work in wondrous concert for him. He is a faultless and inventive dresser (he is a regular on the best-dressed lists), he has a warm, princely bearing, and he has a stunning smile. The resulting impression, as one meets him, is of a tall, poised, and irresistibly attractive man.

I first met him early one afternoon at his apartment, on the eighth floor of Carnegie Hall—the apartment once occupied by Thomas Scherman, the conductor. Short has lived there twelve years. It is the sort of place old New Yorkers covet—a small, reasonable, soundproof triplex. No sound comes from outside, nor does any sound escape, so Short can sit before the baby grand in his living room at three in the morning and pound and shout with perfect propriety. The small foyer on the first floor contains a desk, a big Queen Anne armchair, a bicycle, and a staircase. A turn-around kitchen opens off it. The living room, at the top of the stairs, is two stories high, with a vaulted ceiling and a row of high windows facing north. At one end are a small bar, a bathroom, and a second set of stairs. These lead to a spacious balcony, which serves as Short's bedroom. A bedroom window faces a small roof, where his cats, Rufus and Miss Brown, are aired. The furnishings are high-class Camp. A heavy glass-topped coffee table rests on a zebra-skin rug, and on the rug, beneath the table, are two metal lizards—one gilt, one brass. A pair of big daybeds, which are covered with bright African-looking material and leopard-skin pillows, flank the table. Near the foyer stairs are a huge wooden lion, a stolid eighteenth-century Italian refectory table, and one of those roofed-in wicker wing chairs that still haunt old summer cottages in East Hampton and on Naushon Island. An antler chandelier hangs in the living room, and it is echoed by a Teddy Roosevelt leather chair with tusks as arms. Pictures of every description jam the walls, and the window side of the room is lined with books and bric-a-brac.

When I arrived, Short, who occasionally models, was posing for a *Harper's Bazaar* sketch. He was wearing an orange-and-white cashmere turtleneck, tan slacks, and low, buckled boots, and for the drawing he had added a square-cut puma-skin coat with an otter collar, designed by Donald Brooks for Jacques Kaplan. And he had on a cowboy hat. He was leaning against a support of the balcony, his hands in the coat pockets, and he looked melancholy and distant.

The diminutive Chinese girl who was sketching him said something. "It *is* a fantastic apartment," Short said. His voice was light, melodic, yet husky. "I was away when they decided to tear down Carnegie Hall, and I guess I didn't really realize what was going on, so I didn't panic. A lot of the people who lived here did, and they moved out, and when the building was saved they had a hell of a time getting back in." He cleared his throat unavailingly. "I've had *this* bout of laryngitis for weeks. Every morning, I get on my bike and pedal over to my doctor, on the East Side. He sprays me and makes bad jokes and I pedal back, but it doesn't get any better. But then it doesn't get much of a chance. At the Café Carlyle, where I work, it's three shows a night, six nights a week. And I can't just lay off for a week or two. My responsibility is to the Carlyle. I have to be on time and I have to do everything with grace, even when I feel like saying to hell with it, when it's like pulling teeth to get myself up from my early-evening nap and shower and shave and dress and get downstairs and into a cab. The romance of being a supper-club singer! I still do private parties as well. It's extra money for Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer, and I find myself asking a lot of money. Sometimes I'm whisked down to '21' between shows to play for someone's birthday, and I've been flown to Hobe Sound and the Caribbean. And not long ago I was invited to perform at the White House when the Nixons gave a party for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. It cost me a thousand dollars, what with new clothes and transportation and all, but I was delighted I could *afford* to go. I would have been a very upset boy had I been invited and not had the money. But the Carlyle is the middle of my life. In fact, I'm hopelessly associated with it. Bobby Short of the Carlyle, despite there still being people in New York who prefer to think of me as their secret, their discovery. I started there in 1968, and in a peculiar way. George Feyer, the pianist, had been in residence for twelve years. He took off two weeks that summer, and Peter Sharp, who owns the Carlyle, asked Ahmet and Nesuhi Ertegun, of Atlantic Records, who to get as a replacement. They said, 'Get Bobby Short.' I did my best to make those two weeks as successful as anything I'd done, and when Feyer's contract ran out they offered me half a year. Feyer found a better deal elsewhere, and I work there now eight months of the year. It's physically impossible to work more than that, and anyway it doesn't make sense for me to be so available that I lose my attraction value."

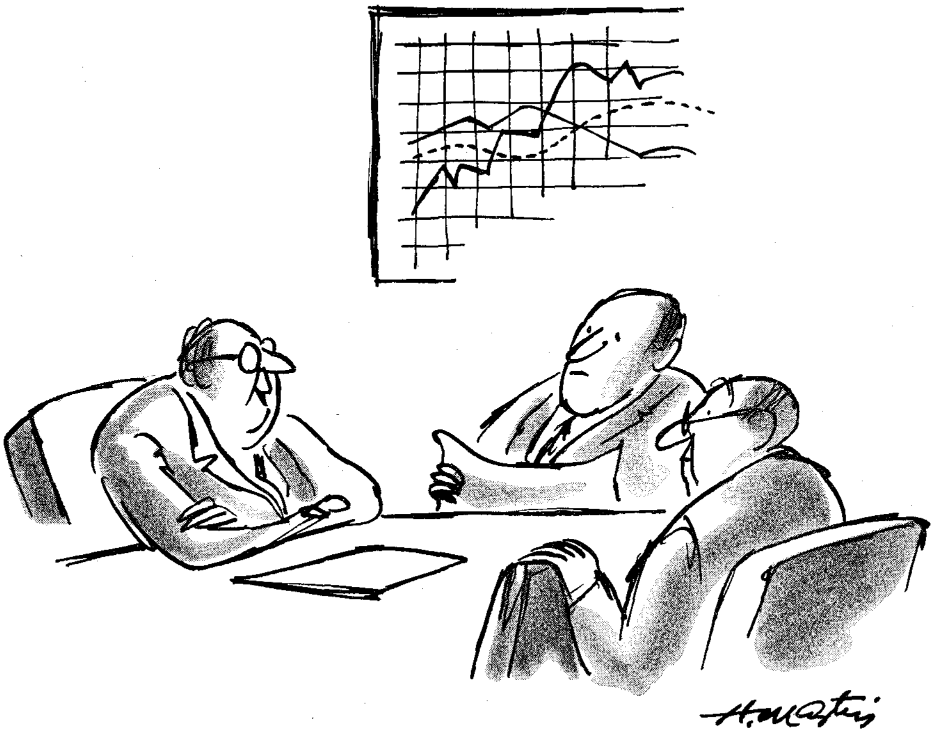
He shed the fur coat and, leaning back on one of the daybeds, struck a new pose, his hands clasped behind his head and his feet on the coffee table. A tall, thin, lugubrious-looking man in blue denim work clothes came in.

"How was your weekend, Wendell?" Short asked him.

"I'm not feeling so well. A cold."

"Are you congested? Well, I've got just the pill for you. It's the same one the astronauts took. Take one now and one tonight." Wendell went upstairs, put leashes on the cats, and took them out on the roof. Wendell cleans and cooks and does odd jobs for Short three days a week.

"I think the Carlyle is probably one of the last places in the world where you can drink tea with your pinkie comfortably out. It attracts royalty. It's not unusual to have a baroness or a princess around, and Jacqueline has



"Here's a thought: Instead of kicking old J.B. upstairs, why don't we just kick him out?"

"My God! The greenies were in the other bottle!"

• •

been in with Aristotle Onassis. So has Mrs. Palm Beach Gardner, Mrs. Winston Frost, and Bunny Mellon. My dressing room, which is on the fourth floor, above the Café Carlyle, is really one of the maids' rooms that the hotel provides for the servants such people generally travel with. But you can come into the Carlyle wearing practically anything. It is big enough and elegant enough and grand enough not to be affected by unusual attire among its patrons. I'd been to the hotel several times before I worked there, and I was always treated beautifully. I must deal with the people who come solely to see Bobby Short. They make all sorts of complaints, written and verbal. 'Mr. Short didn't sing at all during his first show last night,' or 'Mr. Short finished his second set ten minutes early.' My God! And if I sing too many Negro songs, the Negro patrons get self-conscious and the whites think I'm being militant. Imagine Bessie Smith's 'Gimme a Pigfoot' being considered militant! Everyone who sings in a café has to have something about him that says, 'Come close but not too close.' But people often get too close, too pully on you. Beverly and Dick and I have been together for ten years, and we have accumulated a lot of friends. But we must think of ourselves as caterers at a party. After all, the waiters and bartenders can't get drunk, and I can't sit down with friends between shows and have a quart of champagne or six whiskeys. It takes some stuff to remember your place so long as you're earning a living, and I'll always have to earn a living. If I get overly friendly, the audience thinks, 'Oh, it doesn't matter. We know him so well that we don't have to listen!'

"The people who come to hear me are a mixed bag, and they range in age from eighteen to seventy-five. A lot of them are rich, but I have lived among the wealthy and bizarre so long that their ways don't bother me. I also get professional football players, and Leontyne Price, who is a great friend. Alice Faye and Bart Howard and Arthur Schwartz come in, and Craig Claiborne was there a while ago with a lady from Texas who's a billionairess. The clergy come in, and so do neighborhood ladies, who can walk safely home together. The whole clutch from Elaine's comes in, including Jack Richardson and Norman Mailer. Norman even wrote a poem about me once. Let me see if I can find it."

Short took a book from the bookcase and handed it to me. The poem, "Boîtes," is in a Mailer miscellany, "Cannibals and Christians," and it is a Vachel Lindsay blank-verse eulogy, in which Short is called "divine," a "Prince of the Congo," "darkest delight," "blackbird," and a "King of the Congo."

I asked Short about the poem. "God!" he said. "It's too obviously a matter of social climbing, isn't it—being called a prince of darkness, or whatever it is? But musicians come into the Carlyle, too—people like Miles Davis and Cy Coleman and Cannonball Adderley and Joe Williams and Marian McPartland. And a lot of fashion people, but they have followed me all my career—the designers and the models, the manufacturers. Senator Javits and his wife are regulars, and there are a lot of French people, and I speak French to them, of course. And there have been a good many young people, including rock groups. They give one hope. People say that graciousness is finished, but it isn't. My people respect graciousness. They are ready to be gracious and they respond to graciousness."

The girl finished her sketches. She and Bobby packed the fur coat in a box, and she staggered out with it under one arm and her drawings under the other. Wendell shouted up the stairs that a bottle of champagne had exploded in the freezer. Short slapped his forehead. "Oh dear! That's terrible. That's the worst thing I've *ever* done. I put that in there last night before some friends came, but they drank something else and I forgot about it. Is it bad, Wendell?"

"Yes, it's in little pieces. After I clean up, do you want me to go out and get a roast or something?"

"All right, and some Boston lettuce and orange juice."

Short went over to the bar and poured a ginger ale. "I only eat once a day, at lunch," he said. "I can't eat before I work. If I do, I can't breathe when I sing, or else all the wine and cheese come up. Sometimes I go somewhere fancy for lunch—that's my treat for the day—or I cook something here. When I'm not working, I can put together a decent bœuf bourguignon for six or eight people. After they leave, I strip off all my clothes and go down to the kitchen and wash up. It takes me a couple of hours, but it's the best therapy in the world."

A radio, which had been playing when I arrived, began a Duke Ellington tune.

"I got to know the Ellington band-pack in the early forties,” Short said, “when I was living in Los Angeles and was more or less adopted by Harold Brown, a pianist and the brother of Lawrence Brown, Ellington’s trombonist. The band would come to the Coast—and those parties! They went on until eight or nine in the morning. All the liquor you could drink and all the available girls in town and Art Tatum playing the piano in a corner. I’ve been unswerving since then—a lifelong devotee. Some of those things Duke wrote in the late thirties and early forties—they’re mind-bending. I haven’t seen the band since last summer, when they were at the Rainbow Grill, that great glassed-in place up above the city. It was a total New York night. My date was an English girl, a fan of mine, and the Duke had a thing going. Everybody was there. Tony Bennett. Sylvia Syms. They both sang. Then someone saw me. I told them to go away and shut up, but Duke got me up there, and I chose ‘Rose of the Rio Grande,’ simply because I wanted to hear Lawrence Brown’s great solo on it. He played it, and I found out later that Duke and Lawrence had had words earlier that night, and Lawrence had told him, ‘No solos tonight.’ It was a great compliment.”

Short looked at his watch. “I have to go down to the photography department at Macy’s to get an old picture of my mother restored.” He handed me a dark oval photograph, torn and faded—a pretty woman with long hair and deep, faintly smiling eyes. “It will be in my book, which I just finished the transcript of the other night, at two-thirty in the morning. It’s about the first seventeen years of my life—my life as a show-biz kid. Imagine *me* writing a book for an established firm like Dodd, Mead. My mother is remarkable. She’s eighty-three and lives with my oldest sister, Naomi, in Danville, Illinois, where I was born. Mother was tiny, never weighing more than a hundred and fifteen pounds, and, as you can see, very pretty. When I was a kid, she worked all day, and when she wasn’t at her job she was at church or in a P.-T.A. meeting or trying to keep her house in order. She was a domestic, as most of her friends were, and she worked from seven-thirty in the morning until early evening. She was ambivalent. Her pride drove her out to work all day, using every avenue of strength she had, but then when I was ten she’d let me go and play the piano and sing in the local roadhouses—provided she knew the mother of someone in the band. She let me do this when she wouldn’t allow a jazz record or a blues record in the house and when she thought it unthinkable to go into show business, which was considered a one-way road straight to Hell, thanks to the Puritanical nonsense the Negroes borrowed from the whites. But it was the Depression and things were very rough, and I know that the three or four dollars I brought home on Saturday nights were used to pay the gas bill or buy clothes and books for us children. Mother never cracked more than ten dollars a week as a domestic, and here I could make almost half that in one night’s work. I think she respected me for it.

“I was born the ninth of ten children. There were never more than seven of us alive at once. My mother and father came from Kentucky, but they met in Danville. It’s about a hundred and twenty-five miles south of Chicago, and it hovers close to the Indiana line. It was the best of all possible places to be poor in the Depression—in a small town where there were no racial pressures. There was a small colored population and an old colored section, but the town was at least superficially integrated. We lived in a newer section, where there were whites. Very often I was the only Negro in my class. I never knew Father terribly well. He was slender and had a marvellous mustache, which was balanced by a tonsure that I inherited. He went through eight years of school, and then his father sent him to four more at Frankfort College, which was more like a high school then. His father was not wealthy, but he owned farms here and there. He’d been born at the end of slavery, but he was a freedman. My father had a talent for mathematics, and he was brilliant at speedwriting. He had gifts that could have made him a much greater man than he was. He held a number of white-collar jobs, civil-service jobs. He ran for justice of the peace in Danville, and he won. But he liked the coal mines. When the Depression hit, he went back to Kentucky to the mines. He sent us money and came to see us twice a year. But the mines were his Waterloo. I was about nine or ten when he died.”

Miss Brown shot down the stairs from the bedroom, leaped up on the pillows on the daybed, and lay there, watching Rufus, who was creeping along the base of the bookcase. “Rufus!” Short shouted. “Stop it!” Rufus slid across the floor on his belly, his eyes on Miss Brown. “Go on! Enough! Scat!” Rufus catapulted up the stairs and disappeared under the bed. Short picked up a handful of pistachio nuts from a bowl and began to open them.

“There was a piano in our house, as there was in every house then, and I taught myself to play and sing. I listened to Ivie Anderson and to Bing Crosby, and once in a while I’d get a good hot radio program from Chicago, and bands like Fess Williams’ and Walter Barnes’ came through town. I left Danville for the first time when I was eleven and a half. A couple of booking agents came through and heard me sing and play, and they took me off to Chicago—with my mother’s permission, of course. I lived on the West Side with a Catholic family from New Orleans, which appealed to my mother, and I went to a Catholic school. When I left Danville, I had no idea what image I projected. There I was, a child sitting in tails at the piano and singing ‘Sophisticated Lady’ and ‘In My Solitude’ in a high, squeaky voice in astonishing keys. The lyrics meant nothing to me, and they must have sounded strange to other people coming out of a child’s mouth. So I changed and sang things like ‘Shoe Shine Boy’ and ‘It’s a Sin to Tell a Lie.’ But I could not find it within me to believe that I *was* a child. And I didn’t like being a child, because I couldn’t stand the patronization connected with childhood. Moreover, it was never in me to be the best colored singer or the best colored student. I simply wanted to be the best singer and the best student. But I have a respect for my race that might surprise some of the people who discovered just six months ago that they are black. I was brought up in such a way that doesn’t allow any head-hanging. There is nothing about me that can be called nonwhite, but I consider myself fortunate because I’m not so well known that people accept me only for my fame. I’m not sophisticated about the comings and goings of the revolutionaries today. I suspect that many of them are out for their own gains—financial, political, whatever. A long time ago, I discovered that the best advertisement for a minority is that member who, without being Uncle Tom, takes the time to mesh with whatever exists socially. He makes it that much easier for the next member who comes along.

“That winter, I worked mostly around Chicago. I did some broadcasting over N.B.C., and a lot of so-called ‘club’ dates at places like the Sheraton Hotel. I’d be part of one-night shows that included an orchestra, tap-dancers, and other singers. I became the colored counterpart of Bobby Breen. I got thirty or thirty-five dollars for each club date, but of course I had to buy clothes and pay tuition and give something to the family I lived with. When I finished school, in June of 1937, I was twelve and a half. But I didn't go home. I went East. New York wasn't easy, because I started there from scratch, performing all times of day and night for bookers. But I worked at the Frolic Café, over the Winter Garden Theatre, at La Grande Pomme, and at the Apollo, in Harlem. The audiences at the Apollo were used to Pigmeat Markham and Butter Beans and Susie and Moms Mabley, and I was obviously a downtown act. They didn't care about my white tie and tails. All they wanted was to be turned on. They probably all had kids my age at home who danced and sang anyway.

"The New York thing came to an abrupt end early in 1938. I suddenly realized that there I was—a kid with two years of show biz and all the mannerisms of an adult—and I didn't like it, so I went back to Danville and stayed there four years, until I finished high school. It was a funny adjustment to make at first. I had come off what was regarded as the big time. My mother said I couldn't work for tacky people in tacky places after working in grand hotels and grand theatres for grand people. So I didn't work for the first year, but I began to feel the economic pressures and I went back to work in earnest. I had more pizzazz by then, and I was a professional. I sought out the best hotels and taprooms around Danville, and after a while I became solvent and could dress myself properly and even indulge myself. I finished high school in 1942, and a month later I opened at the Capitol Lounge, in Chicago. The rage was boogie-woogie. I thought it was cheap. I made up my mind there was something better. I had heard Hildegarde on records, and of course she was the queen then. She had the slickest night-club act of all time. It was produced down to the last sigh. Even down to a blue spotlight that brought out the color in the red roses that invariably stood by her piano. She would record whole Broadway scores, and she sang Vernon Duke and Cole Porter and the Gershwins and Noël Coward, and through her I became aware of the Broadway kind of score, of the mystique of the Broadway musical.

"In 1943, I went to the Beachcomber, in Omaha, where I worked for a week opposite Jimmy Noone, the New Orleans clarinettist, and for a week opposite Nat Cole. Nat and I became friends and remained friends until he died. He was a sly, funny man, and he'd sit in the back room and watch me—a smart-aleck nineteen-year-old—performing out front, and he'd laugh and say, when I came off, 'What are you *doing* to these people?' I got a job in Los Angeles with Mike Reilly—'The Music Goes Around and Around and It Comes Out Here' Reilly—in the Radio Room. He had a comedy band, and they threw flounders at the audience, and that sort of thing. I first heard there about Mabel Mercer and Cy Walter, and I became deeply immersed in Rodgers and Hart. And Don McCrae, who is really Don Redman and who wrote 'Practice Makes Perfect,' came to my house with a huge stack of out-of-the-way songs and told me to learn them. My job at the Radio Room ended a couple of months later. Another comedy band had come in, and the act involved smoke pouring out of the top hat the leader wore. The smoke was flour, and it spewed out all over me, and I was in black tie. After the first show, I refused to go back on, and I was dismissed. I worked around, mostly at private parties for fifty dollars a night, and at the old Trocadero Ballroom, filling in for Dorothy Donegan. Then I got a gig in Milwaukee, where I appeared opposite the Art Tatum trio, with Tiny Grimes on guitar and Slam Stewart on bass. Tatum will always be my idol, and it was marvellous to get to know him. He had the same sort of sly humor that Nat Cole had. He enjoyed pretty ladies and he drank a *lot* of beer. There was no condescension, and in a strange way I think he even admired me, even though he never talked about music. But it always astonished me that for the most part the people who came to hear him didn't really know what they were hearing."

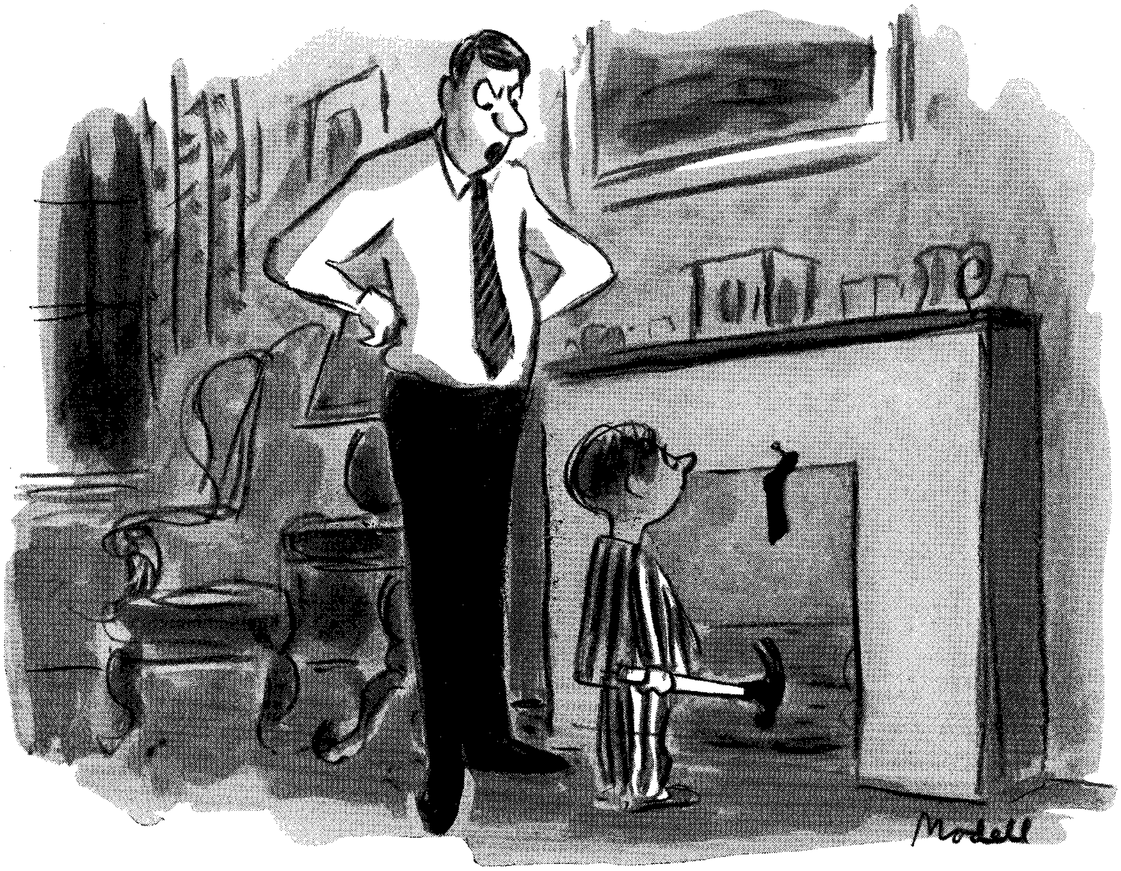
Short jumped up. "Macy's awaits me." He reappeared ten minutes later. He was wearing a sensationally well-tailored Glen-plaid suit. His shoes were dark, his shirt was a pale blue, and his modestly wide tie was navy with white polka dots. We went over to Seventh Avenue and he flagged a cab. He conducted his business at Macy's in a sparkling way, as if *he* were waiting on the saleslady. In the cab, he had told me that he had gone from Milwaukee to the Chase Hotel, in St. Louis, where Hildegarde was the main attraction. It was the first time he had seen her work. Her manager heard him and called Herbert Jacoby, who, along with Max Gordon, owned the Blue Angel, in New York. Jacoby went out to St. Louis and asked Short to come to the Blue Angel the following spring. "Eddie Mayehoff was on the bill," Short said on the escalator. "And Irene Bordoni and Mildred Bailey, and of course I was just the opener. For a long time, I thought my engagement at the Blue Angel was not successful, but I learned later that Jacoby and Gordon often cancelled new acts after the first night. I stayed for a full four weeks. I shared a dressing room with Mildred Bailey, and I got some interesting insights into her. Despite that enormous *poitrine* and her barrel shape and those toothpick legs, she was very vain. She had a lovely face and beautiful skin, and she'd sit at her dressing table in front of the mirror the whole time between shows, fixing her face and staring at herself. We talked constantly, but she never once took her eyes off herself and looked at me."

We came out into Herald Square. Short suggested that we walk up to Brooks Brothers, where he wanted to look at some dress shirts and pumps. "I met Mabel Mercer, too, for the first time, and Bart Howard, who gave me a lot of his songs. I longed to belong to Mabel's intimate circle, and I knew I had to come back to New York one day on a more permanent basis. Mabel has worked as viciously hard as I have. She has always sung in small places without microphones, and she thinks microphones are abominable. Mabel is much more fragile than I. She is, as we know it in America, the outstanding personage of our kind of art. When I first met her, the thing that struck me was her repertoire. I was involved in the same pursuit, and it was true serendipity. Even when she sang a song I knew, it came to be totally fresh. I can't think of any singer who is true to himself who has avoided being influenced by Mabel Mercer. People have accused me of stealing from other performers, but that's nonsense. What one does is absorb the *feeling* generated by a great singer like Mabel. She is an enormously private person, and I'm flattered that we have a friendship.

"After the Blue Angel, I went back to California and worked off and on on Monday nights for three or four months at the Haig, a kind of a shack on Wilshire Boulevard, across from the Ambassador Hotel. It was run by a show-biz nut named Johnny Bernstein, and he kept bringing me obscure show tunes. Between him and Don McCrae, my repertoire became sizable. The periods in between my stints at the Haig were very poor. I lived with Harold Brown and his wife. They fed me and slept me and even gave me pocket money, or I wouldn't be here today. Then I got a job at the Café Gala. It was in a big house on Sunset Boulevard which had been bought by the Baroness d'Erlanger for Johnny Walsh to sing in. He was a tall, fantastically handsome Irishman with white hair and beautifully tailored clothes, and he had the largest repertoire I'd ever heard. The Gala was the most chic club in California, or the West, for that matter. It was always filled with ex-New Yorkers, and you'd see Lena Horne and Lennie Hayton and Monty Woolley and Cole Porter. Walsh sold the Gala to a man named Jim Dolan. He gave me a one-week contract, but I stayed from July of 1948 to the fall of 1951. I became the mainstay, announcing shows and playing interim piano. Felicia Sanders worked there, and Bobby Troup and Dorothy Dandridge and Stella Brooks and Sheila Barrett. Eventually, a neon sign appeared on the roof: 'Jim Dolan Presents Bobby Short.' I acquired a new apartment and met all sorts of people high up in the movie business, and international people. I fell into a velvet-lined rut. In fact, one night Olga San Juan turned to Leonard Spigelgass at the Gala and said, 'Who is this Bobby Short? Why isn't he in films, why isn't he making a lot of records?' Spigelgass replied, 'He's too chic.' And that was the truth. I had become the young colored boy who was all chic and who dined at the Café Jay, which sat just twenty, fifteen of them invariably the biggest Hollywood stars, and that was as far as I could go. People kept telling me, 'Go to New York, Bobby. Get out of here and go to New York.' I knew I wasn't ready for New York, but I did go to Paris, first class, by plane."

At Brooks, Short tried on some pumps. "Do you see that lady sitting over there with the man?" he said. "She's Erika Lund, and she worked at the Gala when I was there. I still sing one of her songs." They greeted each other warmly, and he told her to stop by the Café Carlyle. Old Home Week continued at the shirt counter, where the dapper, middle-aged salesman told Short he had once been with Young & Rubicam and that he used to go to the Beverly Club, at Lexington and Fiftieth, to hear him. Short looked pleased, bought six shirts, and told *him* to stop by the Carlyle.

Short and I went over to the Algonquin, and he ordered a beer. "I just love this place," he said. "It's an oasis in this mad city. Well, the rest of that year in Paris was insane. I worked for Spivy and I worked at the Embassy Club, in London, several times. I had an atelier in the most fashionable *arrondissement* in Paris. I had a maid, a private French tutor, I ate well, and when I was in London I bought all the clothes I could. Then it was back to L.A. and the Gala, and in the beginning of 1954 I met Phil Moore, the arranger and composer, and he became my manager. He figured out how my act could be enlarged, controlled, polished. The first thing he did was to put me in a room in Los Angeles with Larry Bunker, the drummer, and Rollie Bundock, the bassist. We made a tape and Phil sold it to Nesuhi and Ahmet Ertegun. Then I was flown to New York by Dorothy Kilgallen, as a birthday present for her husband, Dick Kollmar. The record came out, Dorothy paved the way in her column, and I got the job at the Beverly Club. I went on to the Red Carpet, Le Cupidon, and back to the Blue Angel, where I had top billing and made a thousand dollars a week. I worked the Living Room, the Weylin Hotel, and the Arpeggio. During the summers, I went back to California for short stints, and to Florida, for the first time, and Chicago. Early in the sixties, after I'd been here at the Sheraton-East, the old Ambassador Hotel, Herbert Jacoby and a rich friend and myself took over a room on East Fifty-fourth Street and called it Le Caprice. Herbert had always coveted an *haute-cuisine* French restaurant, which Caprice was, and my trying to cater to an eating clientele instead of a drinking one didn't make it. We lasted a year and three months. Then came the heavy time for Mr. Short. I hadn't taken any salary at all for the last three months at the Caprice, and I had gone through all my savings. I was on my uppers. During the summer of 1965, I didn't work in New York at all, except for occasional weekends, and I ended up in Provincetown and Cleveland. But that winter I was lucky enough to have a standup part in the 'New Cole Porter Revue,' down at Square East, in the Village. A while after that, I got a job in the upstairs room at L'Intrigue, over on West



"You call that hung by the chimney with care?"

Fifty-sixth Street. I handled my own lights, I seated guests. It fed my cats, paid the rent, and kept me alive. For the next few years, I subsisted in Boston at Paul's Mall, at the Living Room here, and at places like the Playboy Club in London. The night-club business was not what it had been."

Short yawned. "Nap time. Why don't you stop by the Carlyle tonight? The first show is around nine-thirty, but don't come to that. It's always awful—cold, stiff, empty. It was a nice walk. Thank you."

THE Café Carlyle is a small, oblong room (it seats under two hundred) on one side of the Madison Avenue entrance of the Hotel Carlyle. A tiny sit-down bar is concealed behind pillars, and against the opposite wall, on a low dais, is a grand piano. There are banquettes around the other walls, which are covered by murals, and the center of the room is taken up by a dozen tables. It is a dark, dowdy, comfortable place. I arrived at nine-thirty, convinced that Short was incapable of anything cold or stiff, and I was right. He appeared, resplendent in a dinner jacket and pleated white shirt, and sat down in semi-darkness at the piano, flanked on one side by Dick Sheridan and on the other by Beverly Peer. No lights went on; he simply started to play. He looked solemn and detached and private, as if he were playing for himself late at night in his living room. It was a graceful, flowing display. He did a Gershwin medley, "Perdido," the theme from "Exodus," a blues, and several other tunes. His style bears a loose, enthusiastic resemblance to Art Tatum's—it is florid and arpeggioed and slurred—and by the time he had played ten or so tunes a considerable head of steam had been built up. The lights went on, and he began to sing Cole Porter's "Let's Fly Away." It was immediately clear that it would be a difficult night. His laryngitis was compounded by a faulty microphone, and the crowd was noisy. During his third song, he stopped abruptly when new arrivals began loudly "*Comment-ça-va*"ing the people at the next table. Looking over their heads with a slight smile, his hands resting on the raised keyboard cover, he waited until the room subsided, and then began precisely where he had left off.

After the last number, he greeted several people, then sat down at my table. He mopped his face and ordered a glass of ice water and hot tea with honey. The headwaiter apologized for the microphone; the repairman had promised to come but had not. Short smiled and croaked, "I know. I know. Phil Moore told me that it really doesn't matter what a performer does. It's a question of how many dishes the busboys drop and of whether or not the microphones work. And it's up to the audience, too. When you get a bad one, you work harder and harder and sing louder and louder to compensate, and *they* talk louder and louder to compensate for you. But a bad microphone is like playing with a drunken drummer. If I were on a stage, removed, it would be different, but I'm practically within touching distance of everyone here. On top of that, I know most of them. Those are Shaker Heights people over there, and the group that came in and made all the noise includes Liza Minelli's estranged husband, and back against the wall is Geraldine Stutz, of Bendel, and her husband. Of course, one night you come in and the piano is in tune, the boys feel wonderful, I feel wonderful, and the audience is rotten. Another night, I feel perfectly rotten and the audience sits there as though they were in church. You must never be angry or uptight in the gut; you have to be free and loose. Singing itself is such pure expression. The human sound is the most touching in the world; it's exemplified by someone like Ray Charles. He has that kind of getting inside a song and finding something that the composer himself didn't know was there. And a good performer can't be carrying on emotionally when he sings. You simply can't sing well with a lump in your throat. Take 'I Still Believe in You.' It has one of my favorite lyrics of all time. It's by Rodgers and Hart, and was dropped from a 1930 show called 'Simple Simon' before the show opened. I first heard Charlotte Rae sing it, and I've known it for a year, but for a long time I could not bring myself to sing it without breaking up. Finally, I absorbed the song, and now I can do it."

Geraldine Stutz went by, and Short stood up and spoke to her, then poured more honey in his tea.

"I guess I have several hundred songs in my repertoire, and when I'm requested to sing a song I've never sung in my life I find that I suddenly know all the words, and we figure out a key and we're off. I can sing songs I haven't sung in ten years, and the only ones I ever have to brush up on are things I sang as a child. Actually, I wish I *could* push some of the lyrics I've got in my head out and replace them with newer material, but that's an occupational hazard; you become a kind of singing Smithsonian. I'm interested in all kinds of *good* songs. Sometimes the lyrics grab me, sometimes the song itself. It's not often that the marriage is perfect. But the Gershwins can be counted on, and Cole Porter made both ends work. Rodgers and Hart were brilliant. Vernon Duke wasn't always fortunate enough to find good lyricists. Yip Harburg was good with him, and so was Ira Gershwin. But I don't think Vernon was easy to work with. I love Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer, and when they collaborated on the score of 'St. Louis Woman' it was almost too much of a good thing. Johnny Mercer displays a homespun façade in his work, but he's capable of turning out a truly sensational lyric. I worship Fats Waller, but I feel inadequate with his material. But I do all the Ellington and Strayhorn I can pick up. I get into Noël Coward and Ivor Novello, among the English songwriters. My thinking English friends bring them over to me. I prefer Coward to Novello; his songs hold up beautifully. I feel almost intellectual when I sing one. It's just like reading a Huxley novel. I like some of the things that Charles Trenet and Jean Sablon sang in the thirties and forties in France. English songs tend to be sentimental, but French songs are unique—tough, and the thirty-two-bar form be damned. But it is the Americans who excel at writing popular songs. You can go anywhere in the world and hear American songs."

For his second show, he sang a dozen songs, among them a fascinating, meditative "I Can't Get Started," with lyrics that included such surprising, ingenious turns as:

When J. P. Morgan speaks I just nod,
"Green Pastures" wanted me to play
 God,
But you've got me downhearted, etc.

and

The Himalayan mountains I climb,
I'm written up in *Fortune* and *Time*,
The Siamese twins I've parted,
Still I can't get started, etc.

Then came a couple of Burt Bacharach songs, a swinging "Nashville Nightingale," a slow Stella Brooks blues, the Bessie Smith "Cake Walkin' Babies," and a long, intense reading of "Bye Bye Blackbird" that equalled any other version I've ever heard. In the fast numbers, his tempos raced in all directions, his face took on a strained, almost diabolical look, he reared back and shouted, and he often ended a song by flinging his right hand out, leaping to his feet, and standing statue-still, his eyes fixed high on the back wall of the room. For slow ballads, the lights were lowered and he sang quietly, his voice husky and small, his accompaniment full of soft tremolos and runs. The audience came around quickly, and by the time he had finished "Blackbird" there wasn't a murmur in the room.

He rejoined me and ordered more tea with honey, and I asked him about the songs he'd just sung, a couple of which I'd never heard before. " 'You Better Love Me' is from 'High Spirits,' which was based on 'Blithe Spirit,' and 'Sand in My Shoes' is from 'Kiss the Boys Goodbye,' the 1940 Loesser-Schertzinger thing. It was never a terribly successful song, but it's the most requested thing I do. That 'Can't Get Started' I love. Ira Gershwin wrote lots of stanzas, and he's a nifty one for going back and rewriting his lyrics years later. Did I do 'By Strauss'? That was from a 1936 revue, and it was by the Gershwins. Bert Lahr and Beatrice Lillie were in it, and Vernon Duke wrote his 'Now' for it. It was, I believe, first recorded by George Byron, the tenor who married Eva Kern, Jerome's widow. It was on the General label, and Byron's pianist on the date was Bobby Tucker. A voice coach who took a shine to me in Hollywood in the early forties introduced it to me. Then I did a couple of Bacharachs. He's a nice man, and his parents are saints. He's tall and she's tiny, and they're deliciously proud of Burt because he's made it so big. 'Nashville Nightingale' was a Gershwin number, written in the late twenties. Vernon Duke gave me it, too. He never pushed any of his own songs, but he would sit with me for hours and push everybody else's. He came to New York once with fourteen unknown Gershwin tunes and wanted me to record them immediately, but unfortunately nothing came of it. 'It Never Entered My Mind' was from 'Higher and Higher,' a 1940 Rodgers and Hart effort, and I think I first heard Shirley Ross sing it on an old Blue Seal Decca. The 'Bye Bye Blackbird' is a little different, because I interpolate part of 'I'm a Little Blackbird Looking for a Bluebird.' "

Short looked up. The room was packed, and the lobby outside the glass entrance door was filled with people waiting for tables. He smiled. "I better get up to my maid's room and change again."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

IF THE PRESIDENT'S HALF-HOUR PRESS CONFERENCE HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO GO BEYOND HALF AN HOUR

. . . I understand I am to invite all the members of the White House press corps and your families to the annual Christmas party on the twenty-third of December, and she [Mrs. Nixon] says there's some new lights that all the children will like to see.—*Final remark of President Nixon in his December 10th press conference.*

Q. WHAT kind of lights, Mr. President?

A. With regard to that, I want to make it crystal-clear that— Well, I'm not going into any specific description here, but I genuinely believe that the men who selected these lights—men in whom I have very complete confidence—have done a very, very fine job. They have rendered sincere service. I would only suggest your children will like the lights.

Q. My children aren't crazy about lights, Mr. President. What would you say is in it for them?

A. Well, first let me say that genuine differences do occur—there's always going to be this kind of gap. I am aware of this, and I have satisfied myself that there will be cookies. This should tend to mute and mitigate this kind of difference.

Q. Considering the state of the economy, Mr. President, do you think it is in the public interest to light those lights? Your predecessor, as I recall, used to turn *off* lights in the White House.

A. What is involved here is— Let me put it another way. I think the record will show that I have been winding down the electric bill at the White House. We now use .07 per cent less than was used in 1969, .04 less than in 1968, and .08 per cent less than in 1967. It is still too high—I am very aware of this—but let there be no misunderstanding: We have a proud tradition, and I am not going to allow this nation to come in second or third in Christmas lights.

Q. Back to the cookies for a moment, Mr. President. Who is responsible for selecting the cookies?

A. This is basically a team effort. Now, last year, you may recall, there was, unfortunately, a problem of premature fragmentation. The rug in the Blue Room will show this very clearly. As a result, I lost confidence in the cookie chef; perhaps he also lost confidence in me. I have great admiration for him—particularly on gingersnaps. I wish him well.

Q. What kind of cookies *will* be served?

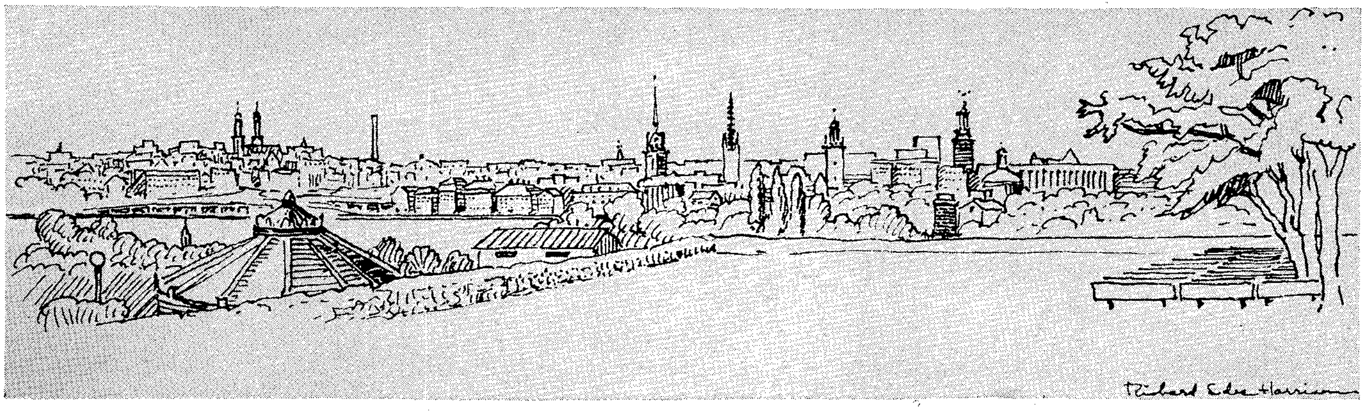
A. That will be announced at Mr. Ziegler's eleven-o'clock conference tomorrow.

Q. Thank you, Mr. President.

—JAMES STEVENSON

• •

LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM



"SVERIGE *är ju ett litet land*"—these are probably the most common words in the Swedish language. They mean "Sweden is a small country," and they are used to explain almost everything about Sweden, from its internal achievements to the sense of frustration arising from the gap between its self-image as a guardian of international morality and the impotence of its foreign policy. If a Swede wants to express sympathy for the problems the United States faces, he finds it sufficient to say, "Your country is so big." And when students in Stockholm stage demonstrations against the Vietnam war, although they like to imagine that they are shaking United States imperialism to its foundations, they know, deep down, that nobody is listening. Those features of Sweden that the Swedes do not explain by size they chalk up to isolation. "*Vi är ju så isolerade här uppe*" ("We are so isolated up here"). Sweden has indeed been largely isolated from the rest of Western Europe for most of the two hundred and fifty years since it ceased to be a great power, and any Swede will tell you that Stockholm is far less Continental than even Copenhagen. As far as I know (and I have looked), the entire city of Stockholm contains two French, four Italian, and four Chinese restaurants.

One result of the country's smallness and isolation is that events in Sweden receive very little coverage in the world press. No individual foreign-news organization keeps a full-time correspondent in Stockholm. Whenever an article about Sweden appears in the New York *Times* or the Washington *Post*, its substance is eagerly repeated in the Swedish press. When Susan Sontag wrote an unflattering report on Sweden after spending a year here making a movie, her comments occasioned a lead editorial in Stockholm's most serious newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*. (Despite her criticisms, Miss Sontag is back here shooting a new film.)

I came to Stockholm to check vague and fragmentary reports to the effect that Sweden was being racked by an almost Italianate political instability. Normally, of course, Swedish politics is a model of stability. One party, the Social Democratic Labor Party (Socialdemokratiska Arbetarpartiet), has been in power here uninterruptedly for the past thirty-eight years. And for thirty-seven of those years Sweden had just two Prime Ministers. The first, Per Albin Hansson, began his political career around 1900 as a fiery radical journalist, became Prime Minister in 1932, and died a folk hero, known to everybody as Per Albin, in 1946. As his successor, the Party chose Tage Erlander, from Värmland, a backward but *gemütlich* stretch of countryside that Swedes have loved ever since Selma Lagerlöf wrote novels about it at the turn of the century. By the time Erlander left office—he retired last year in favor of his chosen successor, Olof Palme—he, too, had become a national father figure, matched only by the King. (Sweden's kings, incidentally, complement the political stability here with a stability of their own. The current monarch, Gustav VI Adolf, ascended the throne in 1950, at the age of sixty-eight, upon the death of his father, at ninety-two.) Sweden holds its national elections every two years, so Social Democratic power has survived some twenty elections, all won by the narrowest of margins over the combination of the three main opposition parties—the Liberals, the Moderate Unionists, and the Center Party. What is perhaps most astonishing is that through all these years this stable government has been dedicated to the unstabilizing proposition that Swedish society needs fundamental alteration. Thus, for thirty-eight years politics here has resembled a continuous replay of the first hundred days of the Administration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. "Revolutionary changes are going on in every industrial country in the world," an American who lives in Stockholm remarked to me. "The only difference here is that the government is in charge of the revolution."

Swedes, with the highest living standard in Europe, lead a good life, and stories of suicide and depression to the contrary notwithstanding, they are aware of this fact. In early 1970, in a poll taken throughout Western Europe, citizens of each country were asked to name those nations of the world whose people enjoyed a better life than they did themselves. Frenchmen named an average of three other places where people lived better. Germans, Swiss, and Belgians cited between one and two. The Swedish average was less than one. The origin of the notion that the Swedes are an unhappy people lies, as far as I can tell, in what might be called the Richard Cory Fallacy (after the millionaire who kills himself in the poem by Edward Arlington Robinson). Since the Swedes seem to have everything—not only money but clean cities, unspoiled nature, sexual freedom, and a month's paid vacation every year—they *must* be unhappy.

THE reports of political instability began in September of 1969, when Olof Palme, who was a mere forty-three years old and was identified with the Social Democrats' left wing, became Prime Minister. Business leaders began ominously grumbling about a "crisis of confidence" over the intentions of the new regime. Business leaders, though, aren't considered particularly relevant in Sweden today, so the local mass media paid little attention. But then, three months after Palme came to power, a wildcat strike broke out among miners in the state-owned iron mines in Kiruna, in the far north of Sweden, and it lasted for almost two months. This might not impress Americans as anything very remarkable, but Sweden is not supposed to *have* strikes—

certainly not strikes lasting more than a day. (In 1967, Sweden lost 0.05 working days per hundred thousand inhabitants because of labor conflicts. For the United States, the figure was 271.4, and for France it was 84.3.) And not only was this a strike—a *long* strike—but it was a strike against a state-owned enterprise, and thus could hardly be blamed on greedy capitalists. Finally, the miners, instead of conducting their strike in the approved fashion, through their local trade union, elected a strike committee of their own, on which Communists were prominently represented. It was the sort of event that provoked speculation about the future. Modern political Sweden, like the Volvo, had always advertised itself as durable and trouble-free; now, after nearly forty years on the road, the Swedish progress machine looked as if it might be breaking down.

For once, the Swedish mass media sounded alarmed. Like a bevy of in-laws who had thought the car should never have been bought in the first place, everyone who had ever had any doubt about the way things had been going rushed to the scene of the breakdown. Youthful Maoists took the train from Stockholm up to Kiruna—a nineteen-hour trip. The Swedish television network relayed the views of, among others, Sara Lidman, a once non-political novelist who had a few years earlier been converted to the Thoughts of Chairman Mao and whose finely nuanced judgment of Swedish society is expressed in her assertion that the country is "rotten and impossible to save, except by revolution." Sweden's largest newspaper, *Expressen*, which usually reflects the position of the opposition Liberal Party, attacked the government simultaneously from the left and from the right, running sensationalized reports from the scene and frequent editorials denouncing "trade-union bigwigs" who had lost touch with the rank and file.

LA SCALA
IL DIVORZIO DI FIGARO

As if all this weren't enough, two proposed changes to the Swedish constitution provided yet another occasion for uncertainty surrounding the next national elections, which were to be held on September 20th of this year. As of January 1, 1971, Sweden was to abolish its two-chamber system and introduce a single-chamber Parliament. Under the old system, the upper chamber was elected indirectly, by provincial councils, which themselves were elected in years when there were no national elections. On important questions, the government could, under the constitution, call for joint voting in the two chambers, and this meant that if the Social Democrats lost their majority in the lower house, they could rely on joint voting with the upper house to keep them in power, and vice versa. Given the tiny margins that control Swedish politics, the practical effect was to require that the government suffer two consecutive election defeats before it could be sacked. The new unicameral system would register shifts in opinion more quickly.

A second constitutional change required that a party obtain four per cent of the votes on a national level, or at least twelve per cent in any one province, in order to get any seats at all in the proportional-representation Parliament. This cast doubt on the continued parliamentary existence of the Communists, who had polled only three per cent in the 1968 elections. And since the government had often relied on silent Communist acquiescence (or at least abstention) in tight parliamentary situations, yet another Social Democratic parliamentary safeguard seemed threatened. (It is a testimony to the almost magisterial political impartiality here that the Social Democratic government was at least partially responsible for proposing both constitutional amendments.)

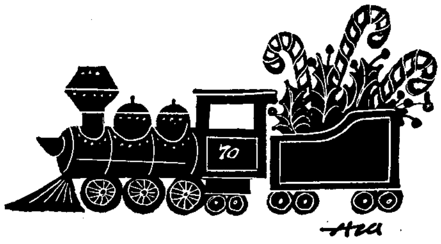
All this confusion was dutifully noted by a correspondent whom *Newsweek* dispatched to Sweden last spring, yet in mid-August, when I sailed from New York to Göteborg aboard the M.S. Kungsholm, the supposedly traumatized state of Swedish society ranked among the Swedish passengers as a topic of shipboard discussion somewhere between the latest Peruvian football matches and student unrest at the University of Wyoming. My first few conversations in Stockholm reaffirmed the nonchalance of the Swedes on the Kungsholm. Sara Lidman might preach revolution, and the Confederation of Industry might warn about creeping Socialism, but neither could prevent the people here from conducting an election in the great Swedish tradition—going through all the motions of a hard-fought campaign while knowing in advance what the outcome would be.

The Social Democrats lost no time in expressing their reaction to the notion that the election might topple them from power. At the very beginning of the campaign, Tage Erlander, in his first major public statement since his retirement, suggested that the opposition's attempt to come to power was positively un-Swedish. "As a result of the lengthy period during which the Social Democrats have held power in Sweden, our country has escaped the dragged-out government crises that nations like Italy and Finland have," he said. "Now the opposition parties are spending all their energy in an attempt to destroy this model." More surprising was the blandness of the various lines taken by the opposition. The Liberal Party's morning organ, *Dagens Nyheter*, thundered day after day against the government on its editorial pages, only to conclude meekly by suggesting that the Social Democrats deserved to be chastened for their shortcomings by receiving a *reduced majority* in the new Parliament. Before a dumbfounded pair of television reporters, the leader of the Center Party announced just a few days before the balloting that he planned to leave the country on September 21st for a week's holiday in Italy. If he happened to be needed to form a government, he said, he could always come back early.

With the politicians so calm, who could have doubts? A public-opinion poll during the summer showed that eighty per cent of the people thought the Social Democrats would win. And, following the example of the Center Party's leader, the chief political reporter for *Expressen* arranged to begin his annual vacation as soon as the election was over, since on September 21st there presumably wouldn't be any big news—the government would return to the business of dreaming up new ways to transform Sweden, and the people would resume their responsibilities for keeping exports rising.

THE campaign was just beginning when I reached Stockholm. During the night of Saturday, August 22nd, at an hour when all good Swedes should have been asleep, campaign workers around the country sneaked out to cover the nation's cities and villages with party posters, and when I called a friend at noon on Sunday to announce my arrival I woke him up; he had been out until 5 A.M. putting up posters, he told me. The ritual surrounding these posters is, like nearly everything that Swedes do, typically Swedish. (In no other country, I am convinced, does actual behavior correspond so closely to the stereotypes.) First, all the parties agree to put up their posters at the same time, so that nobody will get an unfair head start. Second, the number and placement of the posters are strictly allocated according to a tacit agreement. Third, party workers dutifully mount all posters on plasterboard and attach them by wire to permit their easy removal promptly after Election Day and to avoid the near-crime of damaging the environment. (The Communist Federation Marxist-Leninist, a Maoist sect engaging in an election for the first time, did not feel obliged to abide by these rules. People didn't mind so much when the Maoists covered Stockholm with almost as many posters as the Social Democrats, but when they glued them directly onto telephone booths, public buildings, and large rocks, this was considered an outrage, and occasioned considerable coverage in the daily papers.)

Stockholm is certainly one of the world's most orderly cities, consisting, as it does, of concentric circles built in different architectural styles. The predominantly seventeenth-century Old Town, in the heart of the city, survives as a tourist attraction and a teen-age discothèque center. The Old Town is ringed by a series of nineteenth-century public edifices, including the old Parliament building, the Opera, and the Grand Hotel, all of which provide a beautiful view of the freshwater lake on whose islands Stockholm stands. The next circle consists of a futuristic downtown shopping and office area around Sergels Torg (literally, "Sergel's Square," for an early-nineteenth-century sculptor whose statue of King Gustavus III adorns it), a mélange of bright colors, towering fountains, and metal and glass buildings of all heights and shapes, which constitutes an urban planner's dream, and which its detractors, including almost every resident of Stockholm, find hideous-looking. During the day, the Sergels Torg area is the only place in Stockholm where there are enough people around to make you think of the crowds on Fifth Avenue. (Visitors here frequently remark on how empty the Swedish streets are compared to New York's, and wonder what aspect of the Swedish national character this illustrates. The inhabitants simply point out that Stockholm's metropolitan area contains one-tenth as many people as New York's.) At night, Sergels Torg becomes the center of the drug traffic and of the Swedish version of crime in the streets—a phenomenon whose very existence, even on the smallest scale, shocks almost all Swedes, who are a compulsively law-abiding people. (Until one has seen a crowd of twenty-five or so Swedish pedestrians obediently waiting at a street corner for a traffic light to change when there is not a single car in sight, one can hardly be said to have understood the phrase "respect for law and order.")



Although much of the Sergels Torg shopping area opened about ten years ago, it still looks as if it had opened only last week. This is because the Swedish authorities run their sanitation department with the efficiency that other countries reserve for their secret police. The forces of public cleanliness make their appearance whenever streets are likely to be deserted—late on a Sunday night, for instance. At this time, windows and walls are cleaned, and sidewalks and squares are hosed down with soap and water and then buffed for good measure. Swedes individually may be no more innately tidy than other people, but they do have a full-time, live-in municipal maid. Some of the Sergels Torg complex is still under construction—a fact that makes the area incredibly noisy (though still clean) on weekdays. There is a hint of official masochism in the fact that a new Parliament building (for the unicameral Parliament) is being constructed right beside a large public plaza that is used primarily for political demonstrations and secondarily for selling hashish. People remark that although the new Parliament building may look terrible ("It resembles a stainless-steel sink," one man complained to me), its location may at least encourage the government to do more about the drug problem. Of a new city theatre, youth center, and conference hall, also projected for the area, only huge cement-lined craters exist thus far. One building that is nearly completed is a new Sheraton-Stockholm Hotel. Advertising brochures depict it amid various gleaming modern structures, but at the moment it is surrounded by nothing but condemned old buildings, gaping excavations, and mud.

When I first saw Sergels Torg covered with party posters, I thought that they made the area look like a carnival. The posters were large enough, and there were enough of them, so that their presence was definitely noticed—in contrast to the way the smiling faces of candidates stuck up on Manhattan lampposts tend to get lost in the general confusion. The Social Democratic posters were a mixture of rip-roaring ideology and cult of personality, though they were all based on the Party's major election theme, which was "Increased Equality." On one, Prime Minister Palme, his confident face appropriately uptilted toward Heaven, lectured the voter, saying, "Increased prosperity alone does not give increased equality. Only a strong political will can divide the fruits of prosperity justly." On another was the rousing message "SOCIAL INJUSTICES ON THE JOB WILL DISAPPEAR. WITH A SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT WE CAN DO IT!"

The opposition parties used various approaches. The Liberals tried to be more specific—in a vague sort of way. One of their posters urged, "JUSTICE FOR WOMEN" and another, "ACTIVITY AND SECURITY FOR THE ELDERLY." Their most common sign was a standard complaint about inflation. "PRICE INCREASES . . . WAGE INCREASES. WILL ANYTHING BE LEFT OVER?" the poster mourned, adding, "IT MUST BE WORTH YOUR WHILE TO WORK!" The Moderate Union Party, instead of making specific demands, simply asked for power—a tactic that struck many Swedes as vulgar. One of its posters blurted out, "DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT. CHANGE IT!" Another exhorted, "LET PALME BECOME LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION!" As for the Center Party, it confusingly said, "Me, too" with a slogan consisting of three words, two of which echoed classic Social Democratic rhetoric and the third of which the average voter wouldn't understand: "EQUALITY, SECURITY, DECENTRALIZATION." The slogans all followed established patterns. The Social Democrats had adopted the theme of "Increased Equality" during the election of 1968, and the Liberals had used the slogan "It Must Be Worth Your While to Work" since the forties.

Is Swedish politics, then, dull? No. It's only that it has a certain mathematical exactness. Swedes have developed very number-oriented minds. People here generally answer the telephone by reciting their phone number. Instead of talking about upper, middle, and lower classes, Swedes refer, even in conversation, to "Social Group One," "Social Group Two," and "Social Group Three." The government classifies beer as 1, 2A, 2B, or 3, according to its alcoholic content, and a number appears on every bottle. And understanding Swedish politics is something like mastering plane geometry: one need only learn the axioms and everything fits logically into place. This orderliness can be fascinating, too—in the manner of a Bach fugue—for it permits one to observe the regularity with which patterns repeat themselves, and to watch every player behaving exactly as the rules say he should.

FIRST, the players: Those nurtured on the parliamentary history of the French Third and Fourth Republics may find this difficult to accept, but Sweden achieves its political stolidity in the presence of no fewer than four major parties, one semi-minor party, and two minor parties. The Social Democrats so dominate the scene that Sweden's social development has been, in essence, the work of a single party, in a way unmatched in any other democratic country. The Party itself is only part of an interlocking directorate of so-called *folkrörelser* (popular movements), the most notable of which is the trade unions. Not only just about all blue-collar workers but even groups such as clergymen are covered by collective-bargaining agreements. LO (Landsorganisationen), the powerful central organization of the blue-collar unions, manages to mix an air of middle-aged solidity (its head, Arne Geijer, who is one of Sweden's most powerful men, is sixty) with a strong residue of old-fashioned Socialist revivalism (LO covered Stockholm's modern public buses with psychedelic-style posters during the 1968 election campaign, proclaiming, "A MORE JUST SOCIETY? LO'S A DRIVING FORCE!"). Whereas LO is officially aligned with the Party, the gigantic Coöperative Federation (K.F., for Kooperativa Förbundet), which controls more than a third of all Swedish retail trade and produces everything from heavy machinery to lingonberry jelly, is technically independent. During the campaign, however, I was told by some government people I knew that if the Social Democratic Party lost they could always get jobs working for K.F.

The Social Democrats proudly refer to themselves as "the movement," rather than as a mere political party. The opposition calls them "the movement," too, but derisively, and the Moderates, in particular, devote a good deal of polemical energy to exposing "the Social Democratic power apparatus." The most important part of the apparatus is the trade unions. During the 1970 campaign, LO, in addition to contributing what were by Swedish standards mammoth sums of money to the Party, ran a separate poster campaign of its own and issued a copy of a pocket-sized orange volume (known to friend and foe alike as "LO's Little Red Book") to each of its more than a million and a half members. Almost every trade-union publication ran a special election issue, devoted largely to reminding the faithful to do their duty. Union locals organized election committees in almost every factory in Sweden to get out the vote. And, just in case anybody hadn't got the message, Arne Geijer appeared right beside Olof Palme during a television debate among the various party leaders two nights before the election.

"Well, you certainly can't be poorer than I am. I'm a churchmouse, for God's sake!"

Furthermore, the American tradition of "nonpolitical" Presidential tours and broadcast addresses around election time looks pale beside the biennial transformation of large portions of the Swedish government bureaucracy into a Social Democratic campaign machine. A "fact sheet" issued by the Ministry of Finance just a week before polling day to "explain" the government's new tax-reform program read like a Social Democratic election brochure. "One of our greatest equality reforms, built on the ideas of solidarity and justice, must not be buried and replaced by the opposition's tax-cutting policies" was how the document concluded.

The Social Democratic leadership has always mixed a commitment to Socialism with a gradualist approach, advocating the parliamentary road to Socialism as far back as the eighteen-nineties, before Swedish workers had the vote. Party meetings are still decked with red flags, and Olof Palme has been known to conclude speeches by raising a tentatively clenched fist, but the leadership has managed to transmute the concept of reformism from a *faute-de-mieux* patchwork into a respectable political philosophy. During a talk I had with Palme in his office before the election, he said, "The problem with these New Leftists is that they're too emotional. They want to solve everything at once. Reformism goes deeper into an individual's personality. It is a more lasting commitment. I think that's why a lot of the ultra-radicals who were around when I went to college—and who were denouncing us young Social Democrats as sellouts—are today reactionaries, with bourgeois jobs." And later, when Palme, in a television interview, had to come to the defense of his party's own youth group, elements of which have taken political positions that would gladden the heart of Chairman Mao himself, he could find no higher compliment to pay them than to say that "the vast majority of them are good reformists."

• •

Swedish social democracy will always be symbolized for me by the sight of a Social Democratic Volkswagen bus with loudspeakers, travelling through the crowded streets around Sergels Torg—the very apotheosis of consumer society—playing the "Internationale" on its p.a. system.

What is most Swedish about the Social Democrats is their long-standing commitment to what might be called in English "competence," though this is a very rough translation of the Swedish virtue known as *saklighet*—the ability to come up with good ideas and plug away at them until they are realized. Instead of Five Year Plans, the Social Democrats have imposed on themselves, with almost pedantic precision, a different task for each of the four decades they have been in power, and they have performed each task successfully. In the thirties, the government conquered Depression unemployment—an achievement that, incidentally, continues to win it votes in 1970. (Swedes have a reverence for history that is perhaps matched only by that of the French, and most people here take it as a matter of course that a party should continue to be rewarded for its historical contributions. The Liberals, in a campaign booklet presenting their ideas to the public, felt it sufficient to proclaim their services to the nation around the beginning of the century, omitting entirely any of their party's achievements since 1928.)

In the forties, the government introduced Sweden's so-called "active labor-market policies," which have brought a steady stream of admiring economists to Stockholm ever since. In return for a government commitment to maintain full employment, the trade unions abandoned their opposition to technological change and to labor-saving innovations. Accordingly, the attitude of the Swedish labor market toward automation could be paralleled in America only if, say, railroad workers' unions did not merely permit surplus personnel to be fired but also announced to the boss that their own on-the-job studies had come up with new ways to let more people go. In the fifties, the government devoted to things from the cradle to the grave the attention it had previously reserved for the paycheck and adopted a dizzying list of welfare reforms. Finally, in the sixties, the government emphasized education, capping the decade with the introduction of educational reforms so far-reaching that only the hardiest souls dare try to predict their long-range effects. (One such hardy soul, the leader of the Moderates, has ventured the opinion that the reforms will "train young people to be cogs in a Socialist machine.") The reforms will allow many people to enroll in university courses without the heretofore required stiff entrance exams, for which they can substitute different types of "work experience." The new elementary-school curriculum will teach children that men and women should do equal shares of both housework and outside jobs, and other curriculum changes are so drastic that most of Sweden's teachers are being sent to special classes to make them competent to teach the new material.

In introducing all these reforms, the Social Democrats have painted themselves into a corner from which they may never escape. Here is the onetime party of the outcasts of society, pledged to social transformation, now representing stability and the established order. In the sixties, with Swedish prosperity rampant, the schizophrenia became acute. Should you fight elections by pointing out, as any party in power would naturally do, all the wonderful things you've done for the people? Or should you, like the good revolutionaries you prefer to think you are, talk about social injustice and evil capitalists? Fortunately for them, the Social Democrats still have at their disposal some of Sweden's best minds, which now and then come up with ways to reconcile radicalism with conservatism. ("Mostly, stupid people go into the opposition parties," a friend of mine who is no friend of the government's told me the other day. "If you're smart and on the left, you go into the government. If you're smart and on the right, you go into business.") In what may have been the best newspaper ad to appear in Sweden during the election, the Party managed to mix a bright picture of a prosperous Sweden with a stern warning that more had to be done. Under a smiling portrait of Palme, the message ran:

> It is an old liberal notion that economic development inevitably leads to greater economic, social, and cultural equality. This isn't so. On the contrary, in rich industrial lands there are strong automatic forces that work to increase class divisions along with economic growth. In America's slum districts, in Paris suburbs, and in Italy's factories we can—just to take some examples—see signs that these increasing divisions threaten to make the societies explode from within. If this happens, the basis for progress itself is destroyed—for everyone, including those who had been privileged.
>
> But this isn't Sweden, you will say. Of course not. Yet the same tendencies are also present here. We live under the same threat. There is no place in the world where the process of increasing equality has gone on so long as it has in Sweden. But we're not through.
>
> We can be proud of what we have built up, of the fact that reform after reform could be driven through, often after hard struggle. Step by step, using a strong society as our instrument, we have been able to change the everyday life of the average citizen. We can be happy that the ideals of the welfare state—the ancient ideals of the labor movement—have gradually become generally accepted, even by people who don't vote Social Democratic at election time.
>
> We're not through. The recent government report on families with low incomes gave us a bitter description of part of Swedish reality. No less grave are reports from factories about unpleasant work environments, accident risks, and lack of equality.
>
> All this is a reality that gives us new tasks.

TO leave the bold world of the Social Democrats, with its red flags and robust rhetoric, and enter the meek world of the opposition is a sobering experience, because the scale of expectations is so different. Years ago, the Social Democrats began derisively referring to the three main opposition groups as "the bourgeois parties." The others objected at first, but eventually they accepted the appellation, and now everyone in Sweden refers to the Liberals, the Center, and the Moderates that way. Although all three parties are pledged to form a coalition government if they are ever given the chance, each opposition party has its own electoral base and its own special characteristics. The Liberal Party (Folkpartiet) derives its support mainly from clerks, lower-level civil servants, and members of the non-Lutheran Protestant sects, and it has all the swing and verve that traditionally mark these groups. For years, the Liberal Party's leader was Dr. Bertil Ohlin, an internationally respected economist specializing in business-cycle theory, whose political style was about as ebullient as Paul McCracken's. The Party's current leader is Gunnar Helén, a diminutive literary scholar. Just before Election Day, the Liberals bought huge newspaper space for an ad that urged the voters to "let the election be a victory for *saklighet*." Under a series of snapshots depicting Helén in various contemplative poses, the ad, naming no names, deplored the fact that "the election debate has from time to time been coarsened by name-calling and accusations." The voter could rest assured that "Gunnar Helén bears no responsibility for anything like that." Clearly, the Liberal stand might be called "low profile." It might also be called boring. When Helén appeared before television reporters for his first campaign press conference, the Party's own newspaper, *Dagens Nyheter*, managed to say nothing more enthusiastic than, "The Liberal Party leader was sparing with visionary talk but gave all the more concrete information about his own political views."

The Liberal Party's electoral strategy consists of presenting to the public a mixture of obscure slogans, suggestions for minor improvements, and informative but hardly vote-getting lectures. In this year's campaign, it launched the slogan "*närdemokrati*"—a term invented by pasting together the words for "near" and "democracy." The term, which might be roughly translated as "participatory democracy," was so confusing to most voters that spokesmen devoted more energy simply to making clear what it meant than to putting forward the specific ideas they had in mind. They spent most of the election campaign, though, cautiously telling voters that while one should certainly not expect any miracles, the bourgeois parties might conceivably, if they were given the opportunity, administer things marginally better than the Social Democrats. In so doing, the Liberals carefully dissociated themselves from even any implied criticism of the major lines of policy that the government had followed since 1932, and sounded the alarm only about the future intentions of certain "extremists" who were threatening to take over the Social Democratic Party. The Liberals also devoted a good deal of attention to acquainting the public with various interesting facts about basically irrelevant issues in the election. An interview with a young Liberal foreign-policy expert, presented in a snappy color tabloid that the Party mailed to every household in Stockholm, dealt in considerable detail with the Liberal position in support of Israel—an issue whose partisan value in Swedish politics can only be described as nil. The same paper gave an entire page to the story of Gabriel Romanus, a Liberal member of Parliament who shares the housework with his wife in order to promote equality of the sexes. (Romanus was quoted as saying, "It's much harder work to be at home with four kids than to be in Parliament"—a statement hardly likely to inspire respect for the efforts of Sweden's lawmakers.) The Liberals, like all the other parties, gave their own workers an election handbook, but in their case the “handbook” was a hundred-and-ninety-nine-page volume that read more like an Encyclopædia Britannica article on Sweden than like a piece of political propaganda designed to aid the faithful in drumming up votes.

IF the Liberal Party embodies the Social Democrats’ *saklighet* without their passion, the Center Party (Centerpartiet) tries to display their passion without their ideology. While the Social Democrats direct their pitch to *arbetare* (workers) or *löntagare* (wage earners), the Center speaks to the *småfolk* (little people). The Center’s me-tooism sometimes reaches farcical proportions. In the week before the election, the Social Democrats plastered Stockholm billboards with the ringing manifesto “THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS WANT TO USE POLITICAL POWER FOR A CONTINUED STRUGGLE FOR SOLIDARITY AND SECURITY.” A few days later, the Center Party came out with newspaper ads that led off by saying, “THE CENTER WANTS TO USE ITS POLITICAL INFLUENCE FOR A CONTINUED STRUGGLE FOR SOLIDARITY AND SECURITY.” Recognizing the advantage that the Social Democrats get from their close association with LO, the Center also ran a campaign ad whose plaintive message was “The Center wants to lower the retirement age, stop the depopulation of northern Sweden, increase the employee’s influence in the corporation, and increase employment security. LO wants all these things, too!” The ad did not mention who had inserted it, but only a political nitwit could have thought that LO had. Nevertheless, the vice-chairman of LO, Kurt Nordgren, in a carefully staged display of outrage, summoned the press, announced that the Center ad was the gravest violation of campaign ethics he had ever seen, and demanded a retraction. In response, the Center ran the ad again, this time with the statement in fine print at the bottom, “This advertisement is paid for by the Center Party.”

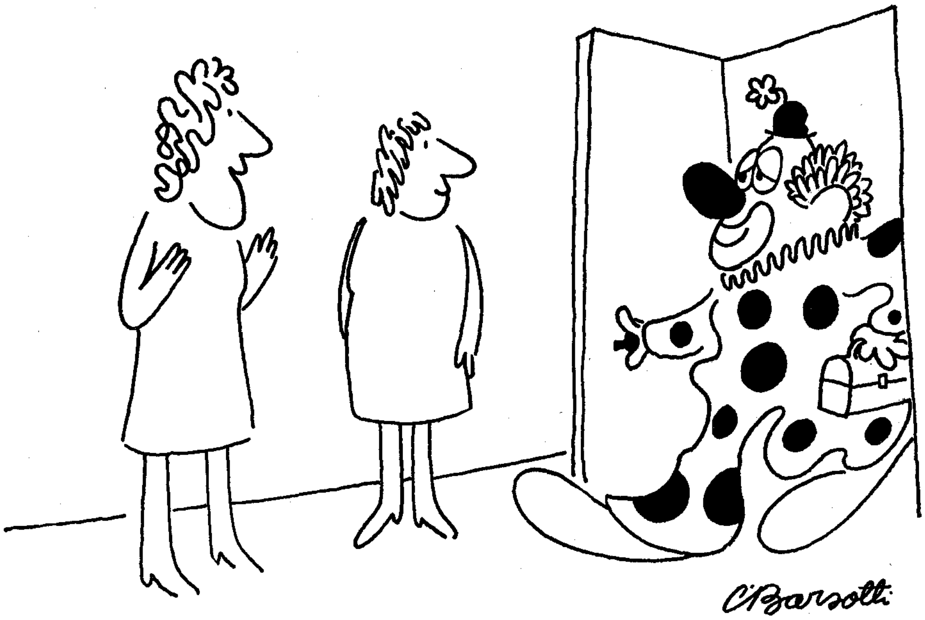
Happy Holidays
GREETING
TG

The responsibility for the Center’s position goes to Gunnar Hedlund, the Party leader, whose face bears an uncanny resemblance to that of the joker in a deck of cards. Hedlund is seventy years old, and has been around as long as Erlander—a close friend of his—yet he still manages to combine his party post with the directorship of a large timber firm. As a politician, he is a mixture of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Santa Claus. In public, he comes across as a kindly and perhaps slightly sentimental grandfather who happens to be a party leader but definitely shuns anything as unfriendly as partisan politics, preferring instead to give all parties advice and counsel. Thus, in a television debate among the party leaders, Hedlund on several occasions defended the Social Democrats from Liberal, Moderate, and Communist attack. In a personal letter to Erlander during the campaign, he amicably suggested that perhaps a brief spell in the opposition might make Olof Palme an even better Prime Minister later. “I think that Palme will gradually become very good, but I think that he might learn a lot from seeing politics from the perspective of an opposition leader for a few years,” Gunnar suggested to Tage.

The Center is the traditional party of the Swedish peasant, having changed its name from the Peasant Federation only in 1958, after a mixture of census statistics and steadily worsening election results convinced Hedlund that a party based on the Swedish countryside had no more of a political future than the Swedish countryside itself. During much of the thirties and for part of the fifties, the Center was in coalition with the Social Democrats, but since 1958 it has clearly identified itself with the bourgeois bloc—especially the Liberals—and has been emphasizing “decentralization,” which is a way of saying that the cities should stop growing. Hedlund told television reporters during the campaign that he believed urban growth to be Sweden’s most serious domestic problem. In conformity with his quiet, folksy image, he ran a quiet campaign, making even fewer appearances than the retired Erlander. While Palme went on a national campaign tour that was almost American in its extravagance, Hedlund confined himself to making just seven speeches, in small-town peasant strongholds. “Why should I visit hospitals and factories during the weeks before the election when I haven’t visited them during other times of the year?” Hedlund said to a newspaperman. “Wouldn’t it seem artificial?”

IF the Center clearly expresses the opposition’s no-win attitude, such an accusation can hardly be made against the smallest of the bourgeois parties, the Moderate Union Party (Moderata Samlingspartiet). The Moderates’ election handbook, unlike the Liberals’, was filled with polemics of the “Social Democrats Claim—Moderates Reply” type. Until 1969, when it changed its name, the Party was known straightforwardly as the Conservative Party (Högerpartiet), and it has always shown a deep antipathy for the Socialist monster—an antipathy that the Social Democrats heartily reciprocate. “The Conservatives say in public what the capitalist Establishment is privately thinking,” a friend of mine aptly summed it up. In the interests of bourgeois unity, the Party has toned down some of its more strident rhetoric in recent years, but the rank and file are obviously uneasy about such pussyfooting. During the campaign, I attended a street meeting in the middle-class suburb of Sollentuna with Gösta Bohman, then the Moderates’ No. 2 man. While any street meeting in Stockholm itself tends to attract opponents of the party holding it, such a meeting in the suburbs ensnares mostly the party faithful. Thus, the “questions” posed to Bohman were overwhelmingly friendly. The only traces of hostility at the meeting were shown by people who felt that the Moderates had become all too moderate. “When is our party going to talk about the dictatorial direction in which the Socialists are leading Sweden?” asked a man wearing a suit and tie. (Bohman himself was wearing a blue knit shirt without tie, and an informal brown sweater.) “When we win the election and you become a minister in a democratic government . . .” another question began. An incensed woman who seemed to be dressed for a garden party demanded, “Why in the world does the Moderate Union Party say that all the parties are agreed on the idea of increased equality? As I see it, the Socialists are striving not for increased equality [*ökad jämlikhet*] but increased idiocy [*ökad dumlikhet*].”

Traditionally, the Party’s campaigns have emphasized calls for tax cuts. Sweden’s taxes are the highest in the world, and everyone grumbles about them, but since people get so many services in return, proposals to cut taxes are politically unpopular, and both the Center and the Liberals have declared that no cuts are possible “at the present time.” In order that the bourgeois parties might present a united front, the Moderates soft-pedalled the tax issue this time to emphasize more emotional ones. In 1967, when the Moderates’ leader, Yngve Holmberg, emerged as head of the Conservative Party, its



“Oh! Your husband really is *a clown.”*

• •

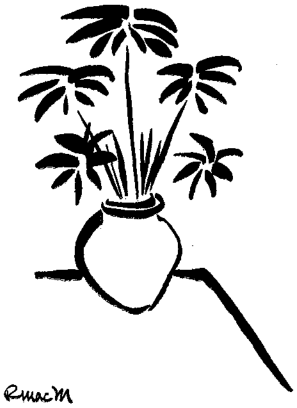
members referred to him as a “Swedish Kennedy,” because of his youthful good looks. During this year’s election, however, he emerged as a Swedish Spiro Agnew. At one point, he alleged that he had a list of forty Social Democrats in Parliament who were prepared to collaborate with the Communists, and at another point he said that Olof Palme planned to abolish the monarchy if the Social Democrats won. The last days of the campaign were dominated largely by non-issues, among them an effort by the Moderates to publicize the fact that a Joe Hill song with antireligious lines in it was being sung, in Swedish translation, at Social Democratic rallies. The Moderates’ Stockholm organ, *Svenska Dagbladet*, reported “violent reactions against Social Democratic song,” but this seemed to be largely wishful thinking. The most persistent of the Moderates’ gut issues, though, was “law and order.” Although Stockholm’s streets remain models of tranquillity compared to New York’s, violent crime has shown a rapid increase during the sixties, and the first specific promise made in the Moderate election manifesto this year was for “guaranteed safe streets.”

This sort of shooting from the hip may be of questionable value in attracting the votes of most Swedes, but it has helped give the Party a new appeal to hot-blooded youth. “There are really only two parties in Sweden—the Social Democrats and the Moderates,” a seventeen-year-old who looked like a hippie but turned out to be a conservative told me one evening at a pizzeria near the Opera. “The others are just blah.” And it is true that the only party buttons I ever saw kids wearing on the streets were either Social Democratic ones or Moderate ones.

AS for the minor parties: The Communists (Vänsterpartiet Kommunisterna) got ten per cent of the vote in 1946, but have never recovered from the political effects of the Prague coup in 1948. The Party leader is C.-H. Hermansson, a parlor Red married to the daughter of a Göteborg businessman. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, he and his cohorts adopted an independent, Mod profile, which might have helped if it had not been for another highly unpopular Communist act in Czechoslovakia—the Red Army’s invasion in 1968. The Party today is split into several factions. A Stalinist group controls its only daily newspaper—an incredibly dull sheet, which is frequently cited in *Pravda* for its definitive views on Swedish politics. New Leftists of various sorts mill in and out and around the fringes of the Communist Party, but most New Leftists belong to the Communist Federation Marxist-Leninist, which this year, after a boycott of the 1968 elections, came up with candidates in every province of Sweden. K.F.M.-L.’s campaign rallies often matched in size those held by the Social Democrats, the explanation being that, in sharp contrast to the Social Democrats’ rallies, they brought out virtually every supporter the Party had. At a kickoff rally in late August, fifteen hundred people jammed into the Folkets Hus, a union hall in Stockholm, to hear a Party functionary read an endless address, in a parody of the platform style of Leonid Brezhnev, denouncing “trade-union bureaucrats” and “Social Democratic lackeys.” (The trade-union bureaucrats in question had lent K.F.M.-L. the hall free of charge, as they regularly do for all sorts of public meetings.) The crowd provided a fine demonstration of the practical possibilities of overcoming the generation gap. Mixed in with the mob of teen-agers was a handful of veterans ranging in age from sixty-five to eighty—obviously old-line Communists who wished that Khrushchev’s secret speech castigating Stalin in 1956 had remained a secret. But the old-timers must have been disappointed by K.F.M.-L., which, for all its stridency, remains, in the final analysis, more Swedish than Maoist, its idea of militancy being to assemble a group in front of the American Embassy for the reading of a scary-sounding resolution.

Last, and least influential, there are the Christian Democrats (K.D.S.), who spread an evangel against pornography and the “de-Christianization of Sweden,” which has thus far failed to reach the heathen. One sunny Saturday afternoon, I saw a K.D.S. loudspeaker truck pull up in Sergels Torg and attempt to drum up a rally; it lost the battle for the attention of passersby not only to students collecting money for the Vietcong but even to clusters of individuals having private political arguments. The general impression of the Christian Democrats—that they are a bunch of kooks—is not mitigated by statements like one made during the campaign by the Party’s leader in the constituency of Södra Älvborg. This was to the effect that the Nazis’ attempted eradication of the Jews came about because the Jews had “mocked the blood of the Son of God when it ran on the Cross.”

THE ground rules of Swedish elections are simple. The first is that the Social Democrats seek to turn all elections into biennial stagings of Armageddon. It has been said that one reason the government hasn’t nationalized more industry is that doing so would deprive it of capitalists to campaign against at election time. For instead of discussion of specific political problems of the day, the Social Democrats prefer to see a campaign dominated by less ephemeral questions, like the Eternal Struggle Between Capital and Labor. Right beside big business in the Social Democratic demonology stands the Conservative Party (still so called in Social Democratic literature). Realizing that many Swedish voters easily identify today’s Moderates with yesterday’s Conservatives, and thus with everything from unemployment in the Depression to child labor in the eighteen-seventies, the Social Democrats campaign against the Moderates alone, delicately noting in passing that any bourgeois government would be dependent on Moderate support for its majority. (When the Moderate spokesman at a campaign rally begged voters to judge the Party on its present positions, not its past record, an old man got up and, to rather general applause, told the speaker, "It's good you're not running on your past, because you wouldn't get a single vote if you did.") The functional role of the Moderates in Swedish politics thus resembles that of the "Red menace" in the American politics of the early fifties, with the possible difference that the Moderate Union Party actually exists. A Social Democratic leaflet that was handed out the day after Gunnar Hedlund appeared on a television program ignored everything Hedlund had said and contented itself with pointing out, "Gunnar Hedlund is friendly and shrewd. Sometimes that can be nice. But what will it be like after a while? Hedlund has promised to govern with the Conservatives. This means pressure from big business. Will he be able to resist just by being friendly?"



This year, the bourgeois parties broke out of their usual lethargy and counterattacked, expressing indignation over the Social Democrats' claim to be the only party representing the interests of wage earners. A leading spokesman for the Liberal Party called the Social Democratic assertion "grotesque," and the Liberals took the unprecedented step of sending out a sixty-one-page paperback, entitled "With Friendly Greetings to Social Democratic Party Workers," to every local Social Democratic Party headquarters in Sweden. The book responded, in genuinely hurt tones, to accusations that the Liberals were a party of big business. And all three bourgeois parties endlessly pointed out during the campaign that the majority of their voters were, if not blue-collar proles, at least wage earners.

This year's unaccustomed show of opposition aggressiveness derived directly from the first rule of opposition politics in Sweden, which is that the opposition must deny the existence of any major differences between the parties and try to make campaigns revolve around small, detailed technical questions. This strategy involves, among other things, a bit of historical revisionism, in which the opposition attempts to demonstrate that it never opposed a single major Social Democratic reform—that what might have appeared to be opposition was in reality merely minor technical disagreement. (Not even this revisionism, however, suggests that the opposition initiated any of the changes.)

The opposition strategy has been most consistently represented by *Dagens Nyheter*, which until only a few years ago was edited by Herbert Tingsten, a onetime Social Democratic intellectual who defected and joined the Liberals. "Poor Social Democratic ministers!" one of the paper's first campaign editorials this year moaned. "It cannot be easy to go around Sweden during the campaign to explain why new policies would bring about the nation's ruin, when everyone knows that the parties are so close to each other that the differences are often indiscernible to the naked eye." The theme of "the end of ideology," which was launched by various American professors in the fifties and now lies buried beneath the debris of university conflict, has been the subject of lively political debate in Sweden. Olof Palme made himself known to the public by travelling up and down the country in the early sixties debating the issue with Tingsten. And the most common single phrase to emerge from the lips of an opposition spokesman at campaign time is still "All the democratic parties are agreed that . . ."

MOST of the other ground rules for Swedish election campaigns derive from Sweden's being "a small country," whose attention can center only on one thing at a time. Thus, it is as if, approximately a month before the polling date, some imp popped up and announced, "Election time is here," thereby signalling to the Swedish people to forget everything else. During campaigns, editorials in Sweden's newspapers, which are all highly partisan, deal exclusively with election issues, and events like the hijacking of several airliners and the outbreak of civil war in Jordan this year were considered insufficiently important to justify breaking this rule. Furthermore, the distinction between news stories and editorials becomes blurred, especially in Social Democratic newspapers. (When a Moderate "safe-streets" study group suggested closed-circuit TV observation of certain high-crime public areas, the sensationalistic Social Democratic afternoon paper, *Aftonbladet*, reported in its news pages that the Moderates had called for the establishment of a police state in Sweden.) Television also contributes to this election single-mindedness; for the whole month, there is at least one election program almost every night.

Smallness also makes for one of the cozier features of Swedish politics—a personal, informal campaign style. All politicians, from Olof Palme down to obscure county-council candidates in Västergötaland, are expected to appear before the public at street meetings to answer questions. These meetings, which may attract between twenty-five and a hundred people, are the heart of every election campaign. Hundreds of them take place in Stockholm alone. But though they are informal affairs, they follow a standard routine. The politician has a microphone, and a young campaign worker passes through the crowd with another microphone, into which people ask their questions. The questions are generally considerably more interesting than the replies. "I am an alcoholic, and would like to know what the Center Party wants to do for alcoholics," a fat man with a smart goatee asked at one street meeting I attended. "I would like to ask Mr. Yngve Holmberg why it is not possible to introduce on November 1st a free and equal republic in Sweden, with equal wages for everyone, instead of a bunch of politicians talking bull and drinking brandy," a fiftyish bard with long, wild gray hair, who was wearing a red rose in the lapel of a dirty trenchcoat, inquired at a Moderate street meeting.

As this year's electioneering got under way, it became apparent that the Social Democrats were less worried about the country's supposedly troubled mood than about an alleged bourgeois plot to bore the voters to sleep—which, they asserted, was how the British Tories had done in poor Harold Wilson the previous spring. Palme and the Party press began warning against what they called Election-Day Hookey, and throughout the Party the cry at the opening of the campaign was "We've got to raise the election temperature!" The traditional Stockholm Social Democratic kickoff rally, on August 26th (in a Swedish election campaign, the time, the place, and the staging of most major events are strictly regulated by tradition), provided the first clue that the "low election temperature" was more than a bourgeois plot. Sten Andersson, the Party secretary, got a laugh when he said, "The bourgeois parties always accuse us of trying to politicize everything, and now they're even complaining that we're trying to politicize the election campaign." But over half the seats in the hall were empty. At the 1968 kickoff rally, where Palme, then only the heir apparent, was the main speaker, the same hall, which seats around five thousand, was overflowing, and he was greeted by the Swedish equivalent of fainting women—which is to say, by applause that was more than perfunctory. This time, you could hear whispering and mumbling even during the speeches, which was not surprising, considering how tedious they were. By far the most interesting part of the evening was the entertainment. The band alternated between songs like "Sons of Labor" and "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," and between the speeches a group of teen-agers sang translations of American civil-rights songs and Joe Hill ballads, and an older night-club type gave a Swedish rendition of Pete Seeger's "Talking Union," in which Seeger's admonition "If you don't let Red-baiting break you up, you'll win" came out "If you don't let Communists take over the union, you'll win."

THE responsibility for heating up the election temperature this year fell mainly to Palme himself. Swedish politics has its rules, but Olof Palme is an exception to most of them. He displays an un-Swedish passion, an un-Swedish proclivity for getting into trouble, and an un-Swedish cosmopolitanism, all of which have, not surprisingly, led many Swedes to brand Palme as un-Swedish altogether. Moreover, Palme has quite an odd background for a Socialist. His father was an industrialist and his mother a czarist Russian refugee who was active in the Swedish Conservative Party. (Shortly after Palme came to power, Jacob Wallenberg, the head of a family that owns a big share of Sweden's private enterprise, was asked his opinion of the new Prime Minister and he demurely replied, "I have great respect for him. I knew his parents well, and have known Olof since he was a child.") Palme's meteoric political rise can be attributed at least in part to his upper-class origins. His first political activities, in the late forties, were as a student leader, at a time when few workers went to universities. Then Erlander engaged him as a personal secretary, partly because of his ability with foreign languages—an ability rather closely connected with a French nursemaid he had as a child and a year he spent studying at Kenyon College in Ohio. (During an official visit to Paris this year, Palme conducted a press conference in excellent French—a feat that dazzled most Swedes, who regard French as a language only marginally less difficult to master than Hungarian.)

Palme's political passion may derive from the fact that he is an *intellectual* convert to Socialism. (He is probably the only Prime Minister in the world to have read Herbert Marcuse, whom he describes as having some good insights but as being, in general, "a typical confused German philosopher.") As an intellectual, he has to keep himself under tight reign to avoid getting lost in rhetorical generalities. "We speak of utopias, we use great and elegant words with pleasure," he told a group of young Party members, all subject to the same affliction, in 1966. "But existence for us human beings consists of simple things. The hopes individuals have for the future are concrete and concerned with realities. They deal with family and home, education and work place, leisure time and daily relationships with those around them. It is in this human existence that the utopias must become a reality."

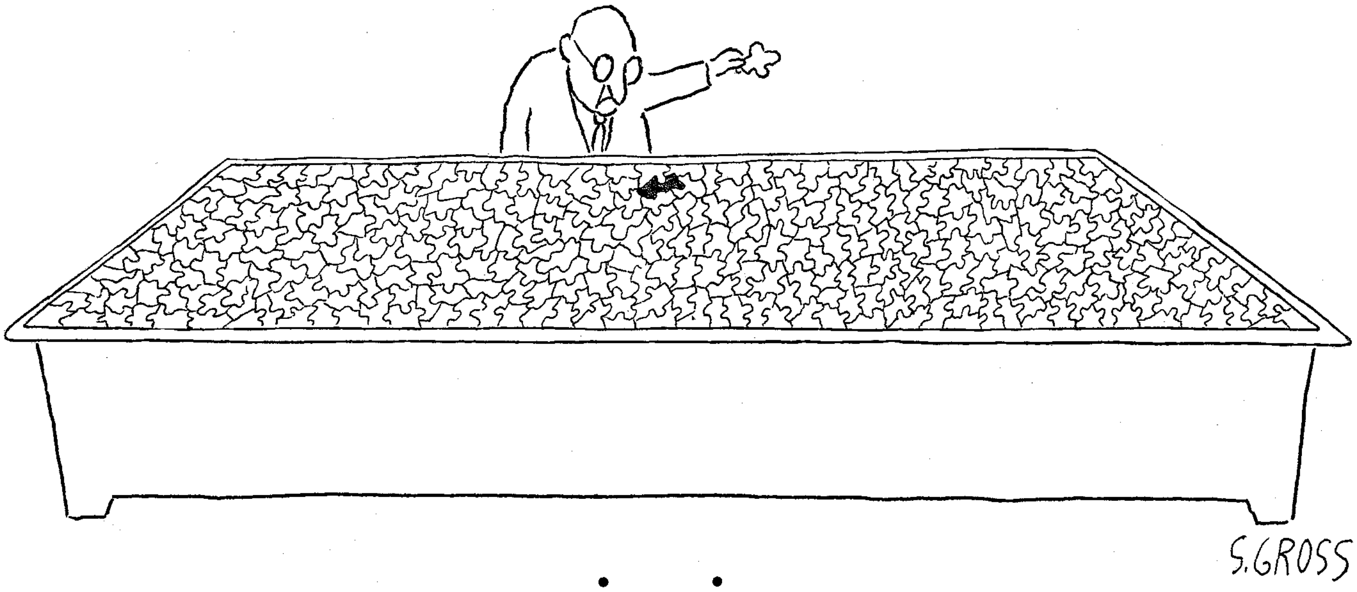
Merry Christmas

Palme lives in a middle-class suburb of Stockholm and drives to work every morning in a little Fiat. He has no chauffeur, even for most official functions, and often eats box lunches prepared for him by his wife. His home phone number is listed in the directory (it is 37 09 89), and, in a country that still bears traces of its Germanic past in a mania for titles, the listing reads merely "Palme, Olof and Lisbet." Last summer, an illustrated popular weekly published a photo of Palme returning from vacation; he was shown holding a pair of duffel-bags, like a college student traipsing around Europe.

Palme still often appears less a politician than an impulsive student activist, and his impulsiveness sometimes gets him into trouble. (He lists his favorite forms of political activity as protest demonstrations and street meetings.) He first got into such trouble in 1948, when, as head of the Swedish delegation to a Prague convention of the International Union of Students, he delivered an attack on Stalin and was shortly afterward beaten up in his hotel room by the Russian delegation. (The head of that group currently runs the Soviet secret police.) In 1966, he agreed, without giving it a second thought, to let an interview with him be used in a film that a young director named Vilgot Sjöman was making, supposedly about "social problems in Sweden today." The film turned out to be "I Am Curious (Yellow)," and Palme's appearance in it briefly cast a shadow on his political career. In 1968, when he heard that a group of students had occupied the Student Union at Stockholm University, he took the subway over to the university and made his way into the building to try to persuade the students to leave. After two hours, the students asked him to leave, and he did.

I saw Palme campaign in Västerås, an industrial city two hours by train from Stockholm, and it seemed to me that he was in top form as a student activist, if not as a Prime Minister. He made two speeches—an afternoon address at a suburban sports field and an evening speech in City Hall Square—and each was bisected with mathematical precision into rhapsodic words about equality and solidarity, on the one hand, and down-to-earth chitchat about taxes and unemployment, on the other. Palme speaks quickly, in the manner of a student arguing over beer at 3 A.M., and tends to rattle off replies to opposition arguments in a rapid succession of "first of all"s and "second of all"s. What is likely to strike one most about Palme in action is the incongruity of his being Prime Minister. (It is fair to say that in the United States his political rise would have been halted somewhere this side of the chairmanship of the Greenwich Village Independent Democrats.)

Factory visits by various Social Democratic big names complemented Palme's whirlwind tours in the attempts to get the election temperature up. A Social Democratic truism has it that "the campaign is won or lost in the factories," and the factory visits are a traditional Party campaign device. I accompanied Gunnar Sträng, the sixty-four-year-old Minister of Finance, on a visit to several factories, and discovered that the ritual has its comic aspects. Where American politicians generally content themselves with shaking hands outside factory gates, Sträng walked through the plants to talk with any workers who were able to turn their attention away from their machines for a few minutes. Since company directors could hardly view such frankly partisan sallies with equanimity if they acknowledged them for what they were, they preferred to pretend



• •

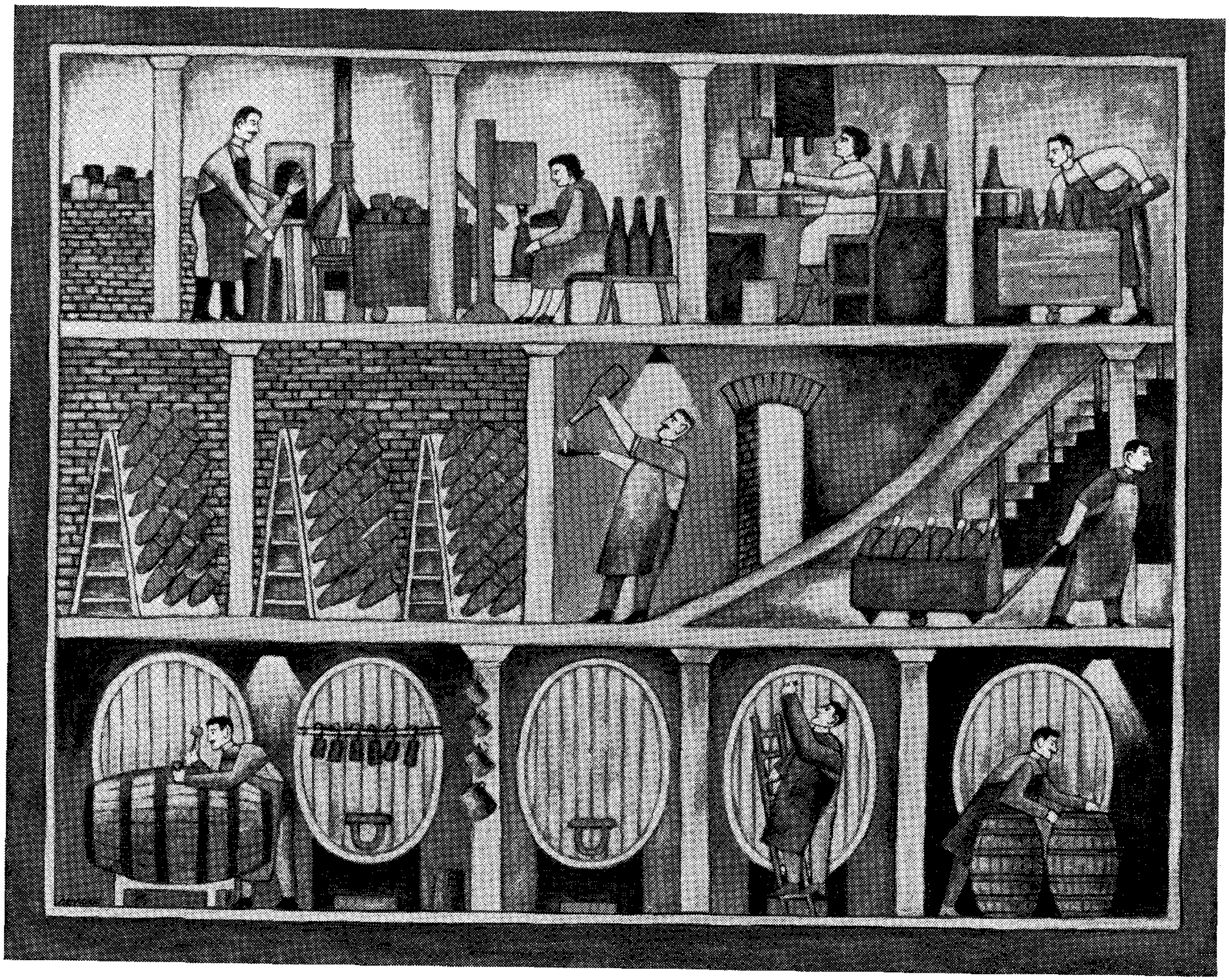
that Sträng's visits had nothing to do with gathering blue-collar votes but were parts of an inspection tour of Swedish industry by the Minister of Finance. At the Ulvsunda Rubber Factory, the chairman of the board greeted Sträng with a smile at the factory gate, saying, "We are glad that the Finance Minister has come here today to deepen his understanding of Swedish industry." Then, having rushed Sträng through the factory proper, the chairman took him to the cafeteria, where, over cheese doodles and orange soda, he explained a complicated series of charts of sales patterns that had been got up for the occasion.

Of all the members of the Cabinet, Gunnar Sträng comes from the most economically deprived background—his first job was that of gardener. He is one of the least visionary and most down-to-earth; he likes to assure people that his party won't engage in any wild schemes as long as he's around. At the factories, the workers welcomed Sträng with mixed enthusiasm. At a drug plant that was nationalized last year, work ceased altogether when Sträng arrived, and the employees gathered around him for a little meeting. (When I asked a union leader why the workers were allowed to stop work, he said it was just a coincidence.)

FOR a few days toward the end of August, it appeared that the opposition had finally presented the government with the issue it needed to get things warmed up a bit. Without consulting any of the other leaders of his own party, let alone the rest of the bourgeois parties, Gösta Bohman, the Moderates' lean-and-hungry-looking vice-chairman, put out a thin paperback entitled "Inrikes Utrikespolitik" ("Domestic Foreign Policy"), in which he argued that Olof Palme had encouraged a "Hate America" campaign in order to win votes from young New Left types, and he noted, in passing, that Swedish neutrality is one of the country's "most sacred dogmas." Whenever a foreign-policy question threatens to arise in a political campaign, the opposition spokesmen hasten to chorus, in unison, a statement beginning, "All the democratic parties are agreed on foreign policy," for the bourgeois parties know that foreign-policy debate causes them to lose votes. Neutrality is wildly popular here, not for ideological reasons but simply because it has kept Sweden out of trouble for well over a century while others have borne the burdens of doing battle against things like Nazism. In the forties and fifties, some opposition leaders whispered the suggestion that Sweden might consider membership in NATO, and unleashed an emotional reaction much like the one that in the United States has greeted the proposed legalization of pornography. In 1968, the opposition did not react to an appearance by Palme in an anti-Vietnam demonstration until after the American Ambassador had been called home in protest, and the bourgeois parties' subsequent comments criticizing Palme were seized upon by him as implying that Swedish ministers should be attuned to the desires of foreign powers. ("We ought to build an observation tower for Yngve Holmberg at Arlanda Airport, so he can watch ambassadors come and go," Palme said at the time.) This incident allowed the government to appear to be standing up for Sweden's interests ("Vietnam and Czechoslovakia are small countries, just like Sweden," Palme repeated this year. "When we protest injustices there, we are standing up for our own right to survive as a small country") while confirming a rather widely held view here that the opposition was "untrustworthy" when it came to preserving neutrality.

By a feat of political wizardry, the Swedish ability to leave the international dirty work to other nations, which might have been simply admired as shrewd or clever, has been elevated in the local mythology to the status of a high moral stand. This allows a comfortable slide from the pragmatic what's-in-it-for-me attitude toward neutrality that dominates the adult population to the revolutionary Third Worldism of large sections of Sweden's politically active youth and intellectuals. The intellectual establishment here is small and tight-knit, and when its members decide to adopt a new intellectual fashion—which they do about every five years—they impose it with the ruthlessness of the Mafia. The current mood has stamped foreign-policy thinking here with an air of unreality that recalls Strindberg's surrealistic dramas. Sweden is no doubt the only country in the Western world where a book called "The Albanian Challenge" could be not only published but taken seriously; where Jan Myrdål's "Report from a Chinese Village," based on conversations with peasants translated for the author by Chinese government officials accompanying him, could be regarded as the definitive work on Communist China; and where the major dailies could devote almost as much space to guerrilla warfare in Latin America as they did to French, English, and German politics.

Though neither Palme nor the Party created this mood, neither has been at pains to discourage it, hoping instead to ride the back of the tiger. Bohman's arguments in "Inrikes Utrikespolitik" thus had substance. But if Bohman was right in maintaining that neutrality was a sacred dogma, and that the government had successfully exploited foreign policy to gain domestic support, then he should have realized that the publication



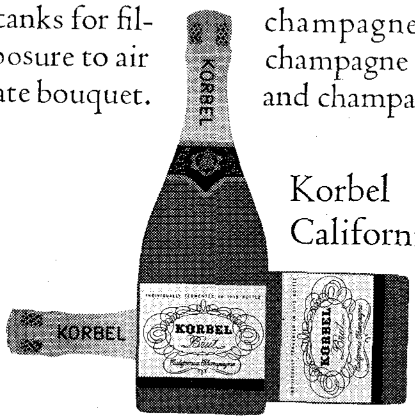
We make Korbel Champagne by the older, classic method. And pass the extra costs along to you.

Every bottle of Korbel Champagne is individually fermented in the bottle you will buy. This is the older, classic method, and it has never been satisfactorily improved upon.

We cling to the classic method because the newer, more efficient methods share one flaw: the champagne has to be poured out of the bottle it began in, and into metal tanks for filtering. Thus it runs the risk of exposure to air —which can damage a wine's delicate bouquet.

Korbel Champagne comes to you in the same bottle in which it has spent its years of fermentation and aging. Its bouquet has been kept inviolate, awaiting your enjoyment.

Korbel Champagne will cost you a little more than other premium champagnes. (It takes about a hundred extra steps to make champagne our way.) But it's the perfect champagne for people with champagne tastes, and champagne budgets.



Korbel
California Champagne

KORBEL FINE OLD CLASSIC CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES · Sec · Extra Dry · Brut · Natural · Pink · Sparkling Burgundy · F. Korbel and Bros., Inc., Guerneville, Calif.

of his book at the beginning of an election campaign would be a political disaster. To no one's surprise except his, apparently, Social Democratic politicians rushed before the television cameras to issue grave warnings that irresponsible extremists like Bohman threatened Swedish neutrality, and Palme went as far as to respond to a reporter's question by saying that to choose between the foreign-policy views of Bohman and those of the Communists was like choosing "between plague and cholera."

The opposition, in general retreat, disavowed Bohman. Holmberg said he hadn't read his vice-chairman's book, and added ritualistically that "one of the strengths of our country is that all the democratic parties agree on foreign policy." Gunnar Hedlund said he had stayed up all night reading the book and had found Bohman's statements unfortunate. *Dagens Nyheter* reported that Gunnar Helén, "under fire at a press conference from the editor of *Värmlands Folkblad*," said that the Liberals could not accept a Moderate as Prime Minister or Foreign Minister in any bourgeois government.

FORTUNATELY for the bourgeois parties, the government soon committed an even bigger blunder than Bohman's. On August 27th, just as the Bohman debate was getting interesting, Gunnar Sträng announced the imposition of temporary price controls on meat, grain, and dairy products. Between July, 1969, and July, 1970, prices in Sweden had risen by around seven per cent, but the Social Democrats had previously defended this rate of increase. Part of the inflationary spiral was a result of international inflation and high interest rates, they said, and further rises came from a new agricultural agreement that went into effect on July 1st, but a good part of Sweden's inflation could be explained only by exceptionally high raises in the wages of previously low-paid workers, granted as part of the attempt to achieve "increased equality." Thus, the majority of the Swedish people were helping to pay the wage increases of the poor minority. Palme seemed to relish the opportunity that this situation afforded him to use the word "solidarity," and he repeated up and down the land the message that "the inflation which is a result of wage increases for the low-paid we must all bear as a gesture of solidarity." Surprisingly, this tactic seemed to be working, and the rising cost of living didn't seem to be catching on as a political issue. An opinion poll taken shortly after July 1st, when food prices leaped upward, showed slight gains for the government. The opposition mentioned the inflation problem, but not in any telling way. On August 26th, a preliminary report from the Swedish Price and Monopoly Board had suggested that some food retailers had taken advantage of the agricultural agreement to raise prices more than the agreement called for. Price controls came just a day later, with Sträng explaining in a complicated statement that the government had nothing against those price increases it had previously defended, but that it would oppose "unreasonable" increases such as those referred to by the Price and Monopoly Board. But the Social Democratic "defense" of inflation had sorely tested both the economic sophistication and the idealistic generosity of the Swedish public, and the new hocus-pocus distinction between "reasonable" and "unreasonable" price increases was too much. If the price freeze was being imposed to deal with only a few "unreasonable" increases here and there, why did the government trumpet about what an epoch-making decision it had reached? The only conclusion the average Swede could draw was that the situation was a good deal more serious and further out of control than the government had made it out to be. Thus, the price controls drew so much attention to the inflation issue that it became the major question in the campaign, and in instituting them the Social Democrats nearly signed their political death warrant.

The bourgeois parties were quick to recognize their good fortune, and from August 28th to September 20th there was hardly a word spoken about anything but inflation. The Social Democrats might grandly tell the voter that "on September 20th you will determine politics for the seventies;" the opposition would then tell him that on September 20th he would determine the cost of butter and washing machines for the next year. The remainder of the campaign was one long agony for the Social Democrats. Again and again one could hear Party stalwarts complaining, "We're not getting our issues across." Increased equality had given way to increased prices. In a last, desperate attempt to change the emphasis of the campaign, Palme, in a television debate among party leaders on September 18th, avoided all mention of inflation in his opening remarks, and talked instead of equality and security, and of violence abroad and full employment at home. It was a miserable failure. The only other issue to challenge inflation for attention during the rest of the debate was "crime in the streets."

WHEN the votes were all counted (a process that the Swedes patiently waited for through an entire week because of the large number of postal ballots), the Social Democrats were found to have got 45.3 per cent, down from 50.1 per cent in 1968. The Center increased its vote from 16.2 per cent in 1968 to 19.9 per cent, and the Moderates, despite their change of name, lost ground, their vote declining from 13.9 per cent to 11.5 per cent; the Liberals raised their percentage from 15.0 to 16.2. The Communists got 4.8 per cent, and the prospect of their continued support saved Olof Palme, although it confronted his party—now a minority—with a very difficult job during the next three years. While C.-H. Hermansson may promise Communist support in crucial votes, Communist Party discipline isn't what it used to be, and at least one newly elected Communist deputy has stated that he plans to work for "the abolition of Parliament and the introduction of the dictatorship of the proletariat." Furthermore, the presence of no fewer than seventeen Communists in Parliament can hardly help but further confuse the already confused level of Swedish foreign-policy debate. The government will soon have to ponder the implications of the fact that Sweden's young people are unacquainted with the most basic facts of international life. (I realized just how far this degenerative process had gone when I heard a young Social Democrat suggest that the way for Sweden to avoid importing inflation from the West was to shift its trade to the Soviet Union, which sounds nice until you consider that the most popular Russian products in Sweden are fur hats and caviar.) Finally, inflation shows no sign of abating, and the measures that Palme has taken against it since the election, which include a general price freeze and higher taxes, can hardly be popular. Sweden is certainly far from falling apart, but in the next few years this small, isolated country may have to face some of the same problems as our big, exposed one. —STEVEN KELMAN

•

VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY—carefully made, slow moving but sensual film about two young girls, a gypsy and the first stirrings of passion in youth. Literate, sophisticated, but worthwhile.
—*Miami Herald.*

A likely story!

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

Special Christmas Rates

$10.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$7.00 for each additional one-year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—
Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
other foreign $3.00 per year

Please Enter A Subscription For

Your Name ______________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To ______________________
____
Street
____
City State Zip Code
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"

To ______________________
____
Street
____
City State Zip Code
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"

To ______________________
____
Street
____
City State Zip Code
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"

To ______________________
____
Street
____
City State Zip Code
Gift card to read: "From ______________________"

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

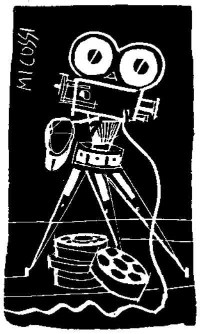
25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

0113

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Epic and Crumbcrusher

A FEW years ago, I asked the director of a sprawling, flattened-out epic what had gone wrong. He said that so many years had elapsed between his initial impulse to buy the property and the actual shooting of the picture, and there had been such a mammoth effort involved in the production—handling the huge crew and moving to locations in the snow and the heat—that by the time he was in the middle of the movie he no longer remembered why he had wanted to do it. He wasn't even sure any longer what it was about—the script had been rewritten so often—and he was so damned tired of the whole thing that it died on him, and when he and the editor finally tried to put the pieces together it just wouldn't take off. That's the danger of expensive epics, and I suspect that this—or something like it—is what happened to Arthur Penn on "Little Big Man."



"Little Big Man" is a film one wants to like. It's Arthur Penn's big one—a hip epic that, though it stays fairly close to the Thomas Berger novel, also seems to represent Arthur Penn more fully than his earlier pictures did, since this time he is free to bring to the center the social consciousness that appeared before in disguised and fragmentary form. He has earned great good will, and because this film comes at the end of a terrible year for American movies, and because he was robbed of prizes for "Bonnie and Clyde," and because "Alice's Restaurant," despite its weaknesses, was an attempt to get at something, one wants to see him come into his own. Still, it takes great moral authority as well as great aesthetic authority to place white murderousness at the heart of a comic, picaresque narrative about the events that led up to Custer's Last Stand, and here, somehow, the different kinds of authority that are necessary don't merge to make one feel, Yes, that's it. You wind up disappointed, wishing you'd liked it better. It goes wrong in a subtle way—the wrongness seeping into your bones, so that when the movie is over, you don't really feel like talking about it. I think part of what happens is that we overreact to the charm and comedy of the farfetched, tall-story beginning, savoring the one-thing-after-another yarn, like adults rediscovering the taste of ice cream, and when the film turns messagey we are dismayed. That is what we liked it for not being. When the movie goes into the first of its three big massacre sequences, we can see that the change was prepared for, but we had been rejecting that preparation. We didn't want "Little Big Man" to turn into *another* movie that shows us how we should be against ourselves.

Dustin Hoffman has the leading role—Jack Crabb, an American Candide whose adventures take him back and forth between the red man's culture and the white man's culture. Hoffman is mannered and maybe a little cute, but at the outset that seems fine, because although he's the star, Jack Crabb is a peripheral character—an observer on the edge of the events. For roughly an hour, the comic tone is pleasantly askew. Amusing characters turn up and disappear and turn up again throughout the film: Faye Dunaway as a preacher's wife; Jeff Corey as Wild Bill Hickok; Martin Balsam as a swindler getting cheerfully dismantled limb by limb; Chief Dan George as an Indian chief who is part partriarch, part Jewish mother. But after the first hour the massacres start coming, and the speeches, too. Thomas Berger had suggested that the Indians looked like Orientals, but when you notice that Jack Crabb's lovely Indian bride looks Vietnamese you start waiting uneasily for more slaughter. And long before you get to Custer's Last Stand—and the madness-of-military-leaders bit, just the way you got it in Tony Richardson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—you've heard the little click in your brain that says, "Enough."

For the tall tale to function as an epic form, the violence must be wry and peculiar, or surreal and only half believable—insane, as it is in the book, and not conventionally bloody like this. For the mock-heroic, picaresque mode to make sense, the big scenes—the climaxes—must be funny or weird. What is the point of the naïveté and mock-innocence if Penn drops them when he's emotionally engaged? To be successful, the picture should deepen by comic means, and when Penn goes for seriousness he collapses the form of the movie, and it's obvious that the jokes and the relaxed episodes are just filler for the violence. In the past, Penn has demonstrated a talent for making violence both lyrical and startlingly comic, but this time he loses the touch that might have made the movie's burlesque ramble through American history culminate in a burlesque vision that said something fresh. The picture needed to get hipper; instead, it goes from hip to straight, and one cancels the other out. The picture goes really bad just before the first massacre—a raid on an Indian camp full of unprotected women and children—when a soldier says that if his wife had been captured by the Indians he wouldn't want her back after she'd been with an Indian, and a moment later one of the leaders of the raid leers with genocidal delight as he goes in for the killing. In scenes like this, Penn loses any claim to sensitivity; this is just crude, ideological filmmaking. The tone of the film gets sombre, and after the second massacre the pace goes slack and solemn, as if to impress us with the film's intentions. Penn's greatest effort is, ironically, wasted, because by the time he gets to his full-scale climax he's lost us; it's a dull anticlimax, and we observe the slaughter without caring about it. He's better on individual acts of violence; he doesn't handle the large crowds at Little Big Horn well. Somehow he has got himself into a situation in which he rarely uses his own special gifts and he doesn't have the skills that are needed. The picture is weak in both the epic and the comic.

The truth is that even while we were laughing at the early part, we were aware that the scenes were likable enough, indifferently genial, not more—the preacher's makeup was a stock-company job, and so was his performance; Faye Dunaway's long false eyelashes stuck in the spectator's eyes; and so on—and we couldn't tell if this was stylization or just a mistake, or a mixture of the two. But we have become so eager to enjoy ourselves at the movies that we giggle at almost anything, even at the dumb joke about a young girl who's disappointed because she isn't raped by the Indians (right after the Indians have killed her family). We giggle hopefully at a clumsy scene in a tent with Jack Crabb giving his all, in turn, to three beckoning Indian girls. We try to find it funny when he is tarred and feathered by his long-lost sister. We smile at a stupid bordello scene and at two-bit homosexual gags. But it's clear that Penn's comic intuition is faulty. When Jack Crabb becomes a gunfighter, the parody of silent comedies is a high spot in the film, and one can make a case for the slow, offbeat timing in the gunfighter's saloon scene with Jeff Corey (who gives one of the few bright performances). But how can one make a case for the timing of the scene in which Jack's sister leaves him because he can't stand shooting people, or the timing of the sequence in Custer's tent when Jack comes to kill him, or the timing of the sequence with the homosexual Indian and the contrary Indian? Many scenes are heavily ill-timed, larded with the extra seconds that kill comedy. The not very funny jokes don't matter much as long as the director stays within the shaggy, relaxed framework. But as the full ambitiousness of the picture develops, all those ragged ends come back to mind. It may seem unfair to judge a talented man trying to do something major so much more harshly than one judges a lesser talent on an easy project, but a man trying to do something big takes a big risk. Whereas previously we saw Penn's gifts, we see his faults as soon as he gets into more than he can handle. We start thinking about all the bum details because the movie is bloody but banal. And we know that if the film didn't have its aspirations and some of Penn's characteristic details, if we just viewed the comedy as comedy, we'd rate it very ordinary.

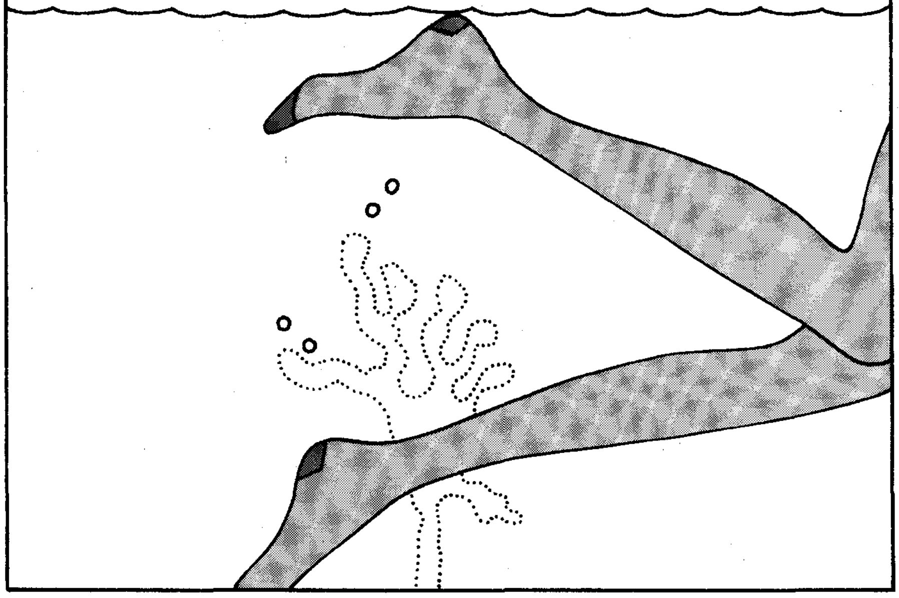
Unfortunately, "Little Big Man" represents the ascension of Arthur Penn. This is his big one in the way "Catch-22" was Mike Nichols' big one. Arthur Penn stays within a smaller range, but you come out of this ten-million-dollar movie feeling that Penn, like Nichols, got into something complex he couldn't bring off. Psychologically, for the audience the picture ends in the second big massacre—a lyrical massacre set in the snow—which is truly horrifying and is the only visually effective sequence in the movie. Specifically, the picture ends—because we can't take any more—when the hero's Oriental-looking bride is killed and her newborn baby's head is blown off. Penn follows this by bringing up the faint sound of the fife-and-drum corps playing a military air, and when the music rises and swells, the movie is diminished. Penn has pushed it into political-ironic terrain when it has gone beyond that; he has cheapened the death he has just shown us.

The hip epic is a tricky form, because it functions without heroes, and when the leading character in a movie doesn't have heroic dimensions, when we don't

When we open our new Florida home this winter, of course the legs of Beautiful Bryans will be there.

Neiman-Marcus

Bal Harbour
Opening January 4



At Hana even the rush-hour traffic is picturesque

HOTEL Hana Ranch
MAUI, HAWAII

For reservations or information see your travel agent or write direct.

Hotel Hana Ranch
Hana, Maui, Hawaii 96713
Please send me information, rates and color brochure.

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... State.......... Zip..........

For over 500 years, Danish kings have been named either Frederik or Christian. For over 100 years, fine Danish furs have been named Birger Christensen. When you've got a good thing going, stick with it.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

Marlborough
GRAPHICS

Our own original, limited and signed editions by such leading European and American artists as Gottlieb, Hepworth, Kitaj, Kokoschka, Lipchitz, Moore, Motherwell, Nicholson, Pollock, Pomodoro, Rivers and Sutherland. Many others. From $70 to $7000.

For illustrated catalogue—
$2 (Incl. Postage)—address:

Marlborough Graphics Inc
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5353

Visit the Marlborough Graphics Gallery on the fifth floor.

SEAMEN'S INNE
MISTICK CT. 1817

For fine dining at
MYSTIC SEAPORT
Tel 203-536-9640 or 536-9649
Route 27 Mystic, Connecticut

really believe in him and aren't emotionally drawn to him, we try to fill the void by fixing our hopes on someone who will make us feel good. Hoffman, with his hopping walk and his nasal vocal tricks, is a good character actor, but one wearies of Jack Crabb's openmouthed bewilderment. One begins to accept handsome old Chief Dan George playing Old Lodge Skins as the central character, because his face draws the camera in a way Hoffman's doesn't; the chief has a radiance that the movie is starved of. (This was also part of the problem with "Alice's Restaurant;" Arlo Guthrie's face didn't invite the camera, either.) The movie lacks richness and audacity, even in its handling of its targets. Custer (Richard Mulligan) is used the way the military leaders in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" were used, only more crudely; he's paper-thin—good for a cartoon or a few jokes. But an epic requires larger figures.

The picture is about genocide—about the Indians and about Vietnam—and what Penn forces us to look at is too horrible for the pious nonsense of the movie's messages. The massacres of the helpless Indians on the screen are, of course, like the massacres of Vietnamese villagers, and this makes a powerful emotional connection. But when Penn tries to use the violence to stand in for a demonstration that white Americans have been racists throughout history, he wants to say something messianic but has nothing clear to say. The new racial interpretations of history that have come up in the last few movie years have become an insult to the audience's intelligence. The old chief tells us that his people "believe everything is alive . . . but the white man, they believe everything is dead." When Jack Crabb asks the old chief why the white soldiers kill women and children, the chief replies that the white creatures "do not seem to know where the center of the earth is" and that "the white man tries to rub things out." This is offensively simple, as is the melodramatic genocidal speech that Custer makes before ordering the butchery of the women and children in the snow massacre. It's Stanley Kramerism, and one expects something different from Penn. Custer—"the Devil"—is like the Germans or the Japanese in Second World War movies, but in this movie, as in others now, we in the audience are also supposed to be the Devil. This reversal is no more honest than putting us with the angels, and we experience the discomforts of guilt, confusion, and disbelief.

THE book "Love Story," by Erich Segal, represents a first in American letters: "Love Story" is the first novelization of a movie to make it to the top of the best-seller lists. The novelization of a movie is a new sub-literary genre, an expansion from the "stories" of the movies which used to appear in fan magazines such as *Screen Stories;* as far as I can determine, novelizations appeared only in paperback until 1966, when "Fantastic Voyage" was the first to cross the barrier into hard-cover. But nothing like the promotion for—or the success of—"Love Story" has been seen before. (One can be sure that movie companies will now take a new interest in the script-into-novel market.) "Love Story" has also been reported to be the most popular hard-cover book in France and England, and the new paperback edition in this country is said to have sold over five million copies. Allowing for hyperbole and halving the figure, that is still one hell of a pile of pulp. The movie's star, Ali MacGraw, is the wife of the head of production of the movie company, and that is not a first. In fact, Miss MacGraw's husband, Robert Evans, became the head of production at Paramount after being selected by Norma Shearer to impersonate her late husband, the producer Irving Thalberg, in a movie. Mr. Thalberg's pictures frequently starred Miss Shearer, sometimes as unfortunately as "Love Story" stars Miss MacGraw.

Mr. Segal's little golden movie book runs to about twenty-five thousand words. According to "A Black Glossary," by Hermese E. Roberts, blacks refer to small children, or shorties, as "crumbcrushers." "Love Story" is a perfect example of a literary crumbcrusher. It's a generation-gap variant of a neo-Victorian heart-wringer in the movie tradition of "Madame X," "Imitation of Life," and "Magnificent Obsession," with maybe a little "Dark Victory;" it is written in a snappy, tear-jerking, hard-soft style synthesized from

"A Farewell to Arms" and "The Sun Also Rises." Even allowing for the fact that Paramount pushed it to the top of the best-seller lists, it has been there for an unconscionably long period, and there can be little doubt that it has been read by many people who rarely read anything in hard covers. One would like to find a positive side to this, but I doubt whether those who buy and love "Love Story" will be spurred on to become readers of other books. What could they follow it with that wouldn't be a disappointment? I doubt whether even the breathless, gosh-gee-whiz-can-all-this-be-happening-to-me TV-celebrity-author himself could cap this shlock classic with another.

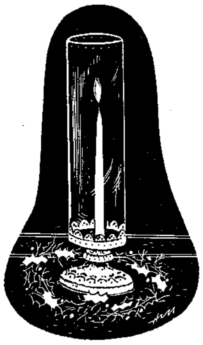
The book is narrated by a rich Wasp boy who breaks with his family when he marries a poor Italian Catholic girl. Their love is near-perfect, but then he learns she is going to die. Here is our hero addressing God on the subject of his Jenny's leukemia before she learns about it:

> I don't mind the agony, sir, I don't mind knowing as long as Jenny doesn't know. Did you hear me, Lord, sir? You can name the price.

But she finds out, just after he has planned to take her on a last whirl to Paris:

> "I don't want Paris. I don't need Paris. I just want you—"
>
> "That you've got, baby!" I interrupted, sounding falsely merry.
>
> "And I want time," she continued, "which you can't give me."
>
> Now I looked into her eyes. They were ineffably sad. But sad in a way only I understood. They were saying she was sorry. That is, sorry for me.
>
> We stood there silently holding one another. Please, if one of us cries, let both of us cry. But preferably neither of us.

I doubt if a cynic could fake this. I don't mean to suggest that Segal is as gaga as this book—only that a part of him is. The book has curious lapses suggesting that the author sometimes slipped from his fantasy-hero into a fanciful self-infatuation, as in the passage in which the hero resolves "to tell nobody, to shoulder the entire burden" himself. He lies to his boss, Mr. Jonas, in order to stay close to his dying wife, and then speculates, "Oh, Christ, Mr. Jonas, when you find out the real reason!" Since the real reason is his nobility, how extraordinary that he should be anticipating his boss's future recognition of it. Slips like this make one think that Segal isn't a total fake, that he really does fantasize on this level.



His unworldly-worldly fantasy provides the movie business with a rare opportunity for a killing, at a minimum in production costs. On the screen, it can satisfy the desire for a 1944 movie which seems to afflict television watchers; that is, a movie that reflects an orderly world—one devastated by war but one in which Americans still felt like a moral people and could luxuriate in virtue. That desire for a reassuring moral universe is probably behind the acceptance of "Ryan's Daughter," and "Love Story"—which takes place as if the outside world *were* still 1944, but without a war—may satisfy a national (perhaps international) longing. It deals in private passions at a time when we are exhausted from public defeats, and it deals with the mutual sacrifice of a hard-working, clean-cut pair of lovers, and with love beyond death.

This thing is so instinctively, plus manipulatively, engineered to leave 'em crying that it could hardly fail commercially even if the actors were programmed by Terry Southern to make obscene gestures at the audience at ten-second intervals. The weeping audience probably wouldn't notice, any more than it cares that just about every detail in the movie is phony and off—from having the boy's Brahmin father live and speak in a style that was already a comedy convention in the thirties to the way the hero stands with his girl during his Harvard Law School commencement exercises, from the cutie-pie strong language she uses when she's talking to the children's choir in church to the way she, a brilliant music major at Radcliffe, mispronounces "Köchel" on her deathbed. Those who are susceptible to this sort of movie may not even notice that Ali MacGraw is horribly smug and smirky, though if you share my impulses, whenever she gets facetious you'll probably want to wham her one. It's a role that the young Katharine Hepburn might have redeemed by her eccentricity and intensity; Miss MacGraw has neither. It might have been better if she hadn't tried to act at all; she didn't try to act much in "Goodbye, Columbus," and that was fine, because she was supposed to be an insensitive bitch anyway, and she looked beautiful. She isn't supposed to be a bitch this time, and from some angles she doesn't look so good, either (though she used to

Tequila Mariachi.
It makes a lady
out of Margarita.

Because Tequila Mariachi is made for north-of-the-border tastes, whatever you mix becomes that much more civilized. Like the Margarita: ½ oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. lime juice, 2 oz. Tequila Mariachi.

Tequila Mariachi—tequila for gringos.

PRODUCT OF
MEXICO
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
TEQUILA
Mariachi

Imported Tequila • 80 Proof.
Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

MORE
AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE
FLIPPING
OVER
"NEW YORK'S
BIGGEST
LITTLE HOTEL"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV • ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St. just east of Park Ave., N.Y. 10016
Tel. (212) 686-1600

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50 Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

be a marvellous model), and her attempts at classy repartee are destroyed by nose-flaring, lip-curling amateurishness. As the hero, Ryan O'Neal, the Rodney Harrington of TV's "Peyton Place," holds the picture together—somewhat. His performance is not the kind I care much about—sincere, vulnerable movie heroes generally not being equipped for much besides trite suffering—but O'Neal knows how to be emotional without being a slob, and in this unskilled, mediocre piece of moviemaking (Arthur Hiller directed) his professionalism shines. "Love Story" will not be the first disgraceful movie that has laid waste the emotions of a vast audience, though it may be one of the most ineptly made of all the lump-and-phlegm hits.

Yet even if Ryan O'Neal were as incompetent as Miss MacGraw, "Love Story" would probably still have the smell of a winner. Those who sob away can flatter themselves that the picture must have been beautifully done—or they wouldn't have been so affected. "Love Story" is lucky in its timing, and a lot more than luck went into the timing. The book has been promoted from the start as an antidote to dirty books and movies, as if America were being poisoned by them. Erich Segal (in another compartment of his life a translator of Plautus) used as his sales pitch an attack on "Portnoy's Complaint" and Henry Miller's novels; this picture employs its few shock words repeatedly, but in that old blue way that Broadway does—so, of course, Segal isn't considered foul-mouthed. The movie has been pushed to attract the audience for the "clean and wholesome," the way "The Sound of Music" did, and to attract the kids who loved Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet," because this is a "contemporary" R. & J. story. It has been acclaimed by *Variety*, in a review that might have been written by the Vice-President himself, as a "rare breath of fresh air in the smog of contemporary cinema psychoneurosis." The review goes on, "And not just because Arthur Hiller's sensitive and restrained direction tells a story so touching that tears may be shed without any embarrassment whatsoever. But rather because this gentle romantic tragedy succeeds in conveying some timeless universal human ideals of emotional commitment in a contemporary frame of reference."

In itself, a love idyll like this may seem harmless, but it won't be by itself for long. Given the way movie companies work, it heralds the return of the weepies. The original-soundtrack recording (on a Paramount label) includes such compositions as "Theme from Love Story," "Snow Frolic," "The Christmas Trees," "Skating in Central Park," and "Bozo Barrett." Bozo Barrett is the name that the hero suggests for the child he and his doomed Jenny never have. The picture represents what one had hoped might have been laughed off the screen forever, and it heralds something worse. An audience that's swimming in tears, drowning in seas of virtue, can be a very self-righteous audience. Sentimentality and repression have a natural affinity; they're the two sides of one counterfeit coin.

Strangely, since the book was written after the script, the movie omits the emotional climax of the book, the climax that turns even some hardened, laughing readers to jelly—when, after the wife's death, the hero falls into his father's arms and cries. This was the reconciliation that the dead girl sought, the only thorn in their perfect love having been his refusal to try to understand his father. In the book, it is a Freudian generation gap, and the son has been as helplessly at fault as the father (who in the book is the head of the Peace Corps). Significantly, although the book seemed as opportunistic as is possible, the finished film goes a step further. In order (I assume) to flatter the young movie audience, the reconciliation scene is left out, and the hero ignores his father and remains alone with his memories. The movie thus posits a hopeless, unbridgeable gulf between the generations, even though no basis for conflict is presented, since the son becomes a respectable lawyer and gives no indication of having values that are different from his father's. The movie plays it every which way with the mass audience. A generation gap for the young audience, but no changed values that might upset the "Airport" crowd. It's calculation like this that earns a movie praise for being pure and fresh and idealistic.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

"At which age, if any, do you feel a U.S. Conman should retire from office and not run for reelection?"

—*Poll in the Boston Globe.*

Right away. Never mind how old he is.

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 16

THE highly disruptive week of slowdown by electricity-supply workers all over Britain, which raised the public's temperature to the boiling point as lights and cookers went cold, is now over, but things are not expected to get back to normal for a few days more. Nothing is really settled, either. The unions, in the contented general view, accepted a defeat by agreeing to start full work again unconditionally while awaiting the findings of a court of inquiry (to be constituted on the Government's terms) on their inflationary pay claim, which was the cause of their unpopular work-to-rule. If the court recommends, as is fervently hoped by most people, that they accept the ten-per-cent raise offered by the Electricity Council, or even fixes a lower figure, they can reject it and take industrial action again, so the outlook is still bleak.

Although last week was not bright here in any sense of the word, it did shed a burst of illumination on something new and important in the situation. The British have suddenly awakened, it seems, and gone on strike themselves against the unceasing industrial hijacking of the nation. When the Government decided to dig in and fight the electricity workers' pay claim, all kinds of people everywhere, regardless of politics, signalled unmistakably that they had been waiting for a Prime Minister who would do just that. Back of all the angry execrations of the powerhouse men for the discomforts, at best, and the dangers to life for the old, the very young, and the sick, at worst, which they had chosen to inflict on Britain at this cheerless time of year, a steady rumble of opinion went on repeating that it was about time something was done to stop "it"—"it" being free-for-all inflation, which started galloping way out of sight when the Wilson Government allowed a stampede of costly wage boosts to get by last spring. Possibly the extraordinary violence of the feeling running against the electricians surprised them and their leaders, as it has certainly embarrassed them. After all, in the last few months the dockers, the miners, and the Council workers all managed to wrest inflationary pay lifts for themselves without the Government's saying anything much, and with the public's simply muttering behind its newspapers as usual. To many of Mr. Heath's anxious supporters, indeed, the time to stop "it" seemed to be slipping dangerously past for a party that won the election partly because it was expected to tackle inflation more vigorously than Labour had done. It is true that the latest of these capitulations—last month's big rise for the badly paid Council workers, who had a good deal of public sympathy—was the much-criticized recommendation of a court of inquiry that did not seem to have heard of any particular national interest in halting wage settlements in their frightening soar. The electricity unions, which got a ten-per-cent increase last year (that would have looked wildly inflationary only a short time back), asked for more than twenty per cent this time around. It is unfortunate that all the fury should have descended on their heads, for they have a record of moderate leadership and remarkably good productivity—which latter, they trust, will influence the court of inquiry's decision. Letters have been pouring into the postbags of ministers and Tory M.P.s, apparently, and into the newspaper correspondence columns, too, in which the writers (some of whom added irritably that they were taking up their pens by the light of one candle and a large, pale winter moon, suddenly seen properly by Londoners for the first time since the war) urged the Government not to budge an inch from its offer. If the settlement turns out to be much higher, the M.P.s will certainly have a lot of awkward explaining to do when they visit their constituencies.

At the moment, however, the Government is coming in for congratulations all around over its handling of the crisis—a novelty for it of late. There had been a marked sagging in the Heath Government's popularity since the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his October minibudget, administered the first sharp dose of the Conservative prescription for making all but the very neediest citizens start paying more for services formerly provided, or partly so, by the state. Then the Prime Minister was roundly scolded by the economic journalists for publicly repeating (on television to the nation, and to critical listeners at the Lord Mayor's Guildhall banquet) that there is no shortcut salvation for Britain in going back to a statutory wage freeze—an idea he has all along rejected. In that loud, strong voice that always sounds as though he were hailing someone from a bobbing boat in a Force 9 gale, he has gone on saying that the country must opt for a complete change of course or heart and save itself voluntarily by its own exertions. Sitting dry and skeptical at their desks in Fleet Street, most of the leading pundits thought this a tall order. Since viewing the enormous upsurge of eagerness with which people showed last week that they understood what the Government was trying to do, many relieved Conservatives feel that Mr. Heath's chances of pulling it off look better.

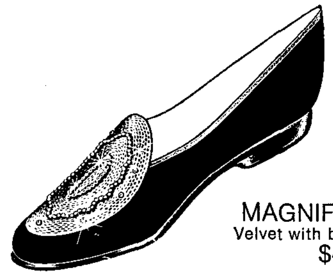
The go-slow certainly concentrated public attention on Parliament this week when Mr. Robert Carr, the immensely able Secretary of State for Employment and Productivity, looking gray with the weariness of his weekend of successfully talking down the electricity leaders, introduced the second reading of his huge and important Industrial Relations Bill. This sets out, for the first time in British industrial history, a full charter of rights for employers and workers, including measures for penalizing wildcat strikes. It has aroused hysterical opposition in some union circles and overwhelming approval from the fed-up general public (though, goodness knows, not many citizens can have plowed through its hundred and fifty clauses). The Labour front bench was delicately placed for attacking it, since Mr. Wilson's Government had also proposed modernizing industrial legislation and then meekly dropped the whole thing into the wastepaper basket at the first rumble of anger from the unions. During last week's debate in the Commons, Mr. Wilson promised to repeal the bill when Labour returned to power—possibly a rash undertaking, in view of the high feeling going around last week.

London is still not exactly a city glittering with Christmas preparations, for the emergency order that the Government issued just before the crumbling of the go-slow forbade lighting in shopwindows and the switching on of cozy, glowing advertising signs, and the order will stay until next week, to nurse along the run-down current. Citizens are still being asked to ration their lights and washing machines and electric fires voluntarily, as they did manfully all last week. Luckily, the weather was not very cold, though fog moved in one evening to thicken the

Hand made
De Busschere

MAGNIFIQUE
Velvet with beading
$49.50

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.



ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
JOSE GRECO
AND HIS COMPANY
Never a
cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA
that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

Decalcomania Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10022

areas of blackout. The rota of cuts, mostly for four hours at a time, was announced in the papers every day, so that people knew roughly when to expect to find themselves groping in disconcertingly abrupt blackness for suddenly precious candles. These disappeared completely from shops all over the country, and householders were often down to raiding the fancy ones bought for the Christmas table or the baby's night light, or even to trying out contraptions that the B.B.C. cheerily instructed viewers to make out of a piece of string floating in a jam jar of oil and water. During the cuts, the big London stores simply turned the customers out and closed their doors, for fear of shoplifters, though in smaller businesses trade went on trustingly, if murkily. Now everyone has his particular anecdote of the week's domestic discomforts or (for old-age pensioners living in carefully all-electric flats, for instance) downright misery, as though recounting bomb stories in the war. It was, perhaps, a sort of war, and it is not finished yet, unfortunately. But at least the other unions, including the railwaymen, who are queuing up to present their own substantial claims in the near future, may have noted how millions of their fellow-countrymen and women feel about it.

THE National Portrait Gallery has put on a delightful Samuel Pepys exhibition to celebrate the publication of the first volumes of the splendid first complete edition of the diaries, edited by Robert Latham, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and William Matthews, professor of English at the University of California. Since Pepys' will directed that the manuscripts of the diaries were to be kept by Magdalene College and never removed from its custody, the exhibition seems to be in the position of King Charles without his head, but so much of the man has been ingeniously put together for the show that the great omission is hardly noticed. Visitors enter through a narrow passageway lined with a sort of visual diary of the well-fleshed Pepys face on its progress from plump young man to Mr. Secretary, as recorded by the painters of the day. Opposite these multiple likenesses, so that they are looking across at it as the original must often have done from his pew during dull sermons at St. Olave's, is the memorial bust of his dead wife that he caused to be placed there—surely the strangest, most social bit of mourning sculpture ever seen in a church. Mrs. Pepys, wearing a modishly revealing dress and dangling earrings, has her pretty, gabby mouth half open and her long neck turned vivaciously, as though just about to relate some choice morsel of gossip to her spouse at a party—caught to the life, one would say. The exhibition was designed by Julia Trevelyan Oman, well known as a brilliant stage designer, and it includes fascinating, marvellously complete reconstructions of Pepys' bedroom, dining room, and library. While recorded lutes and singers supply a background of contemporary music (including an air by Pepys, a gifted performer on five instruments), the visitors peer over one another's shoulders into the rich, cluttered interiors, which their owner seems to have quitted only a moment ago, leaving his pen and spectacles thrown down on his desk papers, his crumpled napkin on a chair, and a half-gnawed apple lying among the fine mess of dishes on his table. To Londoners dropping in out of the gloomy streets last week, the most popular of the many portraits was the one of Nell Gwyn painted by Verelst, her charming topless bosom so dazzling in its whiteness that it appears to be incandescent.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

TRENTON, Nov. 30—Gov. William T. Cahill told Mayor Kenneth B. Gibson of Newark today that there were not enough votes in the Legislature to approve a 2 per cent city payroll tax to be collected from employes.

As an alternative, the Governor, a Republican, asked Mr. Gibson to accept a 2 per cent city tax on payrolls to be collected from employes. Such a tax proposal already has been introduced in the State Senate, and there were indications tonight that it stood a fairly good chance of approval there.—*The Times.*

That's known in politics as the New Jersey Alternative.

•

SN CORRECTION

Roger Funk, associate professor of art, will discuss "Photographic Possibilities with a Christmas Theme," not the "Pornographic Possibilities" as reported in Wednesday's State News.

The discussion, sponsored by the MSU Business Women's Club, will be held at noon Dec. 9 in 114-A Kresge Art Center.
—*Michigan State News.*

That was a close one, eh, girls?

MUSICAL EVENTS

Finest "Fidelio"

THE Beethoven's-birthday performance of "Fidelio" at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday night was the best-directed production of this opera that I have ever seen. Otto Schenk, the man in charge of staging, made every character believable; awkward moments such as Leonore's pointing of the pistol at Don Pizarro looked perfectly natural; and there were dozens of details—the tough shrewishness of Marzelline (who, after all, has lived among some pretty tough characters), Leonore's fainting fit after the confrontation with Don Pizarro, the appearance of the soldiers in apertures above the stage during the first choral scene, and so on—that brought many a dull episode to life. Boris Aronson created a ramshackle set that turned from coal-black to a metallic glow according to the lighting that was thrown upon it, and that became almost transparent in the last scene, letting in the daylight. This set, though I thought it was a bit chic, with its desiccated scabs of material and general *objet-trouvé* look, at least conveyed the dour atmosphere of the opera, and served cleverly for all the scenes. Mr. Aronson's costumes were superb—soldiers right out of Goya; a uniform for Don Pizarro that made him look like an officer of the Wehrmacht; a red wig and a loudly colored cap for Marzelline; and a gentleman's coat and riding breeches for Leonore. Then, there was the shrewd and experienced conducting of that admirable professional Karl Böhm, who held back the work's climaxes and produced a fine reading of the score. I shall not comment on the opera itself (its strengths and weaknesses are well known) except to observe how modern it is in feeling. The libretto has an almost Brechtian air, even though it is infused with a degree of humanity that is all Beethoven. Clumsy or not, it is the work of one of the great humanitarian thinkers of all time. The cast, for the most part, was excellent. Jon Vickers sang the role of Florestan more eloquently than I had ever heard him sing it and as magnificently as I have ever heard it sung. Walter Berry was a chilling Don Pizarro, Giorgio Tozzi the ideal good-natured, shambling carrier-out-of-orders as Rocco, and John Macurdy the perfect gentleman-to-the-rescue as Don Fernando. And the beauty of Mr. Tozzi's singing was exceptional. Leonie Rysanek, as Leonore, was in reasonably good voice, and her high notes came through brilliantly. Judith Blegen, a comparative newcomer and a singer entirely new to this cast, made a special impression, both as actress and as singer, in the role of Marzelline. Everybody acted well, for that matter, and for this I give credit to Mr. Schenk as well as to the members of the cast.

THIS was the Metropolitan at its best, and perhaps this is the place to unburden myself about the institution, its traditions, and its new general manager, Goeran Gentele, who is to take over in 1972. Nearly every time a new general manager appears on the scene, a statement is made to the effect that the theatrical side of the Metropolitan productions is going to be improved, and Mr. Gentele, like Mr. Bing before him, has issued such a statement. This is fine. We will have to wait, however, to see whether, in working with the ponderous machinery of the Met, Mr. Gentele is able to bring his idea to fruition. What interests me more in Mr. Gentele's various announcements to the press is that he is going to have a permanent—and, one hopes, authoritative—musical director. This is what has been lacking for many years during the Bing regime, and it is a post of the highest importance, on which much of the Met's artistic prestige depends.

As Mr. Gentele probably already knows, the Metropolitan is a very special opera house. It produces in four languages about twice the amount of opera that Covent Garden, for example, does, and it has a much longer opera season. Rehearsal time is more limited at the Metropolitan than it is at any other major opera house, and getting distinguished productions like last week's "Fidelio" onto the stage is a difficult thing to do. However, there are failures at the Met today that depend on other factors, and I hope that they can be eliminated under the new regime. First of all, the Met has increasingly bound itself to the international-star merry-go-round, which is to say that it has increasingly tended to hire big-name singers with aeronautic careers. This may be good for the box office (the experience of the New York City Opera would seem to prove that it is not, or at least not necessarily), but it is incontrovertibly bad for performances. Many of the international stars—especially the Italians—are very poorly trained. They have gorgeous natural voices and no idea what to do with them. And usually they are poor actors. If you import and shuffle enough of these people through a series of performances, you turn the Metropolitan into an opera factory where singers are hustled in and out of productions like spare parts. As for big-name international star directors and stage designers, I need only mention the fiasco of Jean-Louis Barrault's "Carmen" and the conspicuous consumption, without any notable result, of several of Cecil Beaton's recent sets. But the biggest failure is the absence of a fine musical director and of a staff of permanent conductors of high rank. What I, for one, would like to see at the Metropolitan is a strong resident company, consisting, insofar as it is practicable, of American singers, with resident scenic designers, resident directors, and resident conductors. International star singers are all to the good, too, even if most of them can't act, and let us have them, by all means, from time to time. But the day-to-day doings at the Met should be in the hands of able singers who make New York their headquarters. I realize that important singers wish to sing in other opera houses now and then. Good, as long as their first loyalty is to the Met. The resident-company idea would enable casts to familiarize themselves with productions and performances as they are done at the Met, and thus minimize some of the difficulties that are inevitable in an opera house that puts on a performance every night or day of the week.

Another besetting trouble at the Met is that the morale of the company is very low. The morale of the orchestra is poor because of the scarcity of great conductors in the pit, which is sometimes presided over by virtual amateurs, and because there is far too much turnover in conductors. No orchestra can do its best when it is working under four or five conductors a week and with a considerable change of conductors every season. Then, there is the morale of what might be called the "middle-management" echelon—what the Met calls stage directors. The job of these men can never be creative. They put together, by the book, productions that may have been conceived by some eminent director as much as, or more than, a decade ago. They dare

"Outrageous...one of the zaniest shows to hit town in many a season."
—Clive Barnes, *The New York Times*

"Not since Flanders and Swann have I seen a team of two men offer such a satisfying show."
—Richard Watts, *New York Post*

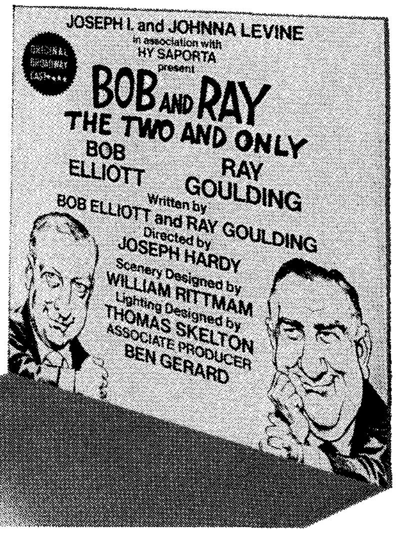
"I laughed until my sides literally hurt and tears of joy poured down my puss."
—Stewart Klein, *WNEW-TV*

"It is so nice to have a show that keeps you rolling in the aisles."
—Judith Crist, *NBC-TV*

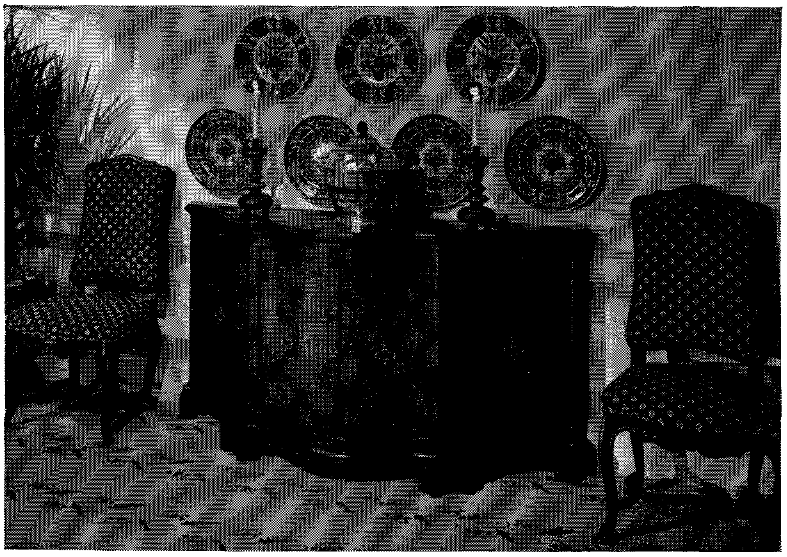
"I almost fell out of my chair and I wasn't alone."—John Schubeck, *WABC-TV*

Now you can laugh just as much in the privacy of your own home, with Columbia's Original Cast Recording. Including the world's slowest talker, the man who keeps wild boars in his apartment, the man who won the Beautiful Face contest, and the rest of Bob and Ray's incredible troupe.

On Columbia Records



® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



"The Baker Book"—a new, handsomely bound permanent reference.
Over 500 choice designs, room settings and color plates. $5.00.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
3212 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company

not deviate from established blueprints. They never get a chance to direct anything freshly on their own, and they have no place to go. All that has been said about them can also be said of the assistant conductors. No enlightened business establishment would leave its middle management in a position like this, with no opportunity for advancement. Many talented men have left the Metropolitan after serving a few years in these departments. One of them who comes to mind is Tibor Kozma, a conductor of considerable distinction, who departed ten years ago. The ideal method of handling the situation is to apprentice younger conductors to the experienced great man who is the chief stage director or the musical director, and then to let them emerge as directors or conductors as the opportunity arises. And one more thing needs to be emphasized. The supervision of casting should be in the hands of the musical director. It is he who has the responsibility for the musical results.

The Bing administration has had its triumphs. When it guessed right, as it did about the Margaret Webster "Don Carlo" that opened Mr. Bing's first season and about last week's "Fidelio," the results have been superb. When it guessed wrong, as it did about the Barrault "Carmen" and, to a lesser degree, the new scenery for "La Traviata," "Elektra," and several other productions, it was very wrong indeed. I do not ask for infallibility. But the risk can be lessened if resident designers and resident directors of known abilities and predilections are put in charge. In general, it may be said of the Bing regime that it has been a regime of unnecessarily lavish stage spectacles, of only occasionally rewarding theatre, of indifferent or widely variable conducting, and of singing that has been sometimes sensational, sometimes not. In French opera, its record has been miserable. There are four reasons people may conceivably go to see and hear opera—décor, drama, voices, and music. Mr. Bing has done fairly well by the first three, and not well at all by the fourth. And do people really go to the opera to see scenery and costumes? I doubt it. Some operas make great drama; some do not. Some are vehicles for great singing, and demand star singers. But *all* demand great conductors who are able to project the musical score according to tradition and the wishes of the composer and who are authoritative enough to deserve the respect of both singers and orchestra.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BOOKS

Death of a Poet

“IMPERTINENT”: the dictionary gives two meanings. The word signifies “irrelevant” and “mildly injurious,” or “insulting.” Obviously, the two senses relate: to consider a thing in terms inappropriate to it, without exact and needed bearing, is to cause it offense. It is, in both meanings, impertinent to “review” Nadezhda Mandelstam’s “Hope Against Hope” (Atheneum), which reads beautifully in the translation by Max Hayward. Nothing one can say will either communicate or affect the genius of the book. To pass judgment on it is almost insolence—even judgment that is merely celebration and homage. There is a small number of books, of articulate lives—these do not often coalesce—about which one keeps one’s mouth shut or says only, “Read this, and then read it again.” What follows is only a way of saying so.

BOX OFFICE
ORCH 4.50
MEZZ 3.75
NOW PLAYING
DANISH DESIRE
TCH! TCH! TCH!
RATED X
NO ONE UNDER 18 ADMITTED
Robt Day

This is the memoir of the nineteen years—from the first of May, 1919, to the first of May, 1938—that Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelstam spent with her husband, Osip Mandelstam. Mandelstam—M. throughout the book—was one of the master poets of Russian, perhaps of world literature, though he was also a man fantastically apart and hermetic in his work. On May Day of 1938, the anniversary of Socialist utopia, “he was led away, pushed from behind by two soldiers. We had no time to say anything to each other—we were interrupted when we tried to say goodbye.” Stalin’s hoodlums did Mandelstam to death—it is not known when or where. Mme. Mandelstam has labored twenty years to try and find out. It may have been starvation or maltreatment in one of the transit camps near Vladivostok. There was a typhus epidemic. There was no issue of clothing in the transit camps, and when the great frosts came a thin man with a torn coat would die quickly. But there were stubborn rumors of survival—hints that Osip Mandelstam was still alive in the Arctic mines, that he died later, in the butchering chaos of the war years. M. lived on in camp legend “as a demented old man of seventy who had once written poetry in the outside world and was therefore nicknamed ‘The Poet.’ And another old man—or was it the same one?—lived on in the transit camp at Vtoraya Rechka, waiting to be shipped to Kolyma, and was thought by many people to be Osip Mandelstam—which, for all I know, he may have been.” One would, of course, want to know more of the death, of the bestowal in the long ditches, of a man whose poems, though obscure, may be of the measure of Pushkin, whose presence will, through this memoir, become a classic moment in human feeling. But “That is all I have been able to find out about the last days, illness, and death of Mandelstam. Others know very much less about the death of their dear ones.”

This is not strictly true. For M.’s death began a long time before—as early, I suppose, as the spring of 1919, when the twenty-eight-year-old poet and Nadezhda Yakovlevna Khazina, aged twenty, first met. It was to be a bad year. In response to the assassination of Uritski, head of the Petrograd secret police, and the wounding of Lenin the same day, Bolshevik terror went into gear. More than five hundred hostages were executed immediately. Mme. Mandelstam associates news of this massacre with her first meeting with M. This may be the only point at which her memory falters: the meeting took place in May, the bloodbath in August. But the issue is plain. From the outset of their life together, M. was on borrowed time, simply because he was a human being of exceptional truth and nervous singularity, because he was a poet of genius in a society that murdered even talent, because he was a Jew and thus marked as a stranger to barbarism. And he must have known it. There is scarcely one of his major poems or prose fantasies from which there is absent either a scrupulous intimation of death or a reference, often secret and amused, to the clandestine wonder of another day of life. The only surprise is that that wonder lasted as long as it did.

“They visited us on the night of May 13, 1934.” In the presence of Akhmatova, M.’s closest friend and herself one of the great Russian poets. And of an egg, scrounged by M. to feed her in a season of hunger. The secret police were looking for a poem, a sixteen-line epigram on Stalin dated November,

How to gain the advantages of investment management for a $5,000 to $50,000 portfolio

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. N-37.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • ***Incorporated 1936***

NEW LIFE
FOR YOUR FAVORITE TIES

Our own unique method of cleaning, hand-pressing and rolling edges restores original beauty.

COMPLETE SERVICE FOR TIES:

CLD. & WID. OR NAR. .... $4.00 ea. 6 @ $3.75
CLEANED .... $2.00 ea. 6 @ $1.90
WIDENED OR NARROWED .... $2.00 ea.
SHORTENED .... $2.25 ea.
LENGTHENED .... $2.75 ea.
NEW WOOL INTERLINING .... $2.00 ea.
NEW SILK LININGS .... $3.25 ea.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

THE TIE CLINIC
Mail Order Dept. N-23
755 Dean St., B'klyn, N.Y. 11238
663 Fifth Ave. N.Y. 152 W. 42nd St. N.Y.
133 E. 58th St. N.Y. 120 Liberty St. N.Y.
Enclose payment, save return postage

LUNCHEON • DINNER
The Yellowbird Room
The Pierre
5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

Fine Foods
Cocktails
CLEVELAND, O.
(Public Square & Hanna Building)
BEACHWOOD, O. ROCKY RIVER, O.
AKRON, O. COLUMBUS, O.
ATLANTA, GA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
The Pewter Mug
Estab. 1962

1933. There is a translation in this book. It is one of the rare acts of political satire in literature that can be said to be, at least in translation, a very powerful poem, reaching far beyond rage and its occasion. It tells of the death of human meaning under Stalinist terror, of the total dead silence in the land, of the animal sounds uttered by those who dance attendance:

> Around him a rabble of thin-necked leaders—
> Fawning half-men for him to play with.
> They whinny, purr, or whine
>
> As he prates and points a finger....

It is a poem which says that in a society of animal noises and death-quiet there must be a poet to speak out if the language is to live and memory to have any pride. That, I imagine, is why Mandelstam recited these sixteen lines to a small circle of friends, Pasternak and Ehrenburg among them. (Not all were entranced. Some years later, Pasternak complained, mysteriously, "How could he write a poem like that when he's a *Jew*?" And Ehrenburg thought it untypical of M.'s work.) One of the small circle betrayed Mandelstam. Mme. Mandelstam seems to know who it was, and there have been persistent rumors in the West. She does not mention a name. Anyway, what did it matter, when millions of men and women lived in perpetual fear of arrest, of torture, of deportation, when there was scarcely a house without informers? M. had committed a capital crime by thinking his poem, by putting words together in his mind, as might a free man. The reading to his friends, the rapid betrayal to the secret police and to Stalin, were no more than banal accidents in a lunatic landscape. No refuge would serve: "Some were destroyed at a wave of Stalin's hand, others destroyed themselves."

Osip Mandelstam came out of two weeks of investigation a sick, maddened being. There had been thirst, no sleep, and continuous questioning. He tried to commit suicide immediately after his release. There were later occasions: "He pointed at the wide-open window. 'Isn't it time? Let's do it while we're still together.' 'Not yet,' I said, and he didn't argue. I am not sure I was right. We should both have been spared so much torment." The precise design of that torment became clear only gradually. M. was to be kept alive by half. In exile, without work, without the chance to publish a poem, on a string tightened at sudden, absurd moments so that he would choke on it. It is not certain why Stalin did not have him killed at once. Perhaps he was kept in a waiting room for Hell as a warning to others, perhaps Stalin was oddly pleased by the spectacle of so great a gift made helpless. On an earlier occasion, Gorki, then "the boss of Soviet literature," asked to authorize the issue of a pair of trousers and a sweater to M., crossed out the word "trousers" on the voucher and said, "He'll manage without." So, now in exile in Voronezh, M. was to manage three years of winter in half a skin. It is this part of the record which historians and political scientists will fix on. Mme. Mandelstam's account of her and M.'s subsistence in various degrees of administrative limbo during the period 1934-38 is a document of extreme value. She experienced what Orwell imagined: the methodical reduction of human beings to the status of non-persons. Even in the eyes of close friends—Akhmatova was the unwavering exception—Mandelstam ceased to exist. To those who were made cognizant of it—by Nadezhda Mandelstam's desperate appeals for work, for help, for a chance to move a few inches away from living burial—M.'s physical survival, starved, infirm as it was, could only be a threatening enigma. "Anybody who breathes the air of terror is doomed even if nominally he manages to save his life." Hundreds of thousands of ex-human beings were in motion across Russia, refused residence permits, refused residence without permits, barred from work, condemned as parasitic wreckers if they did not have work, cut off from normal human encounter by the leprosy of unstated crimes. Here is Mme. Mandelstam's summary: "Those who worked died of exhaustion, and those who didn't starved to death. . . . The few people who survived were exceptions who proved the rule. . . . The main feature of Russian history, something that never changes, is that every road always brings disaster—and not only to heroes. Survival is a matter of pure chance. . . . We slowly prepared for death, lingering over every minute and relishing it, to keep the taste on our lips."

In that taste is the meaning of this book, its formidable gaiety. Without quoting and quoting, the point is hard to make. Mme. Mandelstam's record is one of hideous desolation. The ruin is irreparable. No one is more scathing about the hope that the inferno of Soviet terror has somehow led to a better future, that all the pain will be cancelled out in some ledger of future social history. Nadezhda Mandelstam is convinced that the lies have bitten too deep: "Every section of the population has been through the terrible sickness caused by terror, and none has so far recovered, or become fit again for normal civic life. It is an illness that is passed on to the next generation, so that the sons pay for the sins of the fathers and perhaps only the grandchildren begin to get over it—or at least it takes on a different form with them." Anyone familiar with the Soviet Union, with Prague after 1968, will know what she means. And yet there is in this memoir a constant celebration, a quiet triumph: in the unfolding fabric of a relationship between three persons—the writer, Akhmatova, and M.—in poetry, in the cunning of the heart when it is set against oblivion. "They take my shadow for questioning," wrote Akhmatova—a phrase that has become a kind of password in the Soviet Union. But the substance endures, exultant.

The point, naturally, is the poetry. It is a safe proposition that "Hope Against Hope" would be a classic even if only those fragments dealing with Mandelstam's habits of composition had survived; detailed observations of how intellectual, artistic work of the first rank gets itself done are exceedingly rare. Cite the letters of Flaubert, of van Gogh, or Poincaré's famous memoir on mathematical intuition, and there has not been very much to add. Mme. Mandelstam's record is of almost unmatched tact and detail. Passage after passage will be studied wherever there is interest in the genesis of poetry and the mechanics of the visionary. We learn of the "hum" in the literal deeps of the poet's consciousness or pre-consciousness:

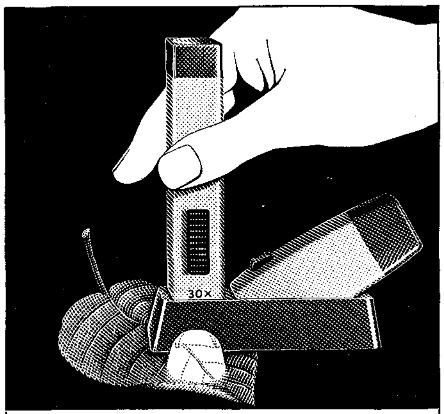
> . . . a poem begins with a musical phrase ringing insistently in the ears; at first inchoate, it later takes on a precise form, though still without words. I sometimes saw M. trying to get rid of this kind of "hum," to brush it off and escape from it. He would toss his head as though it could be shaken out like a drop of water that gets into your ear while bathing. But it was always louder than any noise, radio, or conversation in the same room.

Words form "behind the musical phrase" and the poet's lips begin to move, articulated by a mode of will much deeper, more immediate to feeling, than deliberation. The "hum" sometimes came to Mandelstam in his sleep, but he could never remember it after he awoke. "I have a feeling," writes Mme. Mandelstam, "that verse exists before it is composed. . . . The whole process of composition is one of straining to catch and record something compounded of harmony and sense as it is relayed from an unknown source and gradually forms itself into words. The last stage of the work consists in ridding the poem of all the words foreign to the harmonious whole which existed before the poem arose. Such words slip in by chance, being used to fill gaps during the emergence of the whole. They become lodged in the body of the poem, and removing them is hard work. This final stage is a painful process of listening in to oneself in a search for the objective and absolutely precise unity called a 'poem.' " Each notation here is worth a shelf of literary criticism.

Keats wondered how Shakespeare had *sat* while he was writing certain lines, how and whether the body of a master poet enacts the motion of the poem. In a chapter entitled "Moving Lips," Mme. Mandelstam comes close to answering. Once the "hum" had started, and the levels of internal energy or key-relation been set in oscillation, nothing could stop the composition. When he was composing, entirely in his head, M. had urgent need of physical movement. He would pace the room, his lips moving. "In the first stage the lips move soundlessly, then they begin to whisper and at last the inner music resolves itself into units of meaning: the recollection is developed like the image on a photographic plate." To enclose M. in a sordid room, to keep him from ranging freely, was the ugliest of tortures. Watching the poet fling about like a caged animal, knowing that he could not go into the frozen, hungry streets, Nadezhda Mandelstam "did what I could—lying down on the bed for instance . . . or at least to turn my back on him." And she adds the extraordinary touch that in the years of hunger and terror many simply lay down, waiting for the end: "We all do this. I have spent my whole life lying down." But then would come the rush of the poem, the dictation of a realized music. Realized, yet also subtly diminished by the act of writing, for "poetry only really lives in the poet's own voice."

That emphasis on oral art—characteristic of the Russian literary tradition—gives the book its motive and its triumph. Above all else, Mme. Mandelstam's memoir is the statement of the survival of Osip Mandelstam's poetry and voice against those who were determined to obliterate both. It is a tale of ruse, of courage, of a fantastic ob-

love for 1971
Way out West on Park Avenue . . .
LOVE'S™ Western·Shirt Dress and matching Tote Bag is in machine-washable Acrilan® Acrylic bonded knit. Confetti dot with navy yoke in 7-14 only, about $12.
Lord & Taylor, New York, all stores
The Union, Columbus
Best & Co., Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland
The Denver, Denver
Meier & Frank, Portland
The Grand, Milwaukee
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
© Joseph Love, Inc., N.Y. 10018
WEAR DATED
Monsanto
GUARANTEED FOR ONE FULL YEAR'S NORMAL WEAR, REFUND OR REPLACEMENT WHEN RETURNED WITH TAG AND SALES SLIP TO MONSANTO.



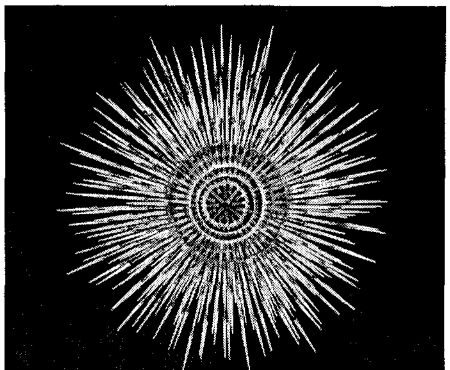
LUMISCOPE
ILLUMINATED 30x MICROSCOPE SYSTEM
Your first look through **LUMISCOPE** will evoke a gasp of surprise and disbelief! Here, in a brilliantly illuminated field you will discover the mini-structure of inanimate and living things. You needn't restrict yourself to static observations. Have you ever watched life within a drop of water? Or the subtle color changes as electricity courses through a resistance wire? These and other fascinating sights can be visible to you with **LUMISCOPE.** The System consists of the Microscope, light attachment (may be used separately as a flashlight), stand and batteries– in fitted case.
Send me: ☐ Standard **LUMISCOPE** $14.95.
☐ Measuring **L'SCOPE** (3mm reticle) $19.95.
I enclose this amount (plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. residents add 5%. Refund in 2 WEEKS if not delighted.
NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
NY1226
584 Washington St. San Francisco, 94111 haverhill's

One of the few remaining Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway.

For reservations:
Call any Western International Hotel, or
N. Y., 661-7300 • Wash, D. C., EN 1-5800
Chicago, 337-8100 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, 397-1464 • Seattle, 682-6161

THE BENSON
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS



STARBURST 27", 3 tiers $150.00

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST. NEW YORK 10021

SAILING for BOYS
Pleasant Bay Cape Cod
A great experience in a magnificent environment for boys, eight through fourteen. Expert training in Sailing, Racing, Survival and swimming. Supplementary Land Sports and Overnight Sailing and Canoeing Expeditions.
June 24th to August 19th.
VIKING
Orleans, Mass. 02653 (617) 255-2739

ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY
Grapetree Bay Hotel
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write direct, see your travel agent or call
Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

stinacy of heart. Most of M.'s poetry and prose has been preserved: "How this happened is the story of my battle with the forces of destruction, with everything that conspired to sweep me away, together with the poor scraps of paper I managed to keep." The secret police rifled the house for those scraps. Informers, provocateurs strove to pry them from the poet and his wife on pretexts of secret admiration and friendship. Those who had heard and treasured M.'s poems were hounded because of that simple fact. Somehow, under perpetual surveillance and terror, Mme. Mandelstam was able to hide copies, to smuggle drafts and rough copies to safety, to leave unimportant papers where the harriers would find them, to stuff unique texts in the kitchen pot. But the primary archive was mental. For much of Mandelstam's work there were no scraps of paper, only an exact echo in the skull. Even in the literature of solitary confinement there is no full precedent for Mme. Mandelstam's account of how she guarded M.'s poetry, and knowledge of its variants, in her head. Working on the night shift in a textile factory, she found herself running between one machine and another in the enormous hangar. "I kept myself awake by muttering M.'s verse to myself." She had to commit everything to memory, in case all papers were taken from her or the people to whom she had entrusted copies burned them in a moment of panic. "I thus spent my eight hours of night work not only spinning yarn but also memorizing verse" (a beautiful collusion, that, of ancient harmonies between the weaver and the poet). Writing in 1964, she notes that in thirty-two years not a line of M.'s poetry has appeared in print. But toward the close of her narrative she agrees with Akhmatova that there is no need of Gutenberg's invention, that Russian poetry endures and prevails in a pre-Gutenberg era of clandestine manuscripts, smudged mimeographs, and the live page of spoken remembrance.

Even more is at stake than the preservation of M.'s ostracized genius, though that purpose has been basic to Nadezhda Mandelstam's existence. It is the crime of silence, of programmed oblivion, that she is struggling against, with her own gifts of perception, of enraged humanity. "If nothing else is left, one must scream"—against all the killers of memory, against those who deliberately destroy or bar from publication the lifework of artists. Stalinism did what no other regime of

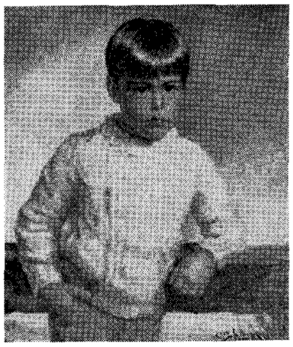
Eastwood Lake; center hall colonial, ½ acre. Lg. lv. rm. w/Fp., Formal din. rm., country kitch., 4 bdrms, Full bsmt. 2 car gar. $31,000.

Locust River; center hall colonial, ½ acre. Lg. lv. rm. w/Fp., Formal din. rm., country kitch., 4 bdrms. Full bsmt. 2 car gar. Conv. to schl buses, comm. RR nearby. Conv. to shopping, near water and beaches. $48,000 .

Amityville; center hall colonial, ½ acre. Lg. lv. rm. w/Fp., Formal din. rm., country kitch., 4 bdrms. Full bsmt. 2 car gar. Conv. to schl buses, comm. RR nearby, conv. to shopping. Ocean view, beautiful beaches and yacht clubs nearby. If you like *to entertain and relax without leaving* home, this is the house for you. $60.000.

If you're relocating to a strange area, finding the right community can be just as difficult as finding the right house. At Homerica we take the time and tension out of both. Counseling relocating families and helping them select the right community and home is our business. The Homerica way is uncomplicated and rapid, and our service is extremely personalized. We know over 5,000 key communities intimately. We can tell you all about those that best suit your family's living patterns: and we'll thoroughly screen them for homes that match your particular specifications.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
200 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111
Write Dept. R1226.
© 1970, Homerica



Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

COOPERATE WITH THE ZIP CODE PROGRAM.
USE ZIP CODE NUMBERS IN ALL ADDRESSES.
THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY
BEACH HOTEL
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write direct, see your travel agent or call
Kermit & Morrow, Inc.

terror has ever sought to do on such a scale: it tore up human memory by the roots and created a fake past, in which even the names of its enemies were to be suppressed. Who has postdated the deaths of all who perished in the camps, asks Mme. Mandelstam, who has made anonymous shades, non-persons of hundreds of thousands of men and women, deported out of verifiable time and place? For too many of the damned there was no escape, no hope of a second life. But the poems did not go gentle into that lying silence. They fought back. Hence the jubilation of this book, the unmistakable ring of contemptuous victory. And M. knew it all the time. The poets were hounded precisely because Russia has always known the subversive power of poetry, because even Stalin feared the maker of words. Osip Mandelstam was aware that there was in the very grimness of persecution a tribute extraordinary to his art. "Why do you complain?" he used to ask. "Poetry is respected only in this country—people are killed for it. There's no place where more people are killed for it." One has a weird feeling that, even at the worst of his suffering, he would not have traded it for another place.

In what must be among the last entries in her memoir, Mme. Mandelstam expresses doubt that her voice and meaning will reach the open world. One can only hope that she now knows something of the measure of her achievement and of what it will convey to the future. She remarks that there is today in Russia a craving for poetry as never before: "It is the golden treasury in which our values are preserved; it brings people back to life, awakens their conscience and stirs them to thought. Why this should happen I do not know, but it is a fact." The diffidence is characteristic, but the statement applies as closely to our own present needs as it does to the possible renascence of the life of the mind in the Soviet Union. In that process, Nadezhda Mandelstam's book will prove indispensable. It leaves one richer, more hopeful than one has a right to be.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FIFTH BUSINESS, by Robertson Davies (Viking). There are a number of stories here—a number of novellas—and Mr. Davies shuffles them so dexterously that he might be a very unusual cardsharp, with pity in his eyes and irony in his hands, or he might be a magic-lantern man, one who likes to jumble the slides a bit to demonstrate that the difference between what is real and what is not is often only a trick of the hands. The stories all begin in a small Canadian village, Deptford, at 5:58 P.M. on the twenty-seventh of December, 1908, when Dunstan Ramsay is ten years and seven months old. Dunstan is a kind, brainy boy who grows up to be a kind and brainy man, curiously balky with himself and with the world, and he is the narrator throughout the book. Then, there is Mrs. Dempster, a towering figure of innocence and enticement, the loved and the unloved elements in her meeting to carry her toward madness. And Paul Dempster, the little boy who runs away from home to become the world's most understandable and most puzzling magician. And Percy Boyd Staunton, a detestable fat child who becomes a detestable well-groomed man, but always much admired, rich to the bursting point, handsome, and horridly clever. There are many others—a Dickensian stream of natural, surprising people who have their few moments on Mr. Davies' moving stage. This is elegant entertainment: soundly original, a really good novel.

GENERAL

THE SELF-INFLICTED WOUND, by Fred P. Graham (Macmillan). An absorbing explication of the Warren Court's criminal-law decisions by a lawyer who is the *Times'* Supreme Court correspondent. Mr. Graham has a clear understanding of the issues and writes with marvellous clarity, but the future of the Court's work, he concludes, is unclear. The poor have always fared worse with the law than the rich, and the Warren Court set out to right as many aspects of this wrong as it could. But, Mr. Graham points out, many learned men have good reasons for doubting whether righting so many wrongs—rather than allowing legislatures and state governments to do so—is the Court's proper Constitutional role. And then the Court decided to protect the rights of suspects and defendants just when the crime rate was soaring—particularly, violent crimes committed by blacks against whites. So the Court suffered white blacklash and legal backlash, as well as political backlash in the attempts of Congress

The Country Store Look.
Something to come back to.

Country Store of Concord Clothes for men, women and children.

The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

ALMOND FLAVOR LIQUEUR:
Amaretto. From Italy. A delicious new flavor for your after-dinner tray. Made from rare select almonds. (It costs somewhat more than ordinary liqueurs). At fine liquor stores. And the best Italian restaurants. Ask for "the Italian almond-flavor liqueur," if you can't remember the name: *Amaretto di Saronno. Il liquore alla mandorla. Amaretto. Dall'Italia. Un tocco insolito e piacevole al vostro after-dinner. Distillato da pregiatissime mandorle selezionate (ecco perchè costa un tantino di più). Nelle migliori bottiglierie e nei ristoranti italiani à la page. Chiedete "il liquore italiano alla mandorla" se vi sfugge il nome:*
AMARETTO
di SARONNO
Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C. 56 proof

One thing every visitor to NEW YORK MUST see:
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY ex. MONDAY • THURS. continuous from 2 P.M.
SAT. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

LYLE STUART Has Slept Here!

The Stuart Place in sensuous Jamaica is now available for weekly rental. Built less than 2 years ago at a cost of more than $200,000, the beautiful residence in which famous publishers, film stars, authors and other celebrities have gathered is at Port Maria on Jamaica's north shore. Contemporary furniture and modern equipment includes centrally air-conditioned bedrooms. Fabulous main house with 2 huge bedrooms (one with large study attached); dressing rooms; 3 bathrooms; modern kitchen; dining room; sun patio; outside bar; playroom; private swimming pool; ballroom size living room that opens onto terrace and panoramic view of the sea. Guest house with 3 double bedrooms; 2 bathrooms; living room; kitchen and verandah; changing room for pool guests; etc. Staff of five includes fine cook and butler—all part of the price! 10½ acres of lovely grounds. Maximum 10 people.

Now renting for only $1,000 a week. ($700 weekly after April 15.)

To reserve the Stuart Place for one or more weeks: Lord Ronald Graham, P. O. Box 16, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W. I. Tel: Ocho Rios 665.

Fielding's guide to the Caribbean plus the Bahamas 1971

"The best" *(Washington Star)* is now completely revised and updated, with new maps, 200 pages longer, and all the latest on cruise ships and island shopping. $7.95
Fielding Publications/William Morrow

SKI-INN
to ski for the season
to dine well
to sleep

Write for SKI · LEASE · INNFORMATION

CHESTER INN
CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

to undo or undercut its decisions. Has the Court's sacrifice of its sacrosanct position been in vain? Not wholly, Mr. Graham thinks, and, balancing plusses and minuses as few readers could do for themselves, he allows us, finally, to decide for ourselves what shape "law and order" should take, and what measures are appropriate all along the way from the policeman's beat up to the bar and the bench.

Another Self, by James Lees-Milne (Coward-McCann). An autobiographical memoir of classic quality. The author, now in his early sixties, was born into the English county aristocracy, was educated (without distinction) at Eton and Oxford, is an architectural writer of note, and served for many years as architectural adviser to the National Trust of Great Britain. He introduces himself as a happy child (whose parents on medical principle kept him barelegged and bare-footed until the age of eight), and he withdraws around the middle of the Second World War, when (in his thirties) he was blown into an Army hospital with a broken spine. His view of his life is progressively slapstick, acerb, and bittersweet. His recollections of his boyhood are entirely in the Mack Sennett mold: there is the runaway horse and carriage in which the floorboards give way and the two passengers drop through to the ground, and "my mother and I . . . shocked beyond measure, had no alternative to running inside the carriage as fast as our legs could carry us." His growing passion for architectural excellence puts an edge on his humor: "On arrival at a large Georgian house in Portman Square (a house of much architectural merit and so, of course, recently demolished) . . ." This is a short book and (in the conventional sense) inconclusive, but it has style and form and lustre. Photographs.

The Knight and Chivalry, by Richard Barber (Scribners). For nearly a millennium, the figure of the knight and the concepts of chivalry dominated the European imagination. With learning, skepticism, and wit, Mr. Barber now presents the reality. His book tells how, century by century, Christianity and heresy and technology transformed a barbarian war party into a social élite whose military skills became less important than its genealogy and elegance. He describes the gradual evolution of the tournament, for instance, from a sport for professionals into a pageant for gentlemen amateurs—a transformation as striking as football's becoming the Daisy Chain. And Mr. Barber's down-to-earth accounts of businesslike medieval battles, which have been described by romancing chroniclers as huge heroic concourses, are truly illuminating. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

A White House Diary, by Lady Bird Johnson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mrs. Johnson began to keep a diary when her husband became President because "I wanted to share life in this house, in these times." But even a diarist whose main concern is recording outward events, like Mrs. Johnson, cannot help portraying herself, and Mrs. Johnson is good company: a nice, warm woman, intelligent—and smart enough to know she has a lot to learn—and totally devoted to her husband, who liked being in the White House, and to her daughters, who did not. Though Mrs. Johnson's experience of politics is extensive—"I have had a long love affair with courthouse squares! To a Texas politician of our time they are what the agora must have been to the Greeks"—her diary is not political. It is, rather, the account of the career of a new, nonpolitical public servant—the President's wife—whose duties, besides dispensing official hospitality and running the White House as a museum, include the active patronage of innumerable causes and what seems to have become a compulsory availability to any group that feels entitled to see her. Mrs. Johnson left this job with relief, though she rarely complained while she was doing it. Nonetheless, one cannot help feeling that we Americans, who decided not to have a royal family, should not expect so much of first families.

◆

"When you analyze the sport," said Dr. James Nixon, the Eagle surgeon, "it is perfectly apparent that advances of the ball at some point and time in the game are made by individuals carrying it." —*Gardon Forbes in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

There's no substitute for straight thinking!

◆

The engravers' contract expired Sept. 30, as did the printers.—*Washington Post.*

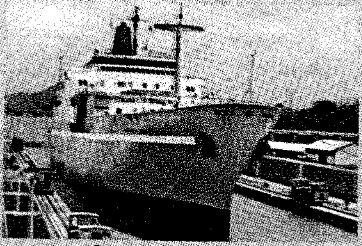
Poor fellows.

The other half of South America. Only the Santa Maria takes you there.

Cruise through the Panama Canal to the west coast of S.A.

There's a South America waiting for you that you've never seen in the travel folders. And Prudential-Grace's 26-day tour will take you there.

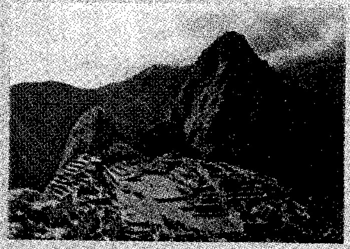
You'll follow the route of the Conquistadors on the Santa Maria or one of our other three beautiful sister ships to places unspoiled by hundreds of clicking cameras and crowded souvenir stands.



Santa Maria passing through the Panama Canal.

You'll stop at Kingston, the capital of exotic Jamaica; Cartagena, the famous Spanish treasure port and Cristobal, the gateway to the Panama Canal. You'll sail through the Canal—one of the world's great sightseeing experiences.

Then to the lush tropics at Guayaquil, the Spanish palaces at Lima; and Machu Picchu, the lofty Inca city.



Machu Picchu, Peru, one of history's wonders.

One of our sister ships (Santa Mariana, Santa Maria, Santa Magdalena or Santa Mercedes) sails from New York every Friday.

On board you'll enjoy magnificent classical cuisine and staterooms with all the comforts of a deluxe hotel but the personal service of a private country club.

South America is ready. Are you? For more information see your travel agent or mail this coupon.

Santa Mariana, Santa Maria, Santa Magdalena, Santa Mercedes.

Every Friday to the Caribbean and South America.
At least 26 days. At least $885. At most 117 people.

Prudential-Grace Lines, Inc.
One Whitehall Street, New York, N. Y. 10004
(212) 344-6000 Dept. NY 12/26

Please send me a full-color brochure on:

☐ Your 26-day cruises to the Caribbean and South America via the Panama Canal.

☐ Your 13-day cruises to the Caribbean and South America with fares from $495.

Name____________________

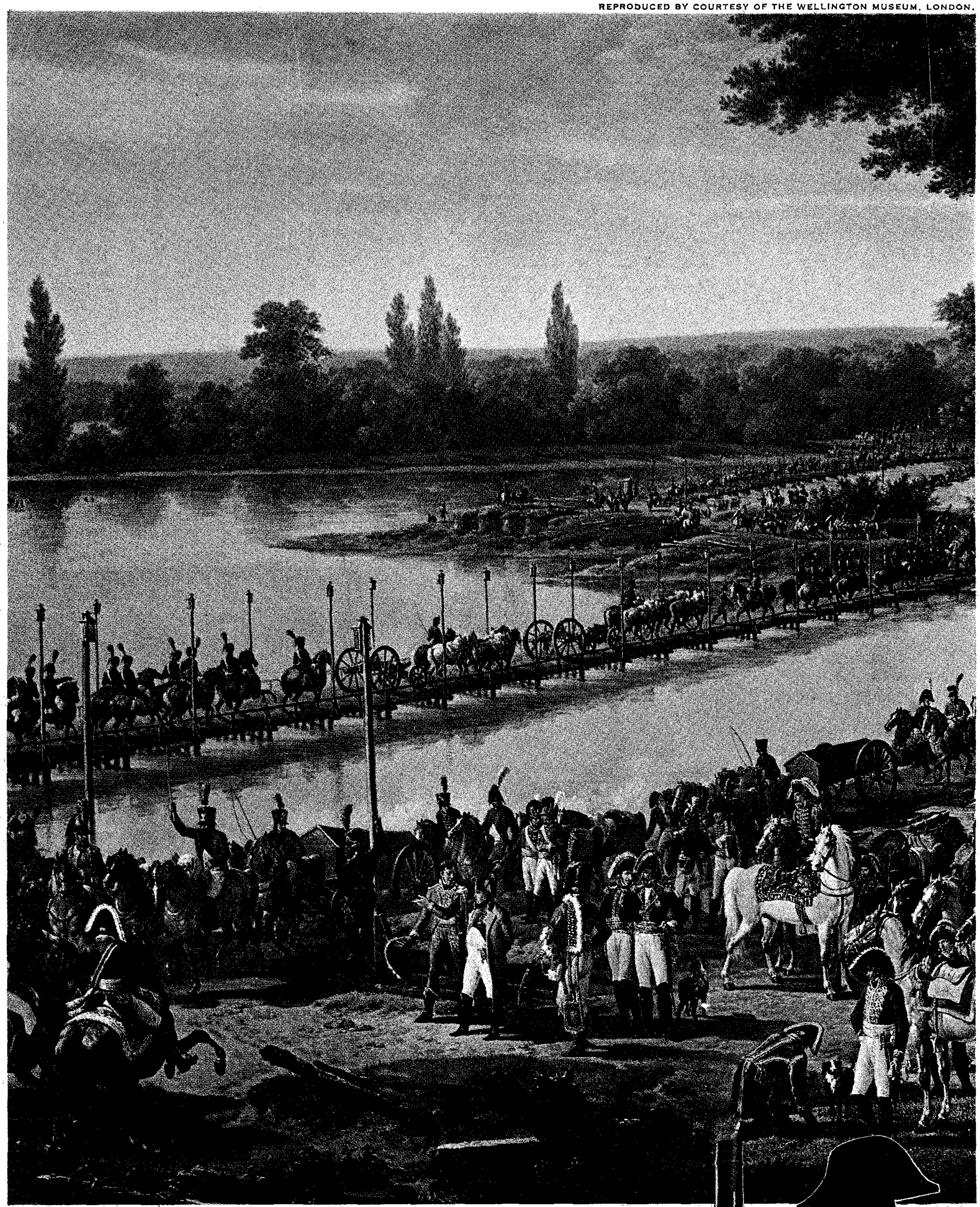
Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________

My Travel Agent is____________________

Country of Registry: U.S.A.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE WELLINGTON MUSEUM, LONDON.



Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram. Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

COURVOISIER
COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.